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April 21, 1928

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Cover by Edward Irving Valentine

"Great Grief"
a humorous romance by
Charles Brackett

and **"Look Out Below"**
a glimpse of the next

By General Willia

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April 21 1928

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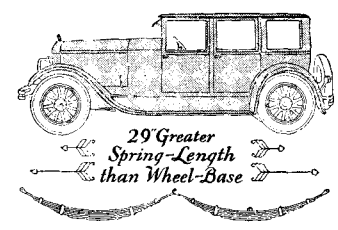

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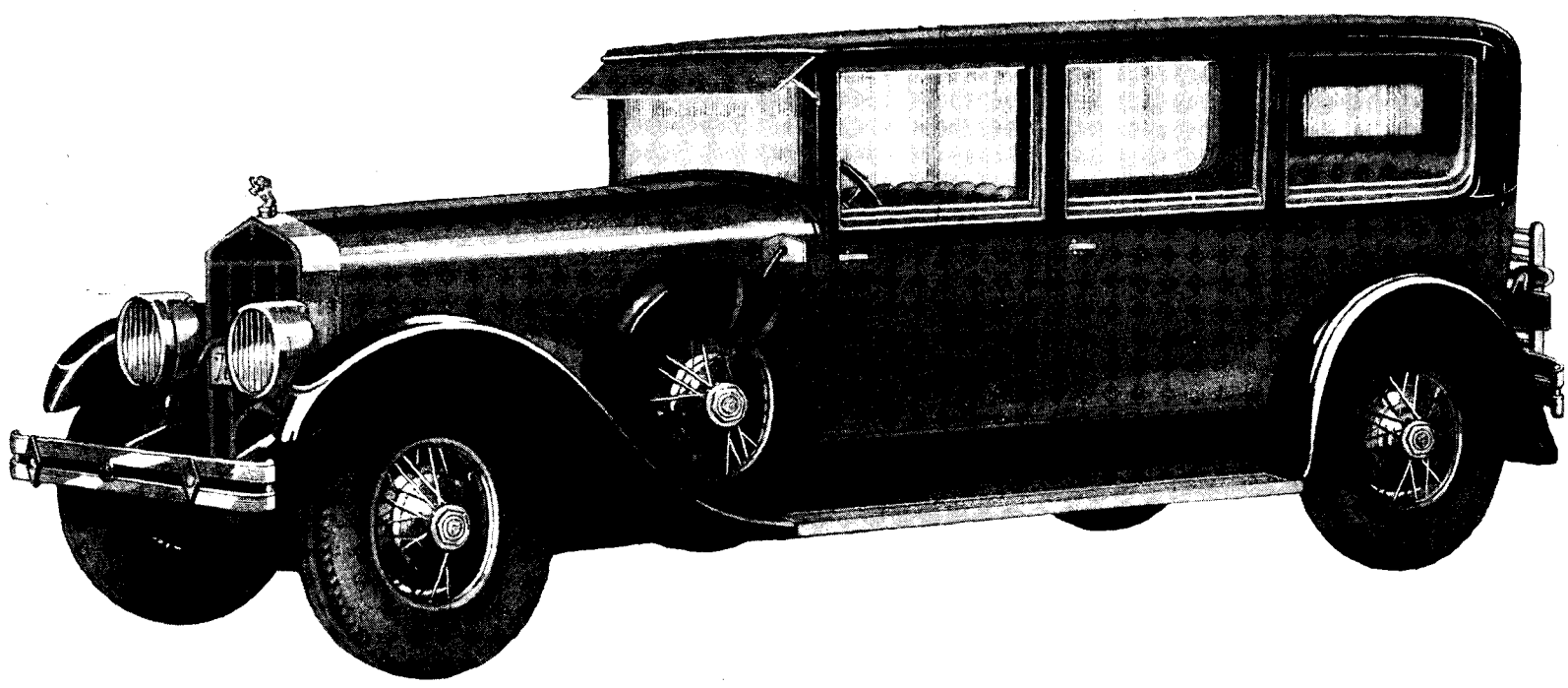

Airman Series FRANKLIN

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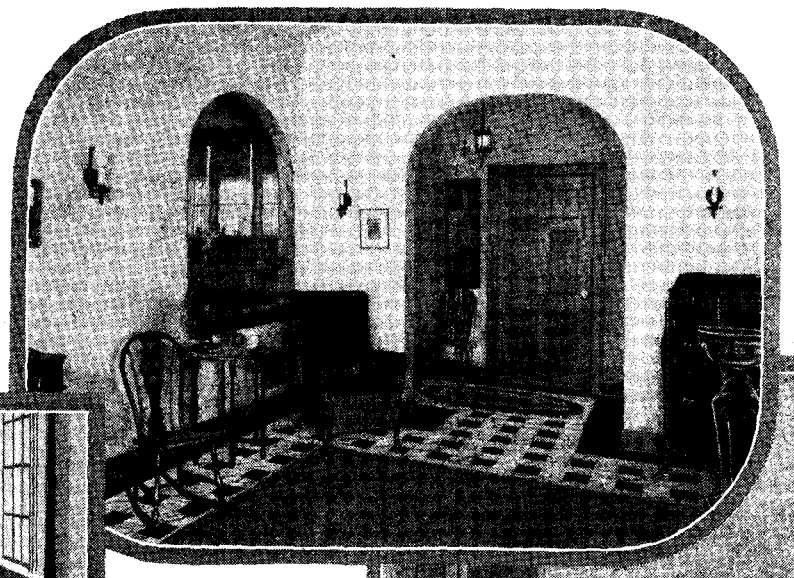

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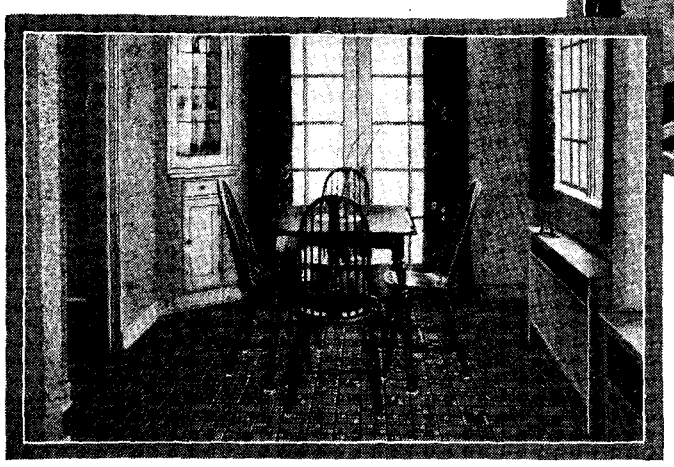

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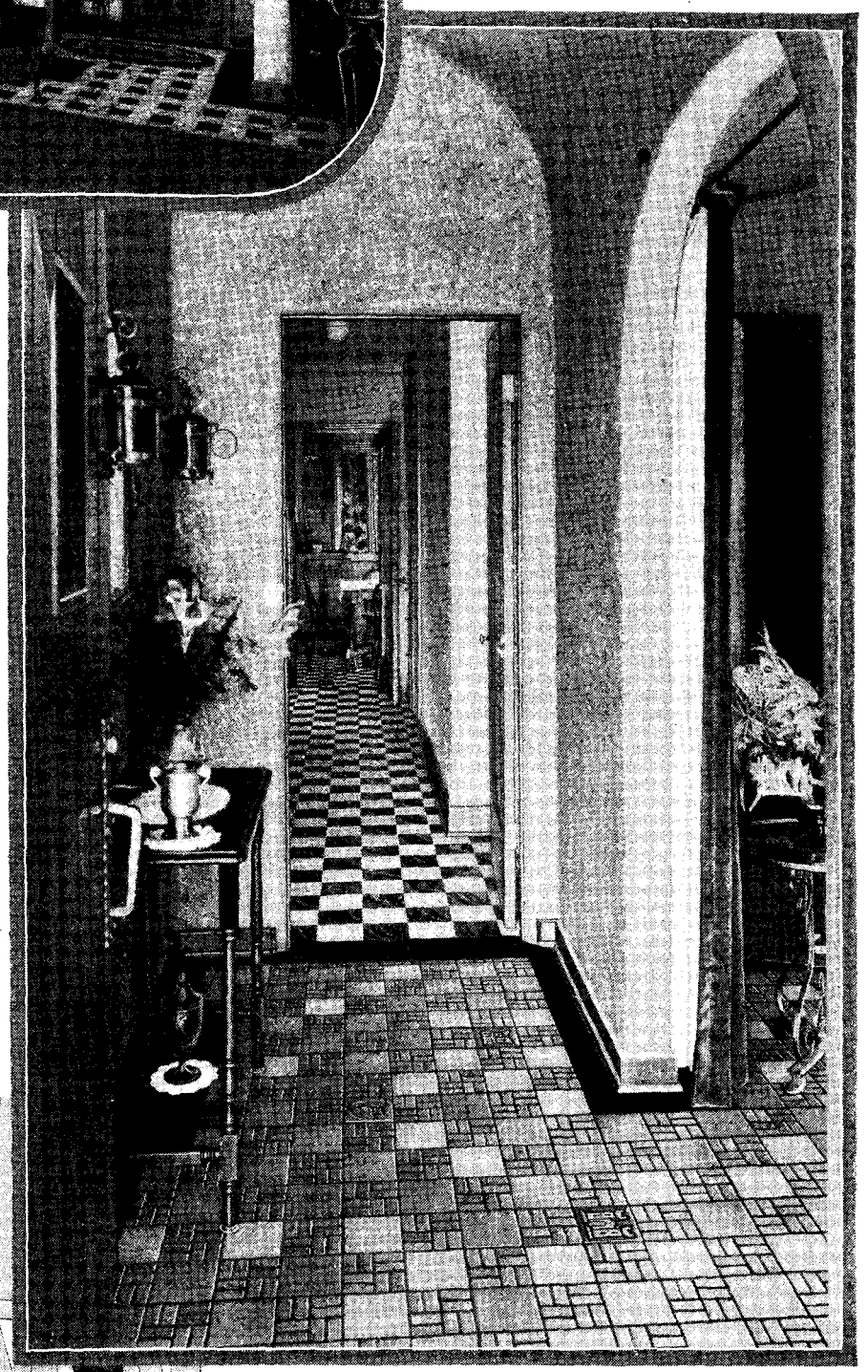

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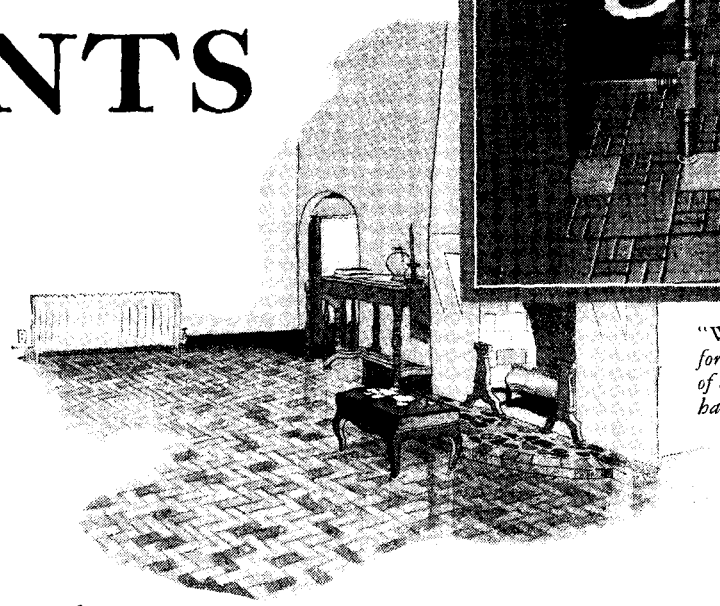

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April 21, 1928

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By CHARLES BRACKETT

Showing you that while a lady should have the last word it had better not be "No"

"You're the most infuriating woman that ever lived!" he yelled at her

Great Grief!

VICKY BOND bought a great armful of Malmaison carnations in the flower market. She had hesitated over some red-and-white-striped ones, but decided eventually that they looked just a trifle bloodshot. Carnations reminded Vicky of Mrs. Tillinghast's conservatory when she was a little girl, which hadn't been such a long time ago, but which seemed ages lost to Vicky that day.

It was late for Cannes. Most of Vicky's set had left for Paris. The Sneyd-Smiths wanted her to go up with them next Tuesday, but Vicky enjoyed the curious, false autumn which fell upon Cannes as spring drew on. It made her sentimental. That was why she bought carnations.

There was a letter in her box at the Hotel Splendide from her cousin Gennery Bond.

The words Hotel Splendide are apt to conjure up visions of depressing squalor to the minds of the knowing, but this Hotel Splendide happened to be really rather splendid. At least it was the best Cannes offered.

Vicky didn't open the letter in the elevator, but she did wonder what had stirred Gennery to writing it.

Vicky had lived with Gennery's mother for a year or two at their place near Chatfield, N. Y., after her parents died and before she went to boarding school, and had spent most of her vacations with them. Gennery was the only near relative she had left. He was one of the foundational solidities in her life, but they seldom wrote and, even when they were together, bored each other a good deal.

Gennery was one of those lucky people for whom life is entirely simple. From the age of five he had known exactly what he wanted to be and gone straight for it. It was to be a surgeon. Art, letters, society, business, play were, for Gennery Bond, tedious expedients by which people, unfortunate enough not to understand that surgery was the one pursuit worth following, got through the world.

As Vicky had never been operated on in her life, and had never been able even to look at physiological charts without feeling stuffed, complicated and uncomfortable, there was a gulf between them, though Gennery was fond of her in his way.

For some obscure reason, getting a letter from Gennery made Vicky uneasy. She'd been away so foolishly long. And only from a person in touch with Chatfield could come news which would really disturb her. Gennery wouldn't write it, however, she comforted herself. He wouldn't consider it important enough.

"Oh, pinks, Miss Vicky!" Hester, Vicky's maid, greeted her. "Aren't they lovely. Shall I put them in a vase?"

"In several vases, Hester, and don't jam. You know your weakness."

"Oh, tut, tut, tut!" Hester said, whether to herself or Vicky, Vicky didn't know, and went about gathering up receptacles very starched and neat-handed.

Vicky sat down by the window and opened her letter.

GENNERY had sold the Chatfield house. Vicky had known it was on the market. Situated as it was, it was of no use to him, and Vicky hadn't wanted to take it over herself, still—

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The new owners would take possession the first of June. Gennery knew Vicky couldn't be bothered to get back before then, but was there any furniture she wanted?

Vicky realized as she read that she had taken it for granted that the Chatfield house wouldn't sell. Why, property in Chatfield never sold!

Hester emerged from the bathroom with the carnations.

"You've had a letter, Miss Vicky?"

"Yes. Mr. Gennery has sold the Chatfield house."

"How very nice!" Hester said. "Who was the purchaser, Miss Vicky?"

"He doesn't say." Then slowly Vicky's thoughts came to words. "He gives up possession the first of June. I think I'd better run back before then and look over the furniture."

"But, Miss Vicky," Hester protested, "you've got furniture all over the world."

Stanch American though she was, Hester had a sister who always began to be ill the moment she knew Hester was in the United States and could nurse her through a long, pleasant convalescence. It had given Hester an incongruous flair for the gypsy life.

"Mr. Gennery wants me to," Vicky said.

"I shouldn't humor him," Hester advised, "when you're having such a lovely time, and all."

"I don't see how else I'd ever happen to go back to Chatfield."

"Oh"—Hester sucked in the syllable comprehendingly—"will Mr. Tillinghast be there now, Miss Vicky?"

It really was obscene the way Hester could read her mind.

"I haven't an idea," she said, but Dolly Tillinghast was always in Chatfield and certainly never missed the spring fishing there.

VICKY had first known Dolly Tillinghast (he had been christened Adolphus) as Gennery's best friend. It had been he who used to bring her carnations from his mother's conservatory.

Dolly had also supplied the very fuel for Gennery's scientific passion in which Vicky was so woefully wanting. One of her earliest memories was of Gennery returning from a birds'-nesting expedition on which Dolly had taken him, Gennery's face absolutely luminous with ecstasy.

"Dol' fell out of a tree and broke his arm. I set it. I set it all myself."

"Gennery! Didn't it hurt him awfully?"

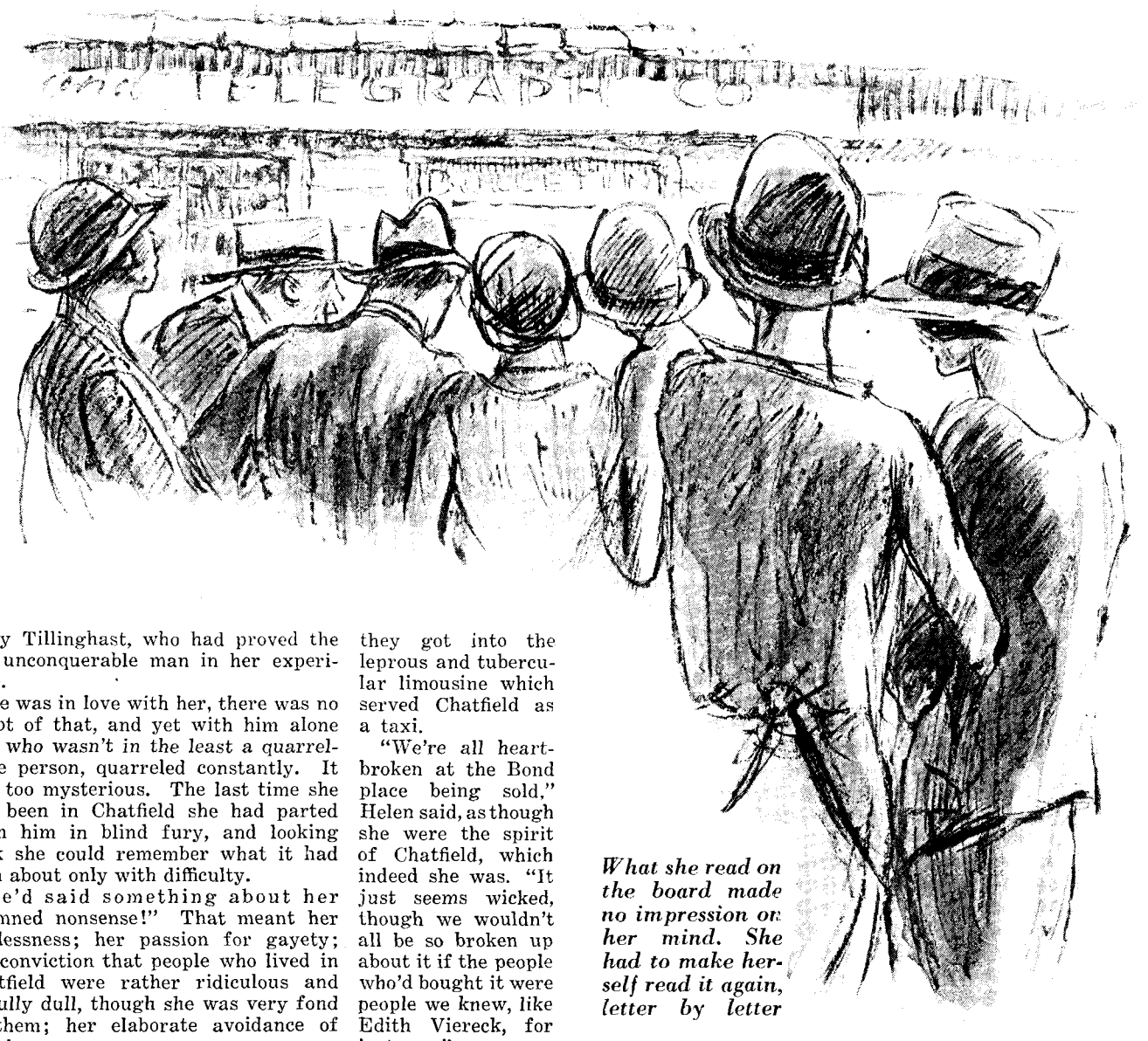
"I don't believe so. He didn't yell a bit. I'd seen the doctor set Buck Carey's arm, and I did just what he did. I pulled it out till it clicked."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" Vicky had shrieked and run bawling to the Tillinghast place to find Dolly pale but grinning, putting the birds' eggs he'd gathered before the accident in blue cotton.

Dolly and Gennery had roomed together at Brown, and the academic course would have been insupportable to Gennery if Dolly hadn't kept him interested by breaking almost every bone in his body at one time or another. Dolly went in for the gamut of athletics, and it was rather a joke among sporting writers of his day that Brown won amazingly in every field each of his three eligible years, up to the exact date when Tillinghast was disabled.

At medical school the curriculum exactly replaced Dolly to Gennery, but nothing ever replaced Dolly to Vicky.

As she went about arranging the carnations Vicky found herself wishing hard that knowing what one wanted had been a Bond family trait. At the mere suggestion of cutting all connection with Chatfield it had come to her so clearly that the one thing in the world she really wanted was Dolly Tillinghast—Dolly Tillinghast, who had proved the one unconquerable man in her experience.



What she read on the board made no impression on her mind. She had to make herself read it again, letter by letter

He was in love with her, there was no doubt of that, and yet with him alone she, who wasn't in the least a quarrelsome person, quarreled constantly. It was too mysterious. The last time she had been in Chatfield she had parted from him in blind fury, and looking back she could remember what it had been about only with difficulty.

He'd said something about her "damned nonsense!" That meant her restlessness; her passion for gayety; her conviction that people who lived in Chatfield were rather ridiculous and awfully dull, though she was very fond of them; her elaborate avoidance of boredom.

"In fact," she had said, "my entire personality."

"The froth on top of it," he'd amended.

"Well, I'm glad there is some froth. If I were the black bean soup you admire, there wouldn't be anything on top but a few sodden croutons."

How they had blazed away! Oh, he was such a darling.

"When I go back this time," Vicky thought, "I guess I'll pretend that I've given up my damned nonsense. It'll be for his own good. I'm just the wife he must have if he isn't to turn into the complete squire. He won't have to renounce Chatfield entirely. We can live there some of every year and keep the children there. It's such a healthy place.

Then she wondered if she'd be very good at pretending. She was naturally an honest person. And then, of course, there was always the very slight possibility that Dolly might have grown interested in somebody else.

"How long will it take you to pack, Hester?" she asked.

"Mercy, Miss Vicky, are you thinking of starting this minute?"

"No, but we may as well take the noon train back for Paris tomorrow."

"That's very soon, but I suppose we can make it."

HELEN VAUGHN met Vicky at the Chatfield station. Helen was the only local girl of whom Vicky was really fond. Vicky had wired her instead of Dolly because she'd thought that it would be fun to surprise him and also because it was just as well to know how the ground lay in every direction at the very start. Helen could be counted on for a complete and trustworthy report—not that she was an extraordinary gossip: she was just an intelligent person interested in local affairs. The result was omniscience.

After the generalities of greeting they got into the leprous and tubercular limousine which served Chatfield as a taxi.

"We're all heartbroken at the Bond place being sold," Helen said, as though she were the spirit of Chatfield, which indeed she was. "It just seems wicked, though we wouldn't all be so broken up about it if the people who'd bought it were people we knew, like Edith Viereck, for instance."

"Why in the world Edith Viereck?"

"She's come back here to live: didn't you know? And if she'd known it was on the market I'm sure she'd have bought it. She never cared about that house of her father's, but she's done it over real stylishly."

"I thought Mr. Viereck had a business somewhere."

"Oh, Vicky, it's too awful! I'm afraid she's going to have to get a divorce."

"Why?"

"Fred Viereck turned out terribly. He called her the most awful names, and I think once he struck her."

"Good for him," Vicky said. "Only why did he do it just once? Isn't he strong?"

"I know you don't mean that," Helen said. "She's had a terrific time. We're all trying to make her forget it just as hard as we can."

There evidently had been a revolution of feeling, because they'd used to loathe Edith Viereck as much as Vicky did. Perhaps the years had improved her.

"What else has happened?"

"Zona Lee has had another baby—a little boy, a darling little boy."

"Any other vital statistics like marriages or engagements?"

"Who is there to get married, except me and Glory Fisk, and nobody'll have us."

That was as near as Helen ever approached to a joke.

"Or Dolly Tillinghast," she added, after a moment, not being entirely insulated against mental telepathy. "And you know how much chance there is that he'll marry anybody while you're free."

"Has he been faithful?" Vicky asked.

"Oh, of course he's been nice to Edith Viereck, and sometimes I think she takes it a little bit seriously, but, heavens, she isn't divorced yet!"

"Edith Viereck!" Vicky repeated. "Is my memory playing an unkind trick or was Edith Viereck really that girl who brought the adjective 'womanly' into such disrepute with our little group when we were all in our teens?"

"Yes," Helen admitted, "but I think we were awfully cruel."

"Then you've either lowered your standards or she's eased up on her womanliness," Vicky remarked, thinking that it was just as well she'd come back.

"Aren't you ever going to marry Dolly and settle down?" Helen wanted to know.

It was a question impossible to answer without seeming either smug or coy, and Vicky was glad that the car lurched just then into Elm Street and she could exclaim without affectation, "I'd forgotten how lovely it is!"

May was Chatfield's supreme month. The comfortable and sometimes fine houses were almost all painted glistening white; above them high elms lifted profound cloisters stippled with the clearest, youngest green, and about the buildings lilacs and Darwin tulips and irises and columbines and bleeding hearts were squandered in extravagant loveliness, while every few feet, through the broad ocean of fresh air, swept a thick stream of the fragrance of lilies of the valley.

"THERE'S no place like it," Helen breathed with the unshaken confidence of the stay-at-home.

"Dolly's here, of course?" Vicky went back to their former topic with a difference.

"Well, I don't know whether he's started yet or not."

"Started where?"

"Didn't you know? He's sailing to Cuba on Bill Tillinghast's yacht. You remember Bill, that first cousin of his with all the scads and scads of money?"

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Illustrated by
HENRY
DAVIS

If she'd missed him through her half-witted romanticism, Vicky thought! It was the silliest thing she'd ever done in her life.

"You think he may have started?" she asked. "Why don't we stop by the Tillinghast place on our way and see?"

That phrase made rather free with geography, but it might be a question of minutes, and in a matter of the sort it didn't pay to be finicking even if Helen Vaughn was there.

"Do let's," Helen agreed. "It's such a perfect delight to be out of doors a day like this."

Vicky told the chauffeur the change in directions. She could have killed him for saying, "Why didncha say that in the first place?" and swinging about in an awkward turn which required a great deal of cramping instead of going around a block and showing some finesse.

AT THE Tillinghast's he stopped in the middle of the open road and said, "This is where he lives."

"Well, drive in," Vicky commanded him irritably, but once inside the gate she relaxed, for there, across a sweep of lawn, was Dolly Tillinghast's back. He was standing caressing an Airedale with one unconscious hand and holding a pipe in the other while he talked to a gardener who was working on a border.

"I won't get out, dear," Helen Vaughn said.

Vicky did and walked across the sward.

"Hello, Dolly Tillinghast," she said at last, and much to her regret the words fluttered just a little.

He swung about and dropped his pipe. His mouth fell open. Then he held out his arms.

"I knew there must be some reason why the flowers were looking so particularly well," he said.

It was a highly satisfactory moment.

"I heard you were going away," Vicky told him at last.

"I was."

"But aren't?"

"With you here? Don't be silly."

"Oh, Dolly, how nice you are! When am I going to see you?"

"You'll be getting settled this afternoon. How about this evening?"

"Fine. I'd ask you for dinner, but I don't know about domestic arrangements. I've got to be going. I hope the trip you were intending to take wasn't too heavenly."

"It was a rotten trip."

He was absolutely the nicest man in the world.

"DO YOU always kiss Dolly?" Helen Vaughn asked when Vicky got in their conveyance again.

"Yes. Did it shock you?"

"Of course it didn't, but I thought the eyes of the gardener and" (at that point Helen made a jabbing gesture toward the chauffeur, which he of course could see in his mirror) "would absolutely drop out."

"Like guinea pigs held up by their tails," Vicky commented. "Gennery would have been terribly interested."

"But you must be careful in Chatfield, Vicky. Remember, it's a small town and people talk. Do you know, I think gossip here is almost a little malicious since Edith Viereck came back."

Vicky groaned inwardly and was rather glad when it came time to drop Helen, whose house was next the Bond place, but quite a lot nearer town.

Late that afternoon, when Vicky was dressing for Dolly's call, she heard excited feminine sounds downstairs and coming to the stairhead she was greeted with giggling cries.

"We're giving you a surprise party."

"Come down and be surprised."

"Welcome home, Vixie."

"We've brought our own food. Don't look worried."

Helen Vaughn, Zona Lee and Glory Fisk were there of course. They were the stanch little group with whom Vicky had always played in Chatfield, but they'd brought Edith Viereck. Evidently Edith Viereck had definitely made their circle at last.

Edith still wore her hair long and elaborately dressed, from which Vick gathered that she continued her intensive womanliness, and any hope that Edith might have changed in other respects was dispelled by the first words that fell from her lips:

"Maybe you fink I'm not glad to see 'ou too, you wound-the-world girl."

Vicky eyed her as a high-bred colt might have eyed a blown bit of paper; it was all she could do not to bridle and leap.

The four surprisers produced marvelous food from great baskets and were very gay in their culinary rivalries. All girls together, was their motto. Zona Lee boasted about her babies and about Nat Lee, who happened along in time. They all joked Glory and Helen about some mysterious beaux, and Edith Viereck found time to be brave over a few of her very dull tribulations.

When Dolly Tillinghast came they plied him with food and made him one of the party, and Dolly was so good-humored about it that Vicky couldn't tell whether he was as annoyed as she.

Cunning people, of course. Dear people, all except Edith Viereck, who was something Vicky didn't even know about. But her first evening! They went away in a mass about half past ten. Dolly told Vicky he'd be over the next afternoon.

"AND hasn't she got the littlest feet you ever saw?" Dolly Tillinghast asked.

It was the next afternoon, and the feet of which he was speaking were Edith Viereck's. True, he purported to be considering Edith merely as an asset to Chatfield and one of the attractions which would make Vicky's stay there delightful; still he'd been talking about her for half an hour. Vicky had felt the grasp with which she was holding her tongue in check weaken with every word he spoke and knew that it was useless to try and hold on any longer:

"Do you call those little deformities at the ends of her legs feet?"

"She wears a 2-A shoe."

Every inch of Dolly Tillinghast's six feet two seemed reduced to silly, amorphous, sentimental protoplasm at that microscopic thought.

"And what shoes she chooses!" Vicky said. "Personally I don't care for the Chinese effect of a person clumping around on her insteps."

"What the deuce are you sore about?" Dolly asked. "I know you've got pretty feet. Why can't you let me admire Edith Viereck's too?"

"I've got perfectly enormous feet," Vicky said (though she was sitting on them at the moment, and he couldn't see that they were about as delightful as feet can (*Continued on page 52*)

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Look Out Below!

William Mitchell, promoter of aviation

YOU'LL have to join the infantry in the next war! The worst blows will fall on the stay-at-homes, says General Mitchell. A myriad of war hawks will swoop down on vital centers of population and wealth and claw them to pieces—while the army is trying to find someone to fight. And national offense will be more important than national defense because the first smack will be the last. General Mitchell was commander of the A. E. F. Air Forces and later director of military aëronautics of the United States Army.

By General
WILLIAM MITCHELL

DO YOU know that it is possible to hit New York or Boston or Philadelphia with an aërial torpedo released from a point in western Europe?

That such a torpedo can carry a ton of toxic gas which is capable of killing hundreds of people in the twinkling of an eye?

That in the event of war, if the great vital centers of a country were paralyzed, made unfit to live in, the people driven from them, the manufactories destroyed, the means of communication and the means of livelihood of the people interrupted, that country would be helpless against an enemy?

This is the essence of modern war.

In the old days armies were the only instruments that could force their way to the vital centers of the enemy, because there was no way of going except across the land.

Today there is the defensive power of the machine gun to be reckoned with. Each side puts out armies equipped with machine guns which can throw so many bullets that they are almost impregnable, especially when they are concealed. One man can hold off about fifty men.

In the days of our Civil War, when muzzle-loading percussion-cap muskets were mostly used, thirty-two motions were required for a soldier to place the load for a single shot. Now, cartridges are fed into machine guns through hoppers which require less than 1/100 of a motion for each shot.

In our last great war the armies, after coming into contact in northern France, moved back and forward for only about sixty miles in four years. No commanding general was able to obtain a lasting decision over his adversary.

The opposing armies indulged in an orgy of killing that not only decimated the forces of every country involved, but used up all their resources, their raw materials, manufacturing plants and means of communication. That sort of war, pushed to its logical conclusion, would result in the utter ruin of all that were parties to it. There would be no swift and sure decision by any one nation, no matter what the cost in lives and treasure. Under such conditions we might very easily revert to the Dark Ages which overwhelmed Europe at the fall of the Roman Empire fifteen and a half centuries ago.

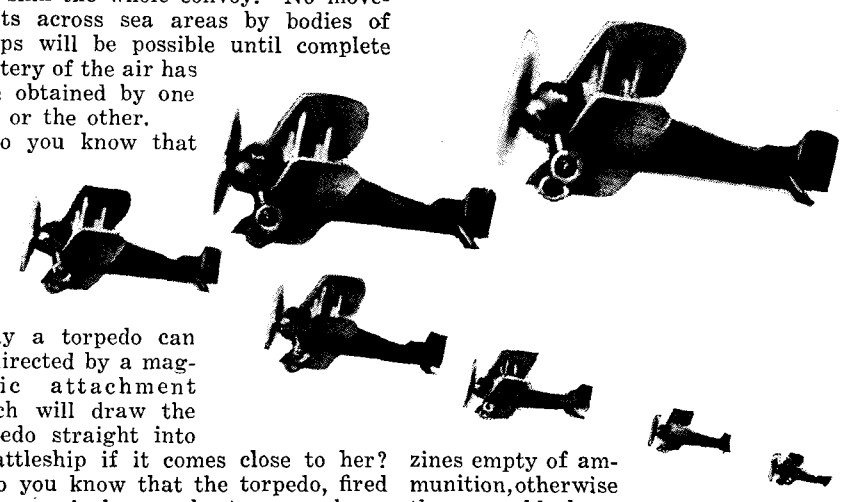
To bring war to a successful conclusion a sharp, quick decision is necessary, no matter what the losses, because it is much cheaper in every way to have the whole thing over quickly than to keep dragging it on for years.

Today ground armies alone are not a means of obtaining a rapid victory in contests between first-class powers. They are becoming merely holding forces for ground areas. They cannot advance, or retreat for that matter, without terrific losses. Once in contact with the opposing army, they seem to freeze to it. They dig into the ground and stay.

Navies at best are only a means of cutting off the supplies of a hostile state, thereby attacking the enemy in the stomach by depriving him of food. They have become so vulnerable that they will soon disappear from the surface of the sea.

Even a navy's value in convoying troops across the sea, as was done in the last war, will disappear in the future because aircraft and submarines will sink the whole convoy. No movements across sea areas by bodies of troops will be possible until complete mastery of the air has been obtained by one side or the other.

Do you know that today a torpedo can be directed by a magnetic attachment which will draw the torpedo straight into a battleship if it comes close to her?



Do you know that the torpedo, fired from an airplane, a boat or a submarine, can hit directly under the unprotected bottom of a battleship or other vessel, instead of against the armored sides as was the case during the last war?

Death in Air or Sea

DO YOU know that, in order to be sunk, a battleship does not necessarily have to be hit by a projectile? A great airplane bomb exploded alongside will throw water against her with such force as to rip her bottom open, break her propellers, bend her rudders, twist her shafts, crack her condensers and sink or blow her up in a minute or two.

Nothing can be done by the ship to counteract these effects, and no ship can be built to withstand them.

If a fleet at anchor in harbor were attacked by aircraft, one big bomb could put three or four battleships out of business, because the underwater effect of the explosion would be felt many yards away. As surface fleets spend most of their time in harbors, they will be easy to catch.

In 1921 we sank the Ostfriesland, a 22,500-ton battleship, in seven minutes with an air bomb. This was a former German vessel and one of the strongest ever built. In the same year we sank the battleship Alabama with an air bomb in thirty seconds. In 1923 we sank the New Jersey and the Virginia in about four minutes.

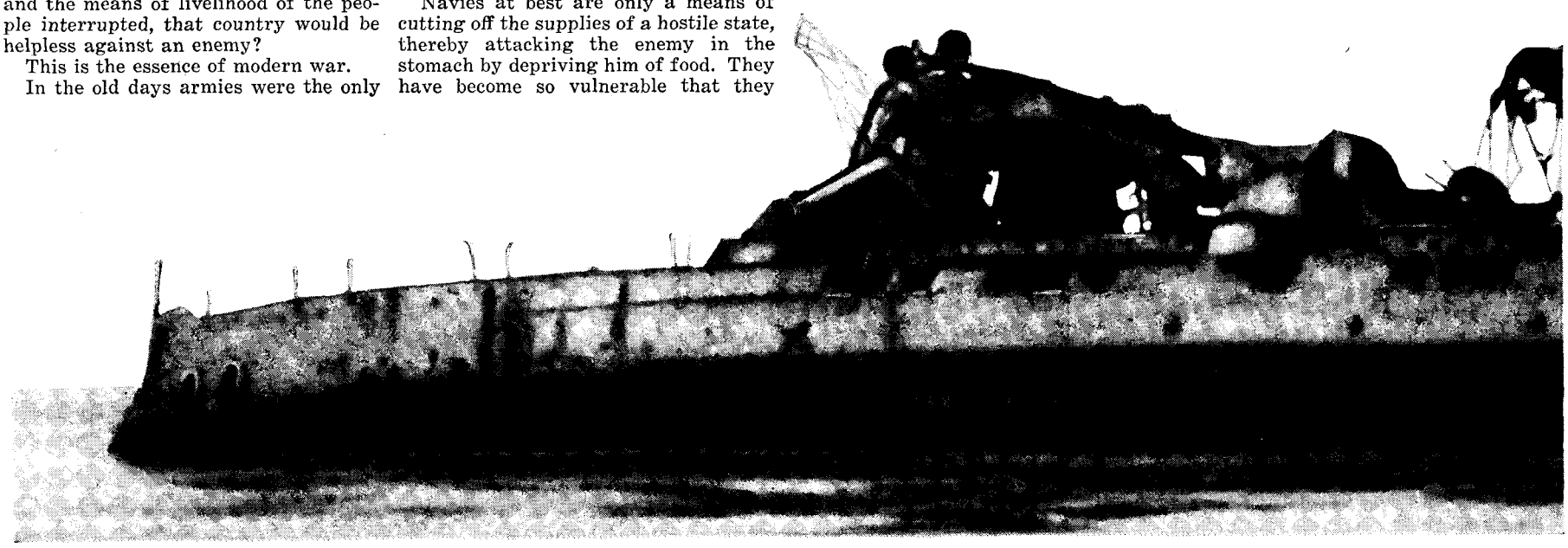
All these vessels were light, with no steam in their boilers and their magazines empty of ammunition, otherwise they would have been blown up much more quickly. Also they were anchored, and, contrary to popular belief, it is harder to hit a still target on the water from the air than one that is moving.

The difficulty of hitting is proportionate to the difference of speed between the airplane and the object of its fire. If both are going at the same speed, there is no trouble whatever—just as a man may jump from one automobile into another, when both are going sixty miles an hour. But it's a rather difficult undertaking when one car is standing still!

Airplanes can surround fleets with mines. They can mine the mouth of a harbor; they can drop gas bombs whose deadly contents will surge over a fleet which is helpless to dispel them. Today there is no escape in time of war for surface vessels on the sea. Submarines can launch gas attacks, airplanes, air torpedoes and water torpedoes.

We did not know many of these things twenty years ago. Some of them we did not know ten years ago, but all have been proved, practically or scientifically, within that period.

Think what the conditions will be in a future war! During the last one many new devices were employed, but these did not essentially change the general



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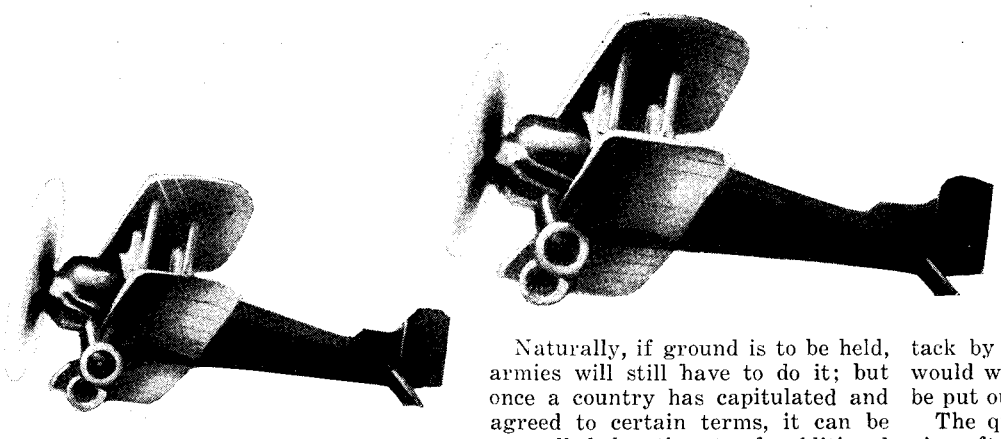


system of making war when they first appeared, because all their capabilities had not been realized. Toward the end the submarine proved its supremacy at sea, and air power showed it was the only branch of the war-making power which in the future would be able to go straight to the vital centers of an enemy country.

Air power with its chemicals can lay waste the fields, making them incapable of producing crops; it can destroy flocks and herds. The gases for this purpose are stored in tanks in the airplane and sprayed out under pressure. These gases are of the same weight as the air. When spread out they form a visible curtain which may be blown along by the wind for a considerable time before it is exhausted. Wherever it touches, destruction ensues.

Air power can smash railroads and highways, can blow up bridges, canals and other communications, thereby cutting off all supply lines of great cities.

It may be said that if the cities and highways were destroyed the people could move out into the fields and live there until the war was fought to an end. In our present stage of economic development this would be utterly impossible.

If New York Were Bombed

THERE are 15,000,000 people in the area around New York. If these were driven to the fields, homeless, without supplies, the suffering would be terrible. Their only choice would be capitulation or death—death by disease and epidemics or by starvation or exposure.

These are exactly the conditions that armies in the past have striven to bring about, but years were required to do it then, whereas now, through the air, it can be accomplished very quickly.

Naturally, if ground is to be held, armies will still have to do it; but once a country has capitulated and agreed to certain terms, it can be controlled by threat of additional aërial bombardment, and ground forces can be transported under protection of air power.

It is probable that in a future war a very strong air power may so overawe its rival that it will not await the final shock but will capitulate before a strong demonstration of hostile air power.

Where Europe Would Attack Us

SUPPOSE we became involved in a war with Europe: not that it is probable, but as jealousy, avarice and cupidity are still strong characteristics of the human race, conditions might lead to an overpowering desire on the part of foreign nations to contest by force our enjoyment of a preponderance of the good things of the world.

To form a conception of what an attack on the United States by a first-class power might be, we must look into the future and ascribe true value to the scientific war engines that have been invented, instead of gauging them, as armies and navies do, by the standards of the bow-and-arrow period. Also we must determine where our own most vulnerable points are located.

The heart of the United States lies within the triangle Chicago—Bangor (Maine)—Chesapeake Bay. In this area two thirds of the population of the United States resides. It contains more than three fourths of all our wealth and a varying amount of our industries, agriculture, mines, timber, water power, animal industry and everything that goes to make up our life.

If the cities in this area — such as New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh and its iron district, Detroit and its automobile industry, Philadelphia and Buffalo—were made so that they could not be lived in, and the railroads that supply them were wrecked, our nation would have to capitulate. It could not live.

Most of the great transcontinental railroad lines from New York to the West pass through a small "neck of the bottle" just south of Lake Erie, around Sandusky, Ohio. One day's attack by modern aircraft at this point would wreck these roads so they would be put out of business for weeks.

The question might be asked: "Can aircraft from a foreign power really get here to do this damage?" It is loudly proclaimed by the "bow-and-arrow" men that our best defense is the ocean, and that aircraft cannot fly across the Atlantic or the Pacific to our shores. As a matter of fact, the Atlantic has been crossed by aircraft many times during the last ten years, in both directions. The aircraft used were primitive and not in any way as efficient as both dirigibles and airplanes will be.

If an enemy air force did not wish to risk the long water jump across the Atlantic, for instance, they could follow the string of islands from Europe to America: Iceland, Greenland, Labrador and Newfoundland.

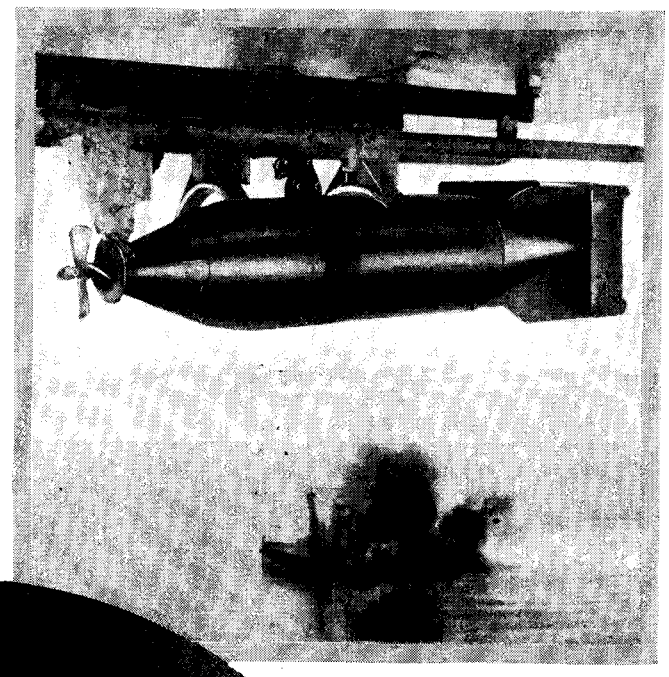
An island today can be prepared for defense with tremendous rapidity as compared to the old days. The speed and radius of action of aircraft make it possible for them to keep the ocean all around an island under observation for 500, 600 or even 1,000 miles, which is about the distance that a surface vessel can traverse in one or two days' steaming.

The greatest danger that an island has to fear from the sea is the submarine. Submarines can carry cannon, of practically any size, which fire explosive or gas shells. They are able to carry aircraft and air torpedoes, a powerful and most dangerous weapon. Aircraft have difficulty in locating attacking submarines because they are extremely hard to see when under water a sufficient distance, and they may only come to the surface at night to charge their batteries and give their crews an airing.

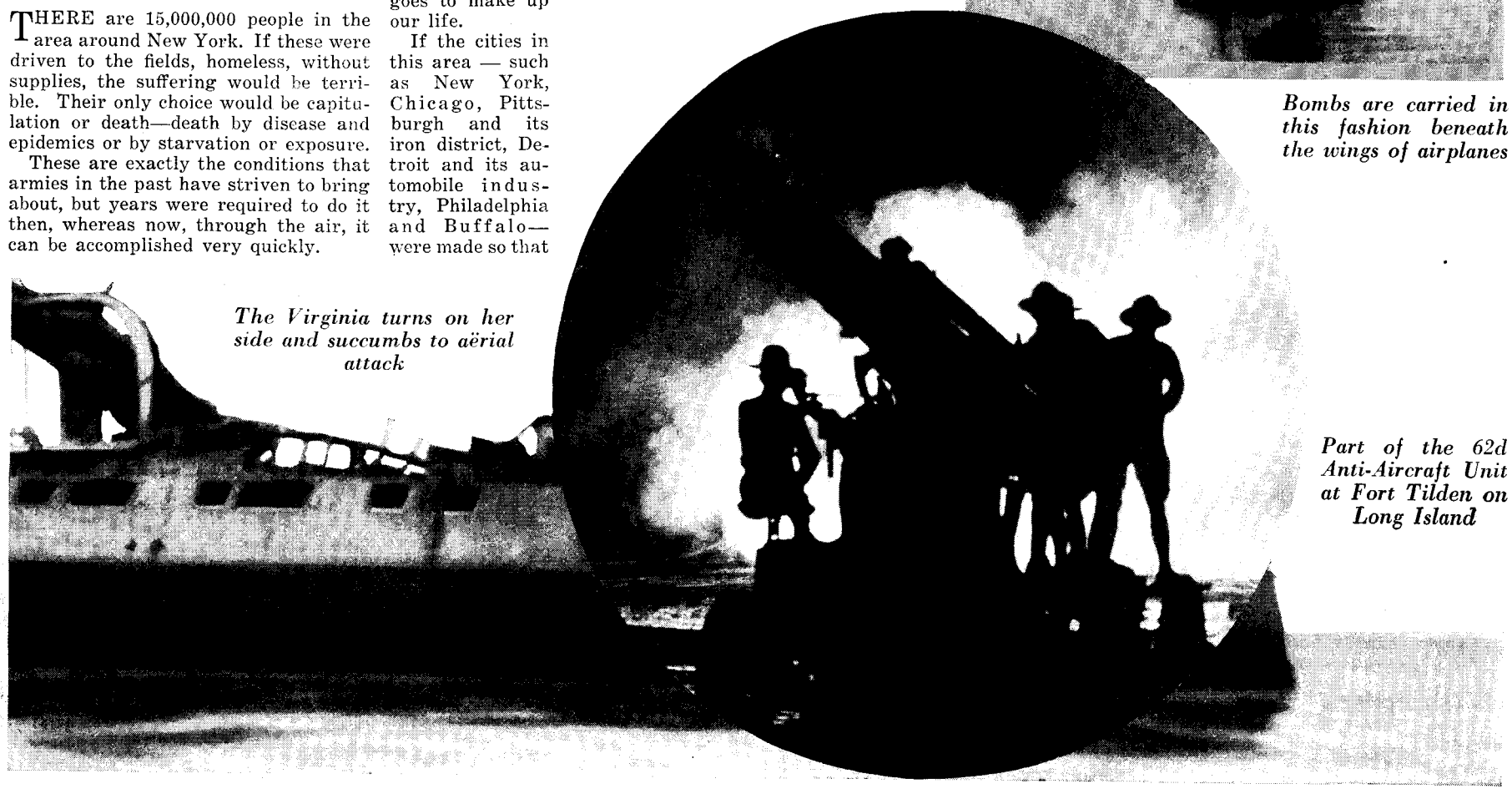
Costly Coast "Defense"

TO COMMUNICATE with their own aircraft, submarines do not need to come to the surface, as radio communication can now be maintained directly from submarine to airplane. There even appears to be likelihood that within a short time television by electricity will allow the submerged submarine to send up a small buoy attached by wire to its interior, which will allow the eye of the observer in the submarine to see a great expanse of the surface. It might be observed here that the submarine is the best defense against another submarine.

(*Continued on page 41*)



Bombs are carried in this fashion beneath the wings of airplanes



The Virginia turns on her side and succumbs to aërial attack

Part of the 62d Anti-Aircraft Unit at Fort Tilden on Long Island

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The Magic Carpet

By WILLIAM

A most discouraging white elephant suddenly turns into something quite different

"Hadn't—we—better roll it up again?" Ma Bushnell faltered. She blew her nose vehemently and looked guilty of a weakness

IF STARK tragedy ever showed on the faces of five persons, it rested on the individual and collective features of the Bushnell family as Lawyer Richards finished reading the will.

"Is—that—all?" Pa Bushnell gasped faintly.

"That's all," said Lawyer Richards. He tossed the document on his blotter. Twin strands of black ribbon fell from his nose glasses. Considered as crape for the occasion, it was appropriate but woefully inadequate.

"She left us *what?*" cried Ma Bushnell. She had heard perfectly the first time, but the woman's stunned brain demanded repetition.

"Her Chinese rug," the lawyer answered gently. "To your husband, Gideon."

"But what do I get?" wailed Clara, twenty-two. She had spent the time during the reading of her eccentric greataunt's last testament in powdering her face, plucking her eyebrows and applying her lipstick where lipsticks usually function. Now she was sitting very straight, with her face very chalky. Or it might have been the powder.

"You and your brother and your younger sister each get a twenty-dollar gold piece. A similar gold piece goes to your mother."

"But what can you buy today," queried Annabelle, face equally blank, "with twenty dollars?"

"Well," remarked Joe Bushnell, aged twenty, vocation automobile mechanic, "that's that! The ol' girl flipped Ma and the rest of us twenty bucks just so's we'd know her memory hadn't slipped. Guess I'll be gettin' back on the job."

No one cared whether or not Joe got back on the job. After twenty or more years waiting for someone to die—someone rich as Crœsus, whoever Crœsus was—it was like Joe to think of his greasy employment instead of the catastrophe which had bashed them, so to speak, on the domestic nose.

"And who gets the bulk of her money?" Ma Bushnell wished to have repeated.

"The sum of $150,000 goes to endow a local Blue Cross Foundation."

"What's that, for pity's sake?"

"A humane society. During the World War the Blue Cross did for the animals in the conflict what the Red Cross did for the soldiers—"

"I SEE. Animals get it: $150,000 for sick cats, while her own flesh and blood—the only relatives she had—are chucked a scrap of old carpet."

"It's a very beautiful rug, Mrs. Bushnell." After all, the attorney was not contemptuous of these people. He recognized the blow he had perforce delivered them.

"How much is it worth?"

"Having bought a few Orientals myself now and then, I'd say at a rough guess . . . between two and three thousand dollars."

"But what'll we ever do with a piece o' carpet worth two or three thousand—just to walk on?"

Several hours must elapse before Ma Bushnell realized the crisis in their lives which they had reached: that there wasn't to be any new house in Woodlawn suburb; that they weren't going to graduate from the Bushnell flivver to a limousine; that Annabelle wasn't going to finishing school or Clara to Paris. No closets hung with gowns for herself and the girls—regardless of the fact that Ma Bushnell had never owned a "gown" in her life and wouldn't know how to wear one if she did! No drawers packed with silk stuffs! No maids, no butlers, no "dog!" She was too close to the catastrophe there in the attorney's luxurious office to comprehend these losses. But give her till eight o'clock that evening and Pa Bushnell would be in for it. The dead woman was his aunt. Which contributed as much to little Gid's color perhaps as the will's revelations. There was already much gossip in Adams Square of critical domestic trouble brewing at the Bushnells'. . . .

"I'm sure I can't say," Lawyer Richards declared, answering the woman's question. "Miss Catherine had original and unique ideas, not to mention a certain pique in her relationships. And yet any spinster in her sixties who rolls up a modest fortune in the present-day real-estate business can't be classed as a fool—"

"But what'll we *do* with it?"

"Walk on it, Ma!" This from Annabelle. "Wipe our feet on it. *Grind* 'em in—and make believe it was her face."

"Annabelle!" cried the father blackly.

"Well?" Her hot young glance locked with the parent's and the little man's fell first.

"Remember, it's your father's only aunt you're referring to!"

"Sure!" flamed Ma Bushnell. "We ain't likely to forget it. Every Christmas for the last five years I've sent her silk stockings—never missed a Christmas when she commenced to make profits. Three dollars a pair they cost me. I wisht I had 'em back!"

Attorney Richards studied these people.

He saw in Gideon a threadbare little man, prematurely bald, in ill-fitting collar and oversized suit. He presented the aspect of having been thrown flat on his back at some time in his life, his features painted with mucilage on sundry areas—at least eyebrows and jowls—and then rolled face downward in nondescript hair. He "managed" the drapery department at Tearle & Jordan's for thirty dollars a week. For as many years he had brought these dollars home where Ma Bushnell had dispersed them. While at the store he wore rimless spectacles half-way down his nose, and alpaca coat and a constant expression of vast responsibilities. Behind his back the clerks called him "Giddy."

"Where's this rug now?" Ma Bushnell demanded. She was generous as to hips and fallen as to arches. No item of her features was especially distinctive, unless it was her mouth. It came down at the corners and stayed down on principle. She had a slight mustache, pains in her back, no illusions as to matrimony, and a yen for Higher Things. Just what these Higher Things comprised was as vague to herself as it

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DUDLEY PELLEY

Illustrated by CORNELIUS HICKS

Annabelle addressed her mother: "I s'pose you'll enjoy havin' it rolled up an' hidden away"

was to her family. All the same, she had a yen for them.

"I have it at my home," the lawyer responded. "Miss Catherine left it in my care, feeling that she mightn't survive her European trip. If she died abroad—which unfortunately she did—I was to see that delivery was made to you, and account to the administrator."

"I always thought it was funny," contributed Clara, "that she never said much about that rug during her lifetime and never offered to show it to us when one of us went to see her."

Clara, as a society editor might express it, was at present living "at home" with her parents. That is to say, she had not as yet hooked the proverbial millionaire, and while awaiting his appearance—and the eccentric aunt's bequest—she averaged twelve jobs a year, sometimes as high as fifteen. She was a somewhat scrawny girl with front teeth protruding over her under lip and liked to believe that her demeanor was "haughty."

"Your relative had reasons to be somewhat sensitive about that rug—owning it. It wasn't like her to flaunt it, especially before family connections who might not see in it what she saw in it."

"Who might think paying a couple o' grand for something to walk on was a lotta applesauce, eh?" This from Joe, the family odd stick. He resembled none of the Bushnells, having jet-black hair and black eyes. Though he wore unspeakable overalls and constantly ruined his mother's kitchen towels by evening contact, he always contrived to keep his headgear immaculate and held the same job from year's end to year's end. What he couldn't do to a refractory flivver by merely running one hand beneath its hood and feeling around in its vitals—while he "buzzed some jane" behind its wheel—would have shamed an automobile manufacturer.

"Put it that way if you choose."

"Where's the twenty dollars per?" This from Annabelle, the Bushnell "baby." "When do we get *that?*"

Annabelle, bobbed and brusque, knew all the marital entanglements of the movie stars, refused to attain to corsets, found it requisite to go to the library three or four nights a week, ostensibly to change her books, and frequently kept her breath away from her mother when she arrived home from some "harmless" high-school party along with the milkman. Not that the milkman had been at the party with her. . . .

"Financial disbursements will be made by the administrator, Judge Morrill, after the will has been entered for probate. Two or three weeks. Maybe a month."

Ma Bushnell was sobbing when she finally departed, a daughter at each elbow. After all, there was pathos in it. Ever since the elderly spinster had made her first real-estate "killing" they had recognized themselves for her only possible heirs. In fact, Aunt Catherine's money had become an institution in the Bushnell family—like Gideon's neuralgia, Ma Bushnell's bunions, the façade of the kitchen range, or the wen on Joe's neck.

In times of financial famine; in periods of illness; in seasons when neighbors attained to affluence and moved from Adams Square with pitying expressions: whenever Gideon's contemporaries at the store were replaced by younger and more progressive department heads—bringing the pallor of panic to the father's face that he might be the next—always the Pot of Gold at the End of the Rainbow was the maiden aunt's wealth. "It's got to come to us; there ain't no one else," had been the panacea for wounds of the spirit, the bulkhead that saved the Bushnell bark from foundering.

Now cats had it, as Ma Bushnell expressed it. She wept in the street car and would not be comforted.

"A *real* Oriental is a mighty nice thing to own, Bushnell," the man of law consoled when all but the moth-eaten father had departed.

Gideon was grim-lipped, stricken. There was nothing ahead now—*nothing!* Or, rather, there was everything. . . .

"Mebbe," he conceded, "for the folks that has the doodads to go with it. But a $3,000 rug in our home on Adams Square is a joke. That's what it is . . . a *ghastly* joke."

"I wonder?" mused the lawyer.

"I don't wonder. I know." The father looked at his broken nails. He had much on his mind besides carpet, it seemed. "Richards," he said finally, huskily, "this freeze-out on the money is goin' to have only one result. I thought I'd stay and talk with you about it."

"What result?" the lawyer asked kindly.

"It'll prob'ly smash up our home."

"Smash it up!"

"Smash it up. Ma's stood it just about as long as she's able. You know how the womenfolks is nowadays. And with the children grown—where they needn't be a consideration any longer—well, now, there ain't goin' to be any money, I can see my finish."

The little man's lips became bloodless while the lawyer watched. . . .

"You mean you think your wife will divorce you?"

"Again I don't think it. I know it."

"Pshaw! What could she do with a divorce, a woman her age?"

"I dunno. What does any woman think she can do with a divorce—a woman of any age?"

"If she was younger, she might think of remarrying more—er—fortunately. But your wife—how old is she, anyhow?"

"Ma'll be forty-nine in December."

THE lawyer repressed an impulse to laugh. He had a mental picture of portly Ma Bushnell, with her fat neck, generous bosom, turned-down mouth, scolding locks, bunions, marrying again more *fortunately*. "You're mistaken, Gideon. She might threaten it, but she'd never actually do it. Why, with your children grown up—after all you've been through together, raising them—you (*Continued on page 34*)

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Where Beauty Lies

Some noted collectors who have found it in rare and costly objects —making it just as well that they could afford to own them

Keystone & Met. Museum

Above: The snuff boxes assembled by J. P. Morgan, Sr., could have contained enough of the nostril-tickling powder to set all America sneezing if you tossed it into a giant electric fan mounted on the Capitol dome. This one is of gold, enameled and studded with diamonds

Left: In the possession of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is a series of six quaint and beautiful tapestries comprising "The Hunt of the Unicorn" and made about 1840 for François de la Rochefoucauld. This one represents "The Hunters Searching Through the Woods." The series is valued at $1,500,000

Of all the collectors of Americana none is more prominent—nor more spectacular even when he's only pursuing his hobby — than Henry Ford. Here he is seated cozily in the fireplace corner of the kitchen in the Wayside Inn at Sudbury, Mass. Mr. Ford, you will remember, bought this old tavern and reconstructed it faithfully

Right: The King of all "Strads" is in the possession of John T. Roberts of Hartford, Conn., collector of rare and beautiful violins. This one was made in 1704 and was bought by Mr. Roberts five or six years ago for $65,000. It is believed that there are about five hundred Stradivari now in existence and about a dozen of these are in the United States

Strauss Peyton & N. Lazarnick

Above: David Belasco has more fans than write him enthusiastic and gushing letters daily. He collects them. He has one of the largest and most valuable collections of fans in America. One of them is shown above, a particularly beautiful example of French workmanship, with carved shell sticks, delicate lace covering and hand-painted panel

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Above: It's Persian rugs that can get Harold McCormick of Chicago really excited. In his home there are other marvelous specimens but none more striking than this sixteenth-century Ispahan court carpet of the period of Shah Ababs the Great. The ground is of deep Ispahan red with a dark blue border and as complementary colors old greens, golds and blues in variegated tones

Printing his famous Bibles sent Johann Gutenberg into bankruptcy. He might have been saved by the equivalent of $2,000. And now the twoscore perfect and imperfect copies of this first printed edition of the Bible are worth fortunes. The late Henry E. Huntington paid $50,000 for a copy. But that was in 1921. They sold one not long ago for $106,000

tantūmodo labia circa dentes meos.
Miserēmini mei miserēmini mei saltē
vos amici mei: quia manus domini
tetigit me. Quare persequimini me sicut
deus: et carnibus meis saturamini? Quis
michi tribuat ut scribantur sermones
mei? Quis michi det ut exarentur in
libro stilo ferreo et plūbi lamina: uel
certe sculpātur in silice? Scio enī q̄ re-
demptor meus viuat et in nouissimo
de terra surrecturus sim. Et rursum circū-
dabor pelle mea: et in carne mea videbo de-
um. Quē visurus sū ego ipse: et oculi mei
cōspecturi sunt: et non alius. Reposita
est hec spes mea in sinu meo. Quare er-
go nunc dicatis persequamur eum: et radi-
cem verbi inueniamus cōtra eū? Fugite
ergo a facie gladij: quū vltor iniquitatū
gladius sit: et scitote esse iudicium. XX
Respondens autē sophar naama-
thites dixit. Idcirco cogitationes
mee varie succedūt sibi: et mēs in diuer-
sa rapitur. doctrinam qua me arguis
audiā: et spiritus intelligentie mee re-

Several famous Rembrandts are in the possession of Joseph E. Widener of Philadelphia. One of them is "A Gentleman With a High Hat, His Gloves in His Left Hand." (What a movie title writer could have saved in wordage on that gag!) Another, acquired within recent years, "A Lady With an Ostrich Feather in Her Right Hand," is shown here

Wide World
Peter A. Juley & Son

In the great hall of Harbor Hill, Clarence Mackay's Long Island home, stand these two Italian bronze andirons—topped by figures of Mars and Venus. His collection includes not only andirons but also a gallery of gorgeous paintings, especially madonnas by very old masters

Keystone View & Murray Kendall Keyes

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The Harvey

The story of a cold-blooded murder and how a mother's love solved the mystery

There was a sudden cry, the wild, despairing cry of a heart-broken woman

ON a cold morning at the end of January the house of Dr. Raymond Harvey, on West Eighty-seventh Street, roused itself reluctantly from sleep. It opened its eyes, so to speak, and blinked at the frosty sun as the curtains were raised. It yawned widely as Olga Heims opened the door and took in the milk. Inside it was full of mysterious sounds: Thomas, the Negro furnace man, shaking down the furnace; Olga slap-slapping down the basement stairs to get the doctor's breakfast; the stir of sleepy movement above.

In Dr. Harvey's study, however, there was no sound. The silence could be touched and felt. There was not even as much sound as may be made in a room by a man breathing in it. When Thomas, coming up to light the study fire, pushed open the door, a cold breath of air slipped past him, touching his left hand and cheek as though the flying drapery of an unseen figure brushed him in passing. When he entered the room he found Dr. Harvey lying on the hearth, fully dressed and quite dead. Beside him on the rug lay the poker with which he had been killed.

Thomas, frozen into immobility, became aware that even the mantelpiece clock was silent. His eyes, turning fearfully in the black face, saw it lying on the floor, its hands pointing accusingly to midnight. The cold trickle of air against his face began to assume a more sinister significance.

He turned and bolted out of the house. It was only when he got to the corner that he thought to summon a policeman.

Sergeant Thatcher, arriving hastily on the scene, found everything as Thomas had left it. This pleased him, for he was something of a student of psychology, and he appreciated the opportunity of observing the reactions of the people in the house when they first learned what had happened. He took out his notebook and began methodically to question Thomas.

The Negro had returned to the scene of his fright most unwillingly, trembling and sweating like a horse that is brought back to the place in the road where he has been scared into bolting by a fluttering bit of white paper. And farther than the doorway no amount of urging would take him. But he answered the detective's questions readily enough.

THE doctor, according to Thomas, let out the two upper floors of his house. The top floor was occupied by a gentleman by the name of Simeon Edge, who lit his own fires and was parsimonious in the matter of tips, although he dressed well and habitually carried a cane with a gold top. Mrs. Sarah Buchanan, a widow, lived on the third floor, and kept six canary birds. A pleasant, soft-spoken lady, said Thomas, who liked her rooms kept very warm and gave him two dollars at Christmas. The doctor himself slept on the second floor front, and Olga Heims, his housemaid and cook, had the room over the extension in the rear. The parlor floor was used for the patients' reception-room and the doctor's study, and the basement contained the kitchen and dining-room.

Olga Heims, according to Thomas, was a rather unusual creature—a German, he thought—and he had heard it said that she spoke four languages. She was crazy about books, he told the detective, as though this in itself were incriminating evidence. They were always "laying around the kitchen." He thought she was not quite "all there."

Thatcher made his examination of the room and then sent Thomas to call Mr. Edge. It was not yet eight o'clock and Edge was still dressing, so the detective was obliged to wait a few minutes. He put in the time moving a big chair between the body on the hearth and the door, so that anyone entering the room would not immediately see what had happened. He had instructed Thomas to say nothing of the murder. He wanted to see whether the eyes of the person entering through that door would instinctively seek out the space on the hearth.

But Edge, when at last he arrived, looked directly at the detective. He was a middle-aged man, dark, clean-shaven, rather heavily built, very quiet, with a sort of subdued respectability.

"You want to see me, I understand—" he began and then broke off short, for he had come in line with the thing on the floor. "My God!" he said and caught hold of the chair beside him. "You'll forgive me—the shock!"

"You knew Dr. Harvey well?"

"Scarcely at all; we spoke sometimes when we met in the hall—chatted a little. But to come on it suddenly—"

THATCHER let him go after a little questioning and sent for Mrs. Buchanan. From the open door of her room above the distant trilling of her canaries accompanied her down the stairs. She proved to be a woman of about thirty-five, rather handsome in a statuesque fashion, sedately dressed in gray, with black hair elaborately coiffed. She stood in the doorway until the detective asked her to step into the room.

"You knew Dr. Harvey well?" he asked again.

She looked at him wonderingly and hesitated before she answered.

"We are—very good friends," she confessed.

Then Thatcher did a deliberately brutal thing.

"Is this Dr. Harvey?" he asked and made way for her, looking at the body on the floor.

She stepped forward where she could see, screamed once, and stood staring.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" she cried. "What shall I do?" She wrung her hands and looked at the detective. "He was my husband," she said then. "We were married four months ago."

She had succeeded in surprising Thatcher. Before he recovered himself Olga Heims appeared in the doorway. She had heard the scream downstairs, where she was preparing the doctor's breakfast. She was at least ten years younger than Mrs. Buchanan, with the flaxen hair, pale blue eyes and round, stalwart figure of the middle-class German woman. Her face was both pretty and intelligent, but it was blurred at the edges, as though it had never been completely finished. The eyes were well set and the brow under the flaxen hair was well-shaped, but the soft mouth was impractical and the chin was weak.

"What happened?" she asked. "I heard someone cry out."

"Dr. Harvey has been murdered," Thatcher said crisply, nodding at the hearth.

She stepped into the room then, and looked. Before the detective could prevent her she flung herself beside the body.

"Ach, mein Gott!" she whispered. "Not dead! Not dead!" She laid her hands on his breast and on his face, and

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Murder By JOHN STEPHEN STRANGE

then suddenly she began to weep, softly, despairingly.

Thatcher ignored her. He had by no means finished with Mrs. Buchanan.

"You say he was your husband?" he repeated incredulously. "But I understood Thomas to say that—"

"We were married secretly," the lady told him. "There were reasons why it seemed inadvisable to announce it at that time. But I can easily establish the fact. We were married in Boston, by the Rev. Dr. Abbott of All Saints Memorial Church."

Olga's sobs had ceased as abruptly as they had begun. She seemed to be listening.

Thatcher went on with his questions.

"When were you married? What was the date?"

"On September 29th last."

Olga had risen; she now approached Mrs. Buchanan and towered over her, her face drawn and white with some overpowering emotion.

"That is a lie," she said quietly, this strange emotion dragging at her voice. "He did not marry you."

They looked at each other, black eyes against blue. At last the blue eyes turned aside. Mrs. Buchanan—Mrs. Harvey—spoke gently, but with something curiously like triumph in her voice.

"My poor girl, you know very well it is not a lie. We were married—in September."

Olga looked around her like a woman gone suddenly blind. She felt her way to the door, touching the table and a chair lightly, as if for guidance. Then she fell sidewise on the carpet.

AT THE end of a week Detective Thatcher confessed himself baffled by the Harvey murder case. Investigation proved that the house had not been broken into, but it was always possible that the doctor had himself admitted the murderer. Of course any of the three people living in the house had the opportunity to commit the crime, but, upon the whole, the motive seemed to be lacking. The police were not able to establish any but the most casual connection between the doctor and Simeon Edge. Mrs. Buchanan made good her pretensions as Harvey's wife. She produced a marriage certificate all in order, signed by the Boston minister who had married them, and duly attested by a certain Dr. Godfrey Styles of New York, a friend, it developed, of the bridegroom. A telegram to the Rev. Dr. Abbott and an interview with Dr. Styles confirmed her story in every particular.

Olga Heims seemed, on the whole, the most likely suspect, and she was arrested and questioned. Her very obvious dislike of Mrs. Harvey, coupled with her violent grief at the doctor's death, seemed to suggest a motive. But the case against her was very slim, and after a week or two she was released. She returned to Eighty-seventh Street, but a few days later departed, bag and baggage.

But Thatcher would not give up the case. He haunted the neighborhood as inconspicuously as possible, picking up a bit of gossip here and a bit of gossip there, while the murder dropped from the front page of the papers and was then entirely forgotten.

INTEREST revived briefly when, in July, Raymond Harvey, Jr., was born. The newspapers commented on the tragic background of the child's entry into the world. Then this too was forgotten. Mrs. Harvey, who had inherited her third of the doctor's not inconsiderable estate, now came into possession of the rest, in trust for the child.

Then suddenly, in October, the case sprang into the headlines again. Sarah Buchanan Harvey was arrested for the murder of her husband, and with her, named as accessory to the crime, was Simeon Edge.

'Where is he?" she cried. "Where is he? What have they done with him?"

Illustrated by JOHN ALAN MAXWELL

They were put on trial in January, nearly a year after Thomas' terrible discovery, and a record crowd of sensation seekers fought its way into the courtroom. Detective Thatcher, looking over the spectators on the opening day, saw Olga Heims. He wormed his way through the crowd to speak to her.

"What are you doing here?" he asked not unkindly, for the girl's face was thin and drawn and she had aged ten years in the past eleven months.

She brought her eyes to his face with what seemed an effort at concentration.

"What will they do to her?" she asked.

He glanced at Mrs. Harvey, with her dark, composed face turned in a listening attitude toward George Mason, her counsel.

"They haven't convicted her yet," he said grimly.

"Yes, but if they do?"

He explained to her briefly the penalty for first degree murder in New York State. She shivered and looked at him strangely, as though she were about to speak. But she changed her mind and remained silent.

The case of the people was not a very strong one, and at the end of the first day of the trial it seemed fairly certain that by the end of the week Mrs. Harvey would walk out of court a free woman.

And then luck, or fate, or Providence, or whatever it is that deals out the cards in this poker game of life, dealt Detective Thatcher an ace. He did not at first perceive the connection of this ace with the trial of Sarah Buchanan Harvey. But in the middle of the night, just as he was dropping asleep, its significance dawned on him, and he got up and dressed and sat all night checking his theory and laying his plans. In the morning he did two things: He sent a wire from the nearest telegraph office and he went to the private residence of District Attorney Fallon and was closeted with that gentleman in his study for half an hour. As he came out he was buttonholed by an enterprising young reporter.

"Got you on the run, eh?" said that young man, grinning. "Special consultation to save the sinking ship of state."

Thatcher murmured something in the young man's attentive ear. That afternoon the Sphere ran an extra:

"Harvey Heir Called. State will produce child in evidence. Noted specialists to establish paternity."

It was the third day of the trial of Sarah Buchanan Harvey and Simeon Edge for the murder of Dr. Raymond Harvey. It was the State against Mrs. Harvey. Beyond question the quiet woman was the dominant factor in the combination.

Bit by bit, a detail here and a touch there, with the utmost subtlety, Fallon had evoked, like a sinister shadow, hovering over her and enveloping her, the figure of a Messalina, a sordid creature murdering for gain for herself and her lover. But she did not look like a murderess. Nor did she look like a woman involved in an illicit love affair. There was something almost prim about her. And the defense had managed to slip in the information that she kept canaries. The jury's attitude favored her.

If Fallon was aware of this attitude he gave no sign of it as he rose after the noon recess, ran a nervous hand through his rampant gray hair, and took up the business of the afternoon.

"Call the Rev. Dr. Abbott."

Dr. Abbott made a good witness, and he indentified without hesitation his signature on the marriage certificate.

"Could you identify the bride?"

The doctor was certain that he could.

"Will Mrs. Harvey please rise?" Fallon asked.

She complied with dignity, and Abbott at once recognized her. Fallon bent for an instant over the pile of (*Continued on page 48*)

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The Prairie Prince

By W. B. COURTNEY

FURTHER adventures of the greatest Wild Westerner of them all: Buffalo Bill—Remembered by Chief Rain-in-the-Face—Starvation days—Headin' west with the bullwhackers—Mules vs. oxen in a race over the plains—The oxen win!—Fighting Indians with Wild Bill Hickok—In the Pony Express!—A record ride, with our hero in the saddle—Almost killed by Sioux—Captured by bandits—Led to the torture stake

Courtesy of Willey Book Company

"Don't you know me?" asked Bill. Luckily the chief did

THE Dakotah Indians—or Sioux, as they were popularly known—were the hardiest and most bloodthirsty of all the Western tribes that dashed themselves against the waves of white progress. They asked no quarter and gave none.

But Bill Cody was just a little boy, and a boyish appeal burst involuntarily from his lips when his frightened eyes fell upon the leader of the savages.

"Rain-in-the-Face, don't you know me?"

The famous chief glided up in surprise, and stayed the tomahawk of the brave at the bunkside. Then he bent low over the rude bed. Three hard-riding years had stretched Bill's frame; three weeks of fever had hollowed his cheeks. But presently the chief grunted—this was Billy, who used to play with the Rain-in-the-Face papooses around Fort Laramie.

The warriors meanwhile, impatient to put an end to the boy, crowded into the dugout brandishing their war hatchets. The air was acrid from their pine-knot torches. Rain-in-the-Face turned and harangued the braves in the rapid-fire gutturals of the Sioux tongue. No hint of what he said was betrayed by the chief's cruel lips and eyes. Bill, scarcely daring to breathe as he awaited his fate, grew faint. Painted faces floated before him like a terrible nightmare.

Then Rain-in-the-Face leaned over him again.

"We no kill the paleface boy," growled the chief reluctantly.

But his life was all the redskins left Bill. They ransacked the dugout as with a fine-tooth comb, pilfering every scrap of food, every article of clothing and equipment, every pelt that he and Dave had captured. All the while, too, the younger braves glared longingly at Bill's thick hair. Not until the sound of their departing footsteps died away did his scalp cease to tingle.

In the hours that followed Bill often wished the tomahawk had struck. For, with cold and starvation added to the horror of his plight, the boy touched the depths of human misery.

Then, on the twenty-ninth day after Dave Harrington had left to fetch help, Bill heard a welcome "halloo."

It was Dave, with a team and food and blankets. He drove Bill home without further molestation, and the tough-fibered young scout recovered rapidly.

One day, when Bill was once more in the saddle, he heard a great voice at his elbow. It was Lew Simpson, who greeted him with boisterous affection.

"I'm headin' west with a bull outfit, kid. Want to ride for me?"

"Yep."

The Frontier Bets on the Outcome

AND that was that. The crown prince of the prairie swung back with a whoop into the galloping, blistering life that was salt to his palate. Only a boy, and he was sought by the best bull masters of the Overland. Only twelve, and he could sass desperadoes, stand up to a frontier bar with the huskiest whackers, and throw an unyielding leg over any bronc that ever bucked.

When Lew Simpson, who swore by bulls as well as at them, signaled to his whackers to snap the beeswax into their lead oxen and start west on that famous race between bulls and mules, lean and lanky Bill Cody rode with the outfit which Lew had hand-picked for more than its table manners.

The race was the result of long wrangling between bullwhackers and mule skinners as to the better all-round Overland draft animal—mule or ox. The frontier bet its fringed buckskin shirt on the outcome.

The race was for the better time, and the bull outfit started first.

In their patient way the bulls set one foot after another, day in and day out, league after league.

Halfway to the Rockies Billy Cody raised a warning shout to call attention to whip shots in the distant rear:

"The mules are ketchin' up!"

Soon the bullwhackers' oaths were choked in their throats by the dust clouds in the wake of scuffling Missouri hoofs.

Still the bulls plodded on.

The gentle prairies gave way to mountain and desert. The mules were out of sight ahead. But Lew Simpson only chuckled—and waited.

Then the harsh lands took their toll. The mules, burned out by their fast early pace, had no speed or stamina in reserve.

Never varying the pace of their first day out from the Missouri, the bulls plodded on to win—as fresh at the finish as they had been at the start.

And Lew Simpson and his rough men grinned at the whoops of victory that Bill Cody let loose.

Adventure, by 1858, had become a serious and unavoidable part of the everyday life of empire building. It kept Bill Cody's twelfth year from becoming dull. Inevitable forces were gathering. The Pacific and the Mississippi were eagerly waiting to be welded. Paleface and redskin girded for the final tussle. But there was one madcap exploit that shot a beam of light through the grimness, giving the border a nine-day laugh.

As Wild Bill Hickok remarked, "Even those who were killed died laughin'!"

Bill Cody was involved in the escapade. And, quite fittingly, Wild Bill, or "Mister" Hickok, as he was respectfully known to his colleagues of the tetchy triggers, was the choice spirit who fomented it.

Wild Bill Hickok of the wildest West

Hickok Slaps Out Pizen

INDIAN raids had been playing havoc with the Overland in a wild section of Wyoming, and service was suspended for a while because of the number of animals stolen. This threw many hard characters out of work, with nothing but drinking to occupy their time and nothing but mischief to fill their minds.

"There's a big bunch of Injuns camped up to Clear Creek," reported a scout.

"I reckon," said Mister Hickok, wiping the suds from his mustache with his revolver muzzle, "That we-all is a passel of old wimmin to let them Injuns swipe our stock."

He glared hopefully over the head of his disciple, Bill Cody, and around the crowded saloon. Mister Hickok was a

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mild sort of fellow normally, but this thing had got under his skin. Disappointed when no one disputed his reflection, Mister Hickok put up his guns.

"Well," he pursued, seized now with the wider possibilities of the idea which he had first advanced in the hope of fraternal disturbance, "I votes we go git 'em!"

The saloon rocked in the blast of approval.

Mister Hickok, smiling benignly, led the way with his long legs, which were no less resolute if unsteady. In his wake filed one merry kid and forty merry men.

The expedition rode north to Clear Creek. There, on a butte, it drew rein. Below, sprawled in a grassy bowl, was a huge Sioux encampment and a well-filled picket line.

"There," said Mister Hickok, musing aloud, "is a lot of Injuns. And there is our animiles. We must slap out some pizen. Let's mosey!"

Just at dusk a thin cordon of whites, yelling as no Comanche ever yelled in life or in the happy hunting grounds, swooped down upon the Indians.

Mister Hickok's hat was cocked over one eye. Much of the time, in fact, it was over both eyes. What with enthusiasm and likker and the natural heat of battle, Mister Hickok and his knights probably saw at least seven Indians for every one they aimed at. But, though the accuracy of their shooting may not have been up to snuff, its gusto was extraordinary.

A substantial number of Indians bit the dust in approved fashion.

The Indians were not only surprised. They were amazed—overwhelmed by the bellows as much as by the bullets. Before a redskin bow or rifle could be raised, Mister Hickok's dose of white pizen had purged the camp of everything on four legs.

Mister Hickok led his pals back to Sweetwater Bridge with not only all the stolen Overland stock, but a hundred or more Indian ponies to boot. The prodigious victory, he suggested, called for a fitting celebration.

This began at once and lasted a week. When the hilarity showed signs of waning, several of Mister Hickok's friends shot each other, just to keep the fun going. One died.

The survivors went back to work—as soon as they were sober.

The Fast Mail Arrives

TWO more years touched Bill Cody briefly. Off and on working for Russell, Majors & Waddell; off and on hunting and trapping, or carrying odd dispatches, or just loafing around army posts. In the saddle always, until he was more at home in it than on his own two feet. Lean, supple, tanned so that one could scarcely tell him from an Indian by glancing at his skin, Bill sped toward the test wherein his skill in the saddle would win for him his first right to a place in the history of the conquest of the West.

Just before 1860 there were three main transcontinental lines, carrying the United States mail under contract by slow stages and more or less haphazardly. By far the greater bulk of mail between the East and the Far West was sent by way of Panama.

California and Oregon did not relish this remoteness. Therefore, in answer to their insistent clamor, the spring of 1860 saw the establishment of a fast mail service. This was the famous pony express, under direction of the Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express Company.

The contract schedule called for mail delivery in eight scant days from St. Joseph, on the Missouri River, to San Francisco, then a metropolis of shanties and mud streets, with plank walks—but nevertheless a metropolis that had already reeled into American history with a crazy mixture of murder and romance.

The first pony-express riders left St. Joseph and San Francisco simultaneously on April 3, 1860. The quickest trip made was that with President Lincoln's Inaugural Address—St. Joseph to Sacramento, seven days and seventeen hours. Eventually the service had 190 stations, 200 station keepers, 200 assistant station keepers, between 400 and 500 horses, and 80 riders who were paid from $100 to $500 a month. The postage was $5 for each half ounce.

The promoters, with the strict requirements of the schedule in mind, combed the frontier for eighty daredevils of the saddle who could hurl the mail from the Missouri to the Pacific, across prairie and desert and mountain, through hostile Indians and murderous road agents, through gale and rain and snow, through darkness and light—on time!

And such was the fame and ability of fourteen-year-old Bill Cody that he was unhesitatingly picked for that aggregation of desperate riders.

Young Cody Gets His Wish

BILL entered upon his new work with zest. It smacked of robust adventure. It was with some disappointment, therefore, that he found himself at first assigned to an unexciting route of forty-five miles. He felt so keenly that he was being slighted because of his youth that, after a few weeks, he quit the pony express in disgust, deeming it too tame for a young 'un who craved trails of danger and daring.

As usual, he turned back to his first Overland loves—Lew Simpson and the bull trains. This time, however, as he pounded west with Lew, Bill carried in his saddle bag a letter of recommendation to a certain Mr. Slade, then pony express superintendent of the Rocky Ridge Division in Dakota Territory, the most dangerous division of the service, the division where Bill most wanted to ride.

Bill presented himself to Slade, about whom he had heard a good deal. Slade was notorious along the frontier as the worst character in the West. He was a genuine killer. Bill was often to see him kill just for the sheer love of taking human life. The drunker he was, the more deadly his aim. Ears were his specialty. He stuffed his pockets with them. Those of his particular enemies he even used as watch charms—wearing them to the funerals of their late owners, at which, after his gracious custom, he always officiated. Once he killed four Indians single-handed and sent their ears to their chief. He was an efficient agent because he killed anyone who hampered the smooth operation of his division.

But Bill Cody was not a whit abashed as he stared up into the coldest, cruelest human eyes he had ever seen. Eyes of frosted agate!

"I want to ride for you, Mr. Slade."

"Hell, I don't hire infants!" The killer scowled.

"Shucks, you've got nothin' I can't do. I've ridden for Bill Trotter."

"What? Are you the kid that was ridin' out of Julesburg and was known as the youngest rider on the road?"

"That's me."

"Well, I reckon you can stand the gaff here. I'll give you a chanst."

Slade made no concession to Bill's youth. He assigned him to ride between Red Buttes on the North Platte and the Three Crossings of the Sweetwater. This was a seventy-six-mile route, much favored by red marauders and white bandits, or "road agents," as they were called.

Bill soon realized that he could never feel certain, when racing out of Red Buttes, that he would reach his destination on time—or that he would ever reach it.

In Red Buttes, one hot morning, Bill stood ready as the rider from the east came up on the dead run—and, as usual, on time. A pony-express rider would rather have his scalp lifted than fall behind time.

The station boss whipped the mochila from the wet and winded horse and slung it over Bill's saddle. The mochila was a leather pouch with a padlocked pocket at each of its four corners. In these pockets were the letters for California and way stations, written on thin tissue wrapped in oilskin. The schedule gave but two minutes for changing the mochila to a fresh horse. Usually it took half that time for the agent to effect the switch and speed the new rider or the old rider on a fresh horse on his way.

"Right, kid!"

Bill vaulted into the saddle and was off with a rush and a whoop. This was the joy of his young life—this first reckless dash down canyons and parched river beds, with the clean wind stinging his face.

Bill Sets a Hot Pace

FIFTEEN miles ahead there would be a way station—and a repetition of the glorious first dash on a fresh mount.

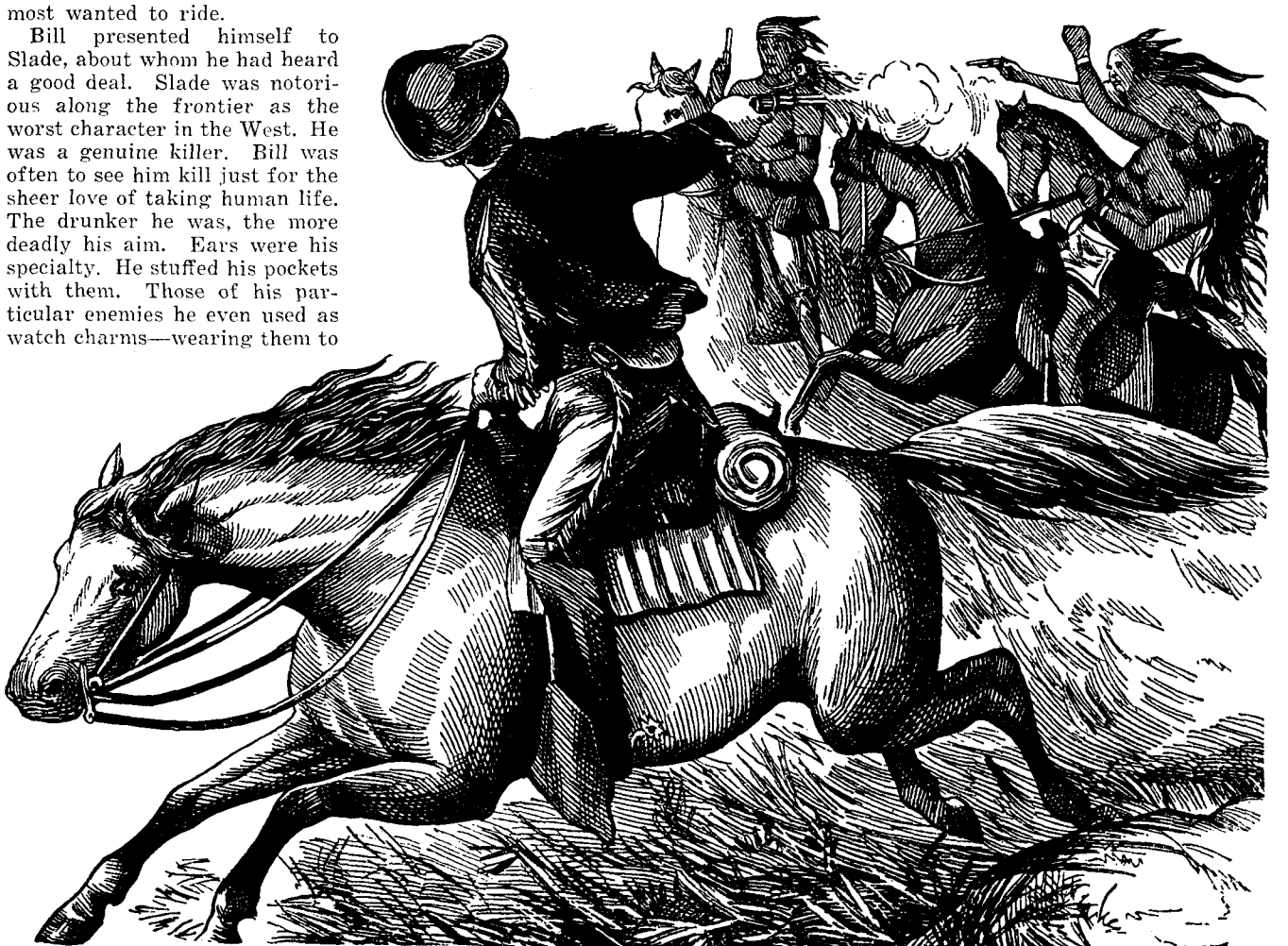
Bill set a hot pace all the way from Red Buttes, gaining each station in about an hour's time—fast riding, in that rugged country, for any man. He kept a wary eye on likely ambush spots—willow or cottonwood clumps, sage thickets, bouldered turns.

Each horse, as Bill flailed it into a station, was winded and steaming; but the boy seemed tireless, exchanging ribald banter with the agents as they switched the mochila. The bosses bore with him good-naturedly because his spectacular riding gave him the right to have what Slade called a "goddam loose lip."

"That brat ain't made of no flesh and bone," remarked the agent of the last station before Three Crossings, as Bill flashed away in a swirl of dust. "He's made of springs an' rubber!"

Nevertheless, seventy-six miles of such going were bound to jar something out of even such a steel backbone as Bill Cody's. As he reached the final and most dangerous leg of his journey he found himself dwelling with relief upon thoughts of the food and sleep that awaited him at Three Crossings. Here the trail wound along a canyon bottom, between rocky walls wherein the Sweetwater River often boiled as in a caldron with the sudden freshets that come in the mountains after rain. Three times within a few yards Bill had to spur his steaming horse into the river and splash across to the opposite shore, so devious was the trail.

The station (*Continued on page 47*)



The young daredevil of the pony express. Bill rode better and shot straighter than the redskins

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Atlantic Moonlight

By
STEPHEN MOREHOUSE AVERY

"Always prefer silver to gold plate" is excellent advice—especially for a social climber

Illustrated by JOHN H. CROSMAN

Was she not some incredibly lovely Lorelei who would vanish if he so much as stirred?

THE last far-off shadow of land, a purple haze on the September horizon, faded away astern. The belated sunset was brandishing red swords just as the passengers were descending to the dining saloon for dinner. Now, aft, pacing the promenade deck, all was still and intimate, wrapped in the night. The second-string French liner Mirabeau had reached the end of her first day out.

The soft air was warm enough, in the opinion of Mr. Julian Thomasson, so that he need not detract with hat or topcoat from the faultless dinner jacket which, in the opinion of Mr. Julian Thomasson, so perfectly represented him. He strolled idly forward, scowling at the night and wondering perhaps if the prospecting ground for heiresses might not be richer in the smoking-room over an after-dinner cordial. He paused to tap an expensive cigarette on his gold case and to light it with an equally golden lighter. The momentary yellow flare disclosed, instead of the visage of a perhaps anticipated villain, only the regular features and the ruddy brown face of a very reasonable-looking young man.

The picture snapped out with the click of his lighter, and the figure moved on into the shadows, drawn thither by an illusive, half-seen, half-hoped-for impression, which had come to him the moment he had appeared on deck, of an ermine-collared evening wrap falling loosely away from a white shoulder. What had become of her? Had she gone inside again? Had he really seen her at all?

Julian Thomasson had not started out deliberately to marry for money. Originally he hadn't cared particularly where he got it and, as a matter of fact, several other methods, such as discovering gold mines and oil wells or receiving unexpected legacies, had even occurred to him as preferable. But as the passing years brought him to the conclusive age of twenty-five without bringing any of these pleasant alternatives into being, he was forced to become resigned to his destiny, convinced that he had never been intended to be more than the appreciative consort of a fortune.

In many ways he was well trained for such a career. He had gone to St. Paul's and then to Williams, and his socially sensitive father had given him useful advice from the beginning: "Pick out the right people, Julian. That's why I'm spending all this money to send you to the proper schools. Don't waste time with people who won't improve your standing. That's what counts."

IT HAD apparently counted too much with Julian's mother, who, in company with a young composer who neither knew nor cared to know the "right people," had fled to the south of France, and in the sixteen years since then Julian had never seen her. So her advice—"Always prefer silver to gold plate, Juny, darling" — had seemed rather meaningless and, as his father said, was best forgotten.

So Julian had just gone on picking out the people who had everything and who took things for granted, as though they didn't cost, and the bitterness of such association together with an occasionally overheard "Young climber!" served only to temper with determination the edge of his hard, humorously frank materialism. He must have money, real money, big money. Four years of disillusioning but fairly successful labor with an investment banking house in lower Broadway demonstrated only that real money might conceivably be very long in the making.

Then, one unexpected day, his father was suddenly and finally accepted, or at least one hopes so, by the right people, and Julian inherited his mother's address, a villa at St. Raphael, and fifteen thousand dollars. It was a mere pittance, of course, enough to give one an annual income of eight hundred perhaps, or else . . . enough to provide the gamble of a few months in those gay and golden realms where fabulous heiresses languish for the mere want of a lover to endow.

At the end of the promenade was a short stairway descending to the long forward stretch of the main deck, where black, indistinct masses, pieces of heavy machinery, winches, air funnels, coils of cable, loomed darkly; then, the slow rise and fall of the bow. It had a strange allure for Julian, although one would encounter, if anybody, only second-class passengers down there, or even worse; for there was one of those student passages on board, university people huddled together in tourist quarters deep in the ship's bosom. He could hear even now the faint refrain of a song they were singing and the strains of a guitar. How could they bear it?

Almost involuntarily, however, his wandering steps led him down and along the main deck rail toward the dark angle of the bow. A gush of white foam leaped away from the ship's side. He lingered, sensitive to the vastness, the ponderous beauty, the ominous solitude of the sea at night, a few stars, and just one human soul. Generally Julian was ready to concede that he didn't have a soul. A soul interfered with one's career and moments such as this—moments when he remembered his mother's clear, questioning gaze, moments when in the heat of battle an Amherst secondary defense brought his purple jersey to the hard November sod, moments when the power and physical pride of his body revolted against this business of picking out the right people—were all uncomfortable and unwelcome. Thinking did a fellow very little good.

He was glad of the distraction of voices sounding from around the corner of a tool cabin ahead where a feeble light made the darkness paler.

HE COULD not see the speakers, but he could guess what they were, two girls of the student passage, surprised evidently to discover each other on board. "Barbara! You are . . . Barbara Stoner, aren't you? Of course . . . but where on earth. . . ? . . . I haven't seen you in years!"

"Naturally." There was an undertone of bitterness in the second voice. "Why

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should you? We dropped out when the family went broke and left Westbury. That was five years ago, and I've acquired an education and a school-teacher's job since then. School-teacher on an excursion. Student passage. It's great." Her ironic laughter sounded sharp and hard.

"Well, isn't it great?" Her friend was apparently disappointed. "All those girls and boys? I've just been back there watching them in envy. That young chap with the guitar . . ."

"Oh, don't be silly, Anne. Having had everything else in the world, Anne Whitfield will pretend enthusiasm for a third-class tourist passage."

Julian Thomasson jumped at the name. Who? Anne Whitfield? He did remember an indefinite Miss Whitfield on the passenger list which he had scanned so carefully, but he had passed it by without a suspicion that it might be the socially celebrated Anne. She'd figured in the papers no later than the current week, refusing to confirm her engagement, proudly announced by her mother, to an Italian prince. It was something of the sort. "Anne Whitfield Jilts Another Prince," was the burden of the headline. So she was hiding from the notoriety on board the *Mirabeau*. Where better? And that glimpse which had lured him along the darkened promenade had been more, after all, than a hope-born dream.

Plans came immediately to his mind, how to meet her, what he would say, how he would act. Several rich fellows of his acquaintance knew her well enough to excuse an introduction.

Then he would talk to her about horses and hunting and Middleburg, Va., whither he had almost been invited once and where Anne Whitfield had been taking five-rail fences since she was ten. She must be twenty now. He would take the chance that she might be interested on the rebound from her prince, in a young man who, although less exalted, might be more pleasing to her romantic eye. He was still unable to see her, but he listened eagerly to catch her words:

"I've always thought there must be something like this . . . somewhere!"

"I MEAN it, Barbara. I do envy you. If you only knew how weary I am of all this de luxe business, the private cars, the special suites, the bowing and scraping to Daddy's money—poor Daddy, who is happier in a clover field than anywhere else, a poet if he were let alone."

"But speaking of envy . . ." The second girl's voice was again a contrast, calm and deliberate. "Isn't it one of the privileges of wealth that you don't have to envy?"

Julian thought only of getting back on the upper deck without being observed. He would choose another background for meeting her, the saloon aft of the smoking-room perhaps, where there would be dancing and where his stalwart figure and his faultless dinner jacket would show for its most.

She didn't appear there. He waited in vain. But if Anne Whitfield was not present to appreciate him, Mr. Spinner was. Mr. Spinner invited him to join his little group, consisting of the younger and more attractive passengers whom Mr. Spinner considered the elect. It is so fortunate that there is always a benign, world-traveled, round-faced Mr. Spinner on board ship to gather the elect into a choice compatible group. Mr. Spinner is an authority on who is who, if the truth were known, or upon any subject one chooses to name, for that matter. Would Mr. Thomasson care to join them for a glass of champagne? Mr. Spinner always knows one's name. "We may find a few souls on board who are not so deadly poisonous after all. Eh, Thomasson?" He made sure of his capture with a fat hand on Julian's arm.

Midnight passed and still she did not appear, nor, in spite of a sharp lookout all next day, did Julian catch a glimpse of her. At first he doubted that he'd heard the name correctly, but an inquiry at the bureau settled that. Anne Whitfield was in suite No. 4, and apparently she intended to stay there.

HE GAVE it up finally and subsided into his deck chair next to an elderly and devoted couple with whom he had exchanged civilities the previous day. The husband was distinguished-looking, the lady calm and gray-eyed when she looked up from the volume in French which she was reading, and Julian would have guessed that both of them were, or had been once, what one might call the right people. "Did you know Anne Whitfield is hiding on board?" he asked.

The lady slipped a tiny lace handkerchief into her book and turned to her husband. "Who is Anne Whitfield, my dear?"

The man took his gaze from the horizon and shrugged his shoulders. "I'm afraid I don't know. Is she an actress?"

Julian rose and left the people who thought Anne Whitfield was an actress and went to his stateroom to see that his dinner jacket had been properly pressed. Mr. Spinner had won the ship's pool and was giving a little champagne party to celebrate his fortune. "Just our own little crowd," he'd said.

At 11:30 Julian rose abruptly from the table where their own little crowd had gathered. His roving eye had caught a glimpse, through a window opposite in the smoking-room, of an ermine-collared evening wrap as its wearer passed slowly up the starboard promenade.

She was leaning against the rail, watching the flow of black water along the ship's hull, and she was obviously startled by the sound of his voice so close behind her: "I hope you'll forgive my speaking, Miss Whitfield. Tony Preston told me you were to be on board. I've been trying to find you all day."

"Who? Tony Preston? But, you see, I'm not Miss Whitfield."

"Oh, please," said Julian. "Of course I can understand your preferring to remain alone, but I'm quite sure who you are, Miss Whitfield."

She smiled rather strangely, and Julian was relieved to see that she was really pretty, not with the beauty with which common report endows heiresses, perhaps, but certainly with an attractive dark-eyed worldliness which, as a characteristic of the traveled and experienced girls among the "right people," he had always admired. "All right," she said finally—"since you insist. And you are . . .?"

He told her: "Julian Thomasson. We have so many mutual friends—"

"But let's not talk about them," she said. A faint frown line darkened her brow and then disappeared. "I'm trying to forget everybody I ever knew just now."

"Then I'm glad we've just met," said Julian.

Seven nights and six days . . . well, anything might happen in that much time. She preferred to dance only with Julian at first, and it was only in response to a definitely reproachful glance from Mr. Spinner that he finally introduced her into "their own little crowd."

"Miss Whitfield! You don't mean it!" Mr. Spinner breathed visibly in his excitement. "I know, of course, your father. Yes, please sit here. We're just a few human beings, you know, Miss Whitfield, gathered together for self-protection from the mob." The Belgian vicomte of their little crowd sat up with new interest, murmuring something in stilted English about Miss Whitfield's so famous father.

Julian had given no thought to possible rivals until he turned around to see the fellow taking Anne Whitfield out to dance. Furthermore, she seemed to enjoy it. Surely, though, titles meant nothing to her. She could have been a princess if she had been out for that. He became confidently attentive to the original young married woman, and after the better part of an hour gained his small objective. Anne Whitfield chose the chair next to his and whispered, "Is this the way you're going to watch out for me?"

HE STOOD at the head of the corridor leading to her suite. He had just told her good night. The dancing was over. They had spent a little time alone together on the deck during which their intimacy had its beginning. He thought of small mannerisms of her speech and gesture which were already fixed in his mind: her involuntary, stimulating attitude of superiority, her acceptance of himself, her naturally condescending interest in Spinner's crowd. He remembered too the single diamond and emerald pin in her gown which alone was worth ten times his inheritance. But the Whitfield fortune was too vast to find an adequate expression in jewels.

The whole idea of the thing excited Julian's imagination, and he went outside to walk off his nervous elation in the moonlight. He strolled thoughtfully forward once more to view that main-deck space, now drenched in silver spilling from the tipped-up moon, where he had first heard her voice and discovered that such an opportunity was his.

There was the misty bow, still swinging like a pendulum over the smooth sea. There were the pieces of heavy machinery, silver-gray now instead of black; the air funnels; the low, flat hatch cover; and seated on the edge of the nearest of these was the most beautiful girl that Julian Thomasson had ever seen. (*Continued on page 54*)

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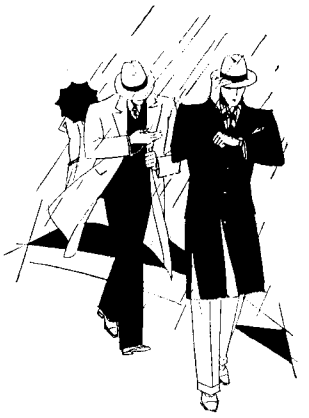
Are you a "One Watch" man?

There's a world of sense in the two-watch idea—

A POCKET WATCH · · · AND A STRAP



DO you open your top-coat to the driving spring rain, fumble with your gloves, and live into the dark recesses of your vest to see what time it is?

At the wheel of your car do you go through a stretch of one-armed driving when you want to peek at your pocket watch?

On the golf links do you find yourself stranded without the exact time of day about you?

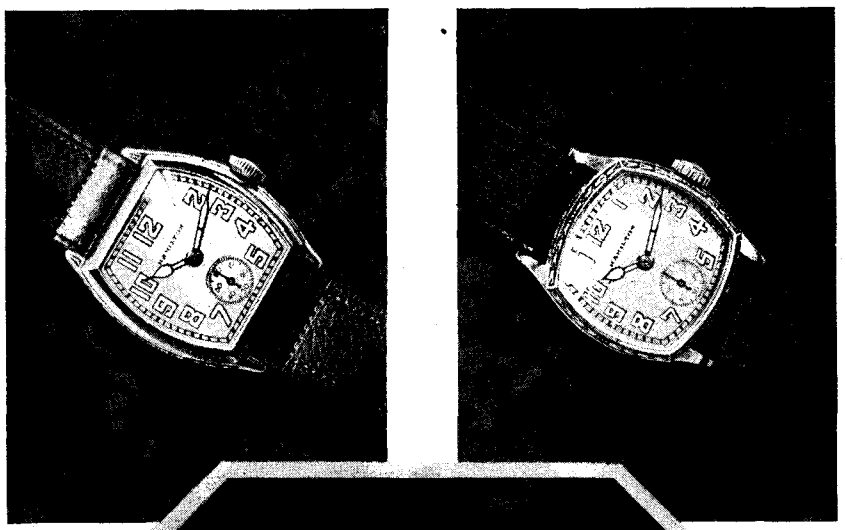
Then this page is addressed to you. For there are few more sensible conveniences than this modern idea of a man owning two watches. Carry a fine Hamilton in your pocket for the innumerable moments during the day when the dignity of the situation demands the railroad accuracy of a pocket Hamilton.

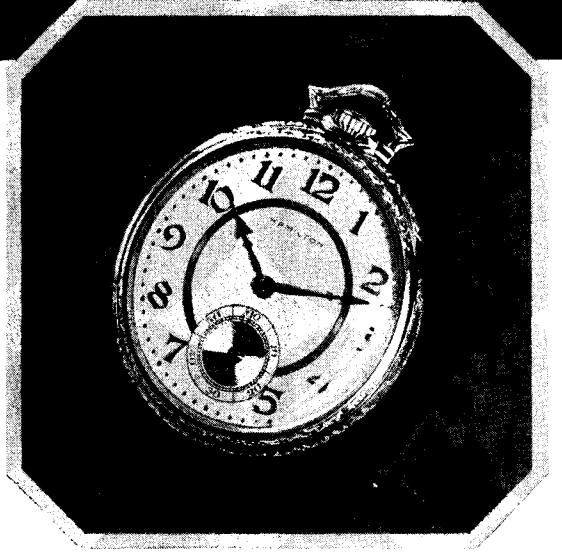
But own, in addition, a Hamilton Strap Watch for the hundred-and-one occasions during the day when the time must be read from your wrist.

There are four beautiful Hamilton Strap Watches shown here. Possibly the beauty of the cases, the artistry of their designs, caught your eye.

What you cannot see, however, is that each of these watches—like the many other Hamilton Straps now at your jeweler's—is a member of the same Hamilton family whose reputation for unerring accuracy has earned for it the title "the watch of railroad accuracy."

If you would like to read a booklet that tells the interesting story of the making of a supremely accurate watch, send for "The Timekeeper." Hamilton Watch Company, 840 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.



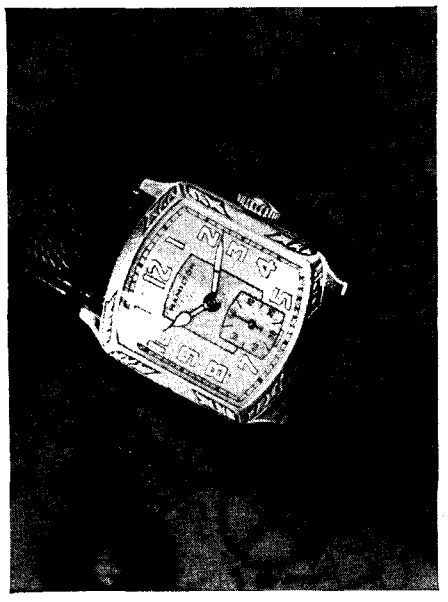


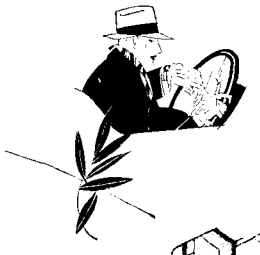
Upper Left. *The BARREL. Smart in simple appeal to the eye; sturdy and accurate on the wrist. This Hamilton Strap comes in filled or 14k green or white gold, plain or engraved cases, $55 to $87*

Upper Right. *The CUSHION. Beautifully proportioned in line, with a welcome yet simple richness in appearance. In filled or 14k green or white gold, plain or engraved, from $50 to $77*

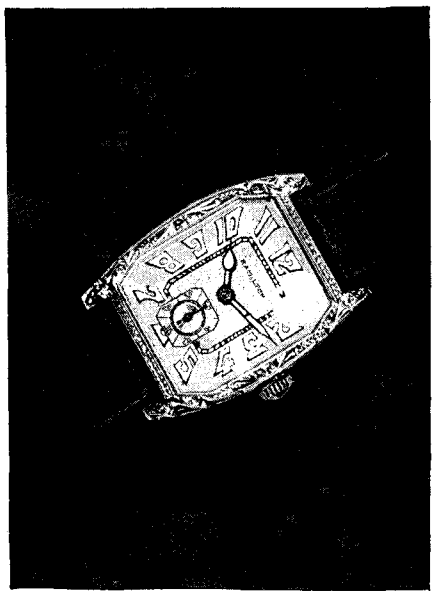
Lower Left. *The TONNEAU. There's a hint of tomorrow in the outline and engraving of this mannish strap. In either filled or 14k green or white gold, plain or engraved, from $55 to $87*

Lower Right. *The RECTANGULAR. One of the very newest of the Hamilton Straps. This beautiful model is offered cased in 18k hand-chased green or white gold at $125*





The BRUNSWICK. Designed for the man who likes a reasonable degree of richness in the engraving of his watch. In 14k green or white gold engraved, with dial shown $112 to $172. Other beautiful Hamiltons at $48 up



Hamilton

THE WATCH of Railroad Accuracy

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The Wild, Wild Children

A Short Short Story

Illustrated by NANCY FAY

The two limelight hounds split the party, but Luke got the most laughs

By JOSEPHINE BENTHAM

THE panel of Nance Hawthorne's wall was ivory-colored, outlined thinly in strips of turquoise, and against this panel Luke Jordan looked like a decoration. The black and white of his dinner clothes were as sleek as paint, and sweeping upward and across from his very good brow was a shock of hair almost orange-colored.

He had ambled into the wrong apartment—and this was New York—but Nance and Luke had heard of each other. Her governess had got herself dejectedly engaged, in '17, to his tutor. And about eight years later Luke's roommate at Princeton had had Nance's photograph framed in morocco. Almost everybody who knew one knew the other. They were both, you understand, such wild, wild children.

"You're Luke Jordan. I recognize you by your hair."

"And you're—"

"I'm Nance Hawthorne. You recognized me by my charm."

"To be sure."

They grinned at each other amiably, and at once he agreed, of course, to forget his original engagement and to stay with Nance. Lots of other people were coming, and her mother was to be out dancing with a prospective stepfather, who looked like a sardine.

They discovered two dozen people whom they both knew, as well as two dozen kindred vices and two dozen kindred virtues, mostly imaginary.

But there was a not entirely concealed hostility between them—due to the fact that they were both limelight hounds.

"I was kicked out of Spence's," she told him casually.

"Yes? But that's not too difficult."

She was going to tell him more, but she was amazed when he nearly yawned. He had been a leader in novel enterprises: had worn pajamas in the lobby of the Ritz. . . . That kid stuff.

"You make me a little bit heavy in the head. You're just about the most absolute *egotist* . . ."

He grinned at her suddenly . . . he was utterly charming when he grinned.

"We both are," he said. "We're both terribly young, I guess."

She liked that. And they danced. And by the time the dance was over, and somebody could be heard clamoring at the outer gates, they were nine tenths madly in love. They drew away from each other and regarded each other with hostile eyes.

That night they divided the apartment into two camps. If he had four people hanging on his every flippant word, she managed to draw five people around the arm of the chair on which she was perched with her gold heels swinging. But if she got one laugh, he got two. More noise, more gin and orange juice than usual. More music than usual. Everybody else had a marvelous time, but Nance and Luke were rather exhausted.

They couldn't bear *not* seeing each other. But they made tacit compromises. Each waited like a nervous fox terrier for the other to come out of the spotlight. Terribly they got on each other's nerves. Sometimes they hated each other. But they were madly in love.

Finally they were honest about that.

She had eyes the color of hothouse violets, and when there were tears in her eyes they were simply indescribable. She had tears in her eyes now. . . .

"By the time you're thirty-five," she told him cruelly, "you're just going to be a sort of memory in a couple of old year books. And some girl who never got married will remember what you said about her f-fascinating hands. And you'll have a lot of little kids with t-tangerine-colored hair, running around and around. . . ."

"I'm making a hundred dollars a week now. By the time I'm thirty-five I'll be making four hundred and—"

"Well, I don't want to marry you, anyhow."

"It's a curious coincidence," he observed blandly, "but I was just about to get down on one knee. I don't know why. You're a spoiled little devil with the worst temper in the world, and it's not to your credit that you're damned charming. But we'd have a good time—being married."

She took a good thirty seconds to light a cigarette and to ponder.

"I'm going to be so honest it hurts," she remarked then somberly. "I'm not much good, and I'm so conceited! I've got a *reputation*. You ought to know how it is. I'm a wild child but interestin'. . . . I've just got to be different."

"What do you expect to do? Elope with the old-clothes man?"

"Well, that's it. My marriage. It's got to be a knock-out. I simply can't go and marry somebody who was only old Bill Turner's roommate at college. And you might as well know I've got my man all picked out."

"Who is he? That bird with the pansy-colored shirt? He looked like a milkshake with arms and legs. . . ."

"Oh *no!* This one's a Spaniard, and he knows the king! If somebody dies, he'll have a title and instead of a diamond he'll give me an old family scarab ring . . . all that sort of thing."

THEY parted sadly but amorously. She sat for a long time in an enormous purple chair, looking miserable and lovely. She wanted desperately to marry Luke. But, on the other hand, she had never been called *Señora*. And the sound of the word *mantilla*, rolling like a cool-tasting mint on her tongue, decided her.

And everything almost turned out that way. Almost—

The Spaniard arrived, all dark and radiant, in a yellow taxicab, and Nance rushed out romantically, a lethargic colored boy following with suitcases and hat boxes.

She was planning, of course, to send a wire to her mother. Her mother adored telegrams and shocks.

But Luke Jordan had got wind of what was toward and was waiting at the little church, and . . . after all, Nance Hawthorne married Luke instead of the radiant gentleman.

Luke drove her away in his roadster.

"Lord, wasn't I masterful!" he murmured, with a very evident degree of respect for himself.

Nance was a little morose. "Well, but I don't know what we're going to do next. Everybody will—"

"Wait. Don't talk. Just look at me and don't say a word."

They rode for some time—until at last Luke Jordan pulled up at a tall, respectable-looking brownstone front. They walked up two flights of stairs, and then Luke opened the door.

"I discovered this," he said with the simple modesty that marks all great men, "yesterday morning."

That was all he said. His wife walked in and observed. Here were glimpses of this and that. White curtains with ruffles around the edges of them, drawn back with little muslin bows. A radio. A round dining-room table. A shallow blue bowl of jonquils and snapdragons. A pink-checked gingham apron, starched and absurd, over the back of a chair. A very small and very ordinary tiger cat sauntering out from the kitchen to meet them, with tiny beads of milk still on his whiskers.

Nance Jordan turned and looked at her husband. When there were tears in her eyes, those eyes were simply indescribable. And there were tears in them now. . . .

"Isn't this," she demanded ecstatically, "just absolutely the *dam'dest* thing either of us has ever done?"

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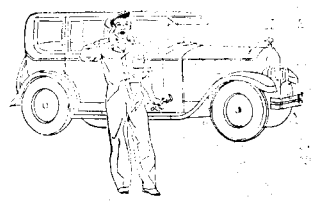

"Say, Joe, speak to Mr. Ray the next time he comes in . . . . he's gone over 8,000 miles"

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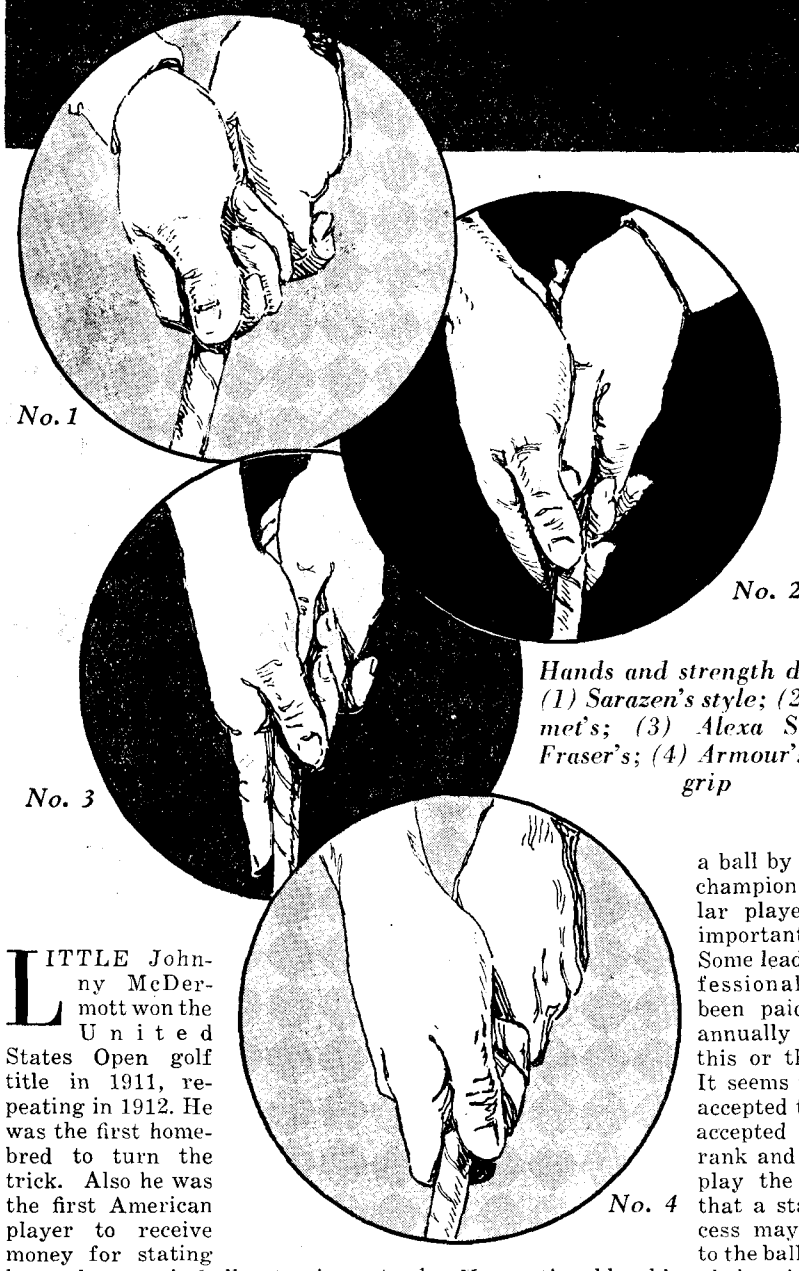
Bobby Jones, world's champion, wins title after title in spite of an unorthodox right elbow



Hands and strength decide: (1) Sarazen's style; (2) Ouimet's; (3) Alexa Stirling Fraser's; (4) Armour's great grip

LITTLE Johnny McDermott won the United States Open golf title in 1911, repeating in 1912. He was the first homebred to turn the trick. Also he was the first American player to receive money for stating he used a certain ball—starting a trade custom in golf that the government has recently seen fit to stop.

Before he played in the 1911 championship McDermott wrote a nice letter to the manufacturer of the ball he was using, highly indorsing it. Later, on finding himself in a triple tie for the title, he and his competitors were approached by another ball maker, who promised that if all three played his ball during the play-off he would pay the winner $300.

Quite naturally the trio accepted the offer. McDermott broke no agreement or understanding in doing so. He won the title and received the $300. When the next issue of a certain monthly golf magazine appeared it carried—on opposite pages—the advertisements of two rival ball makers, each announcing that the new champion used its ball!

This incident is but one of many that add to the confusion confronting the average golfer who is trying to improve his game. As golf goes, the choice of a ball by a ruling champion or popular player is an important matter. Some leading professionals have been paid $3,000 annually to use this or that ball. It seems to be an accepted theory—accepted by the rank and file who play the game—that a star's success may be due to the ball he uses. Unquestionably his choice influences thousands of mere dubs like myself who live in the hope that a similar selection on our part may help us in our search for par.

That the champions themselves sometimes use poor judgment in signing long-time contracts of this nature is a matter worth the duffer's investigation.

Championship "Secrets"

THE failure of one very fine professional to maintain his previous pace these past three years has been due (so rumor has it) to his signing an agreement to play exclusively with a ball that failed to give him by many yards his former average off the tee.

There are many excellent golf balls on the market. But the average player would do well to improve his game considerably before attempting to discriminate between them. In the meantime it would be well to bear a few facts in mind. One is that few stars use a ball more than a few holes in a title event.

When Gene Sarazen won the United States Open title dozens of friends and well-wishers received the ball he played with—I was one.

For the average player a "hard shell" will longest resist his hacking methods. On water holes he might just as well confess his weakness with a "floater."

If the question of what ball to use were our sole trouble, the golf world would be well off. But how much more confusing it is for the player seeking to cut down his score to place his fingers on some definite method! Since my particular job is dishing up daily for the readers of more than one hundred newspapers in North America the whys and wherefores of 300-yard drives, dead-to-the-pin iron shots and killing putts, I have had occasion to encounter more than one conflict in both method and theory.

I have played baseball, tennis, handball and squash. I did my bit on school and college track teams. I played football and coached in this sport for almost a quarter of a century. But I have given more time to the study of golf, its theories and practice, than to any other game. And let me say right here there is no sport whose road to success is more marked by pitfalls.

But the public fairly eats up any dope, information, tips, instruction and inside stuff—call it what you will—about golf. It is the one sport demanding daily attention three hundred and sixty-five days a year. In Canada this past winter I found golf features in practically all the daily papers and indoor golf schools in operation day and night seven days a week.

In this country there are at least four golf magazines with a national circulation. Local golf monthlies exist in most of our large cities. Practically all the big national magazines delve into golf from one angle or another. On my desk now are some thirty-odd golf books—a mere drop in the bucket. Almost every champion, past and present, from Vardon to Bobby Jones, has been lured to the syndicate field.

Once success in a national or international way crowns the efforts of a humble wielder of the putter he almost immediately becomes a wielder of the pen. Whether he is nor is not a literary genius is not pertinent. Our concern is with the fact that the golfing public wants the intimate sort of story each champion in turn can produce. The hope is eternal that therein may be divulged the secrets of the champion's success in journeying from tee to green in fewer pokes, pitches and putts than other mortals, so we may do likewise.

"What is your excuse for publishing this magazine?" I asked the editor of a golf magazine. "Golfers want instructional stuff," was the answer. "They fairly eat it up. The more we serve the better they like it." The circulation of that magazine has grown from a few thousand to well over 20,000.

Slicing Cures: by the Dozen

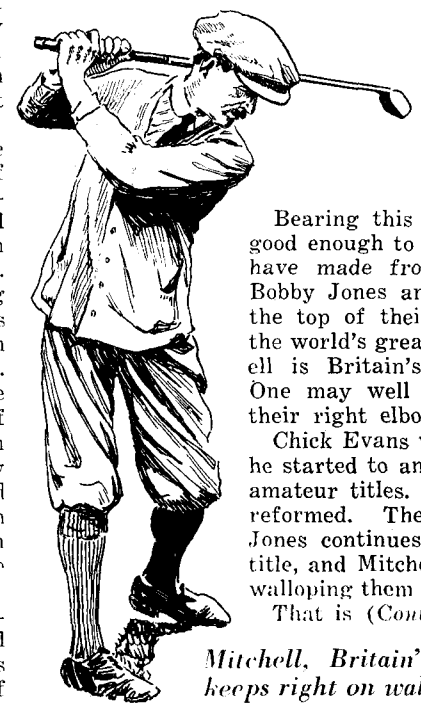
SURPRISING facts come to light when we take a look at this instructional aid. The cure for slicing is a favorite subject. There's a reason. Those who slice cannot golf. That is, they can never become first-class golfers. What more human then than to bait the hook with an appeal to the 99 per cent of the golfing world who are on the constant hunt for slice cures?

There are dozens of such cures. We are told, for example, that at the top of the back swing the right elbow must be snugly tucked into the right side, as in Armour's style, or you will swing out beyond the line on the down swing and to strike the ball you are compelled to pull the face of the club in and across it at contact. So you slice.

Bearing this in mind, please be good enough to note the sketches I have made from photographs of Bobby Jones and Abe Mitchell at the top of their swing. Jones is the world's greatest golfer. Mitchell is Britain's longest walloper. One may well ask how they get their right elbows that way.

Chick Evans was no better when he started to annex seven Western amateur titles. He admits he has reformed. The other two—alas! Jones continues to win title after title, and Mitchell goes on serenely walloping them the proverbial mile. That is

(*Continued on page 51*)



Mitchell, Britain's longest driver, keeps right on walloping 'em wrong

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Golf Medicine

The stars may differ in minor details, but they all stick to fundamentals. Here are the points you must master if you hope to take a trip toward par

By GRANTLAND RICE

SOL METZGER, on the adjoining page, is right when he says that several million duffers or average golfers now face the fairways and the bunkers somewhat bewildered by innumerable tips and cures. But, wisely taken, these still have their place in the medicine chest of the game.

It is true enough that different stars and champions employ different methods in nailing par's skin to the wigwam of fame. For example: almost every instructor is teaching the overlapping grip. Yet John Ball, Jerry Travers, Walter J. Travis and Alec Smith have won twenty national championships with the old-fashioned two-handed V arrangement. And at Oakmont last June, when Tommy Armour and Harry Cooper met in the play-off for the open championship of the United States, Armour employed the closed stance with his left foot advanced and Cooper used the open stance with his left foot well back.

Here Are All the Essentials

SOME use the upright swing, others use the flat. Many use a full pivot, others rock more upon their hips. And a few of the best have a decided sway, which is supposed to be the Mount Everest of golfing faults.

Yet there are certain fundamentals which all good golfers follow. One of these is timing, where the club head meets the ball at exactly the right second, in relation to the hands.

This also involves increasing the speed of the club head through the "speed area" after the down swing has started, so the club head travels through the ball at approximately the moment of maximum speed.

Another fundamental is letting body weight travel with the swing, not precede it, ahead of hands and club head as the ball is hit.

And still another fundamental is that no good golfer starts his back swing with the right hand, nor does he start the down swing with the right hand in control. Yes, the fundamentals mentioned remain fixed.

What, after all, is "form" in golf? Form is the simplest and easiest method of getting the right swing. Naturally fat men and lean men, tall players and short players, golfers with long fingers and golfers with short fingers will not come to the right swing down the same path.

But they must come to the essentials before they are ever good golfers, and they must make these essentials or fundamentals instinctive. They must know WHY they are committing some fault, and HOW they can correct it. This is the basis of sound teaching.

There are too many DON'TS in golf instruction. There should be more DO'S. As good an instructor as Long Jim Barnes believes the best method of teaching is to have the pupil watch him play several shots, get a mental pattern of how these shots are played, and then play them as nearly as he can in the same way. But not all golfers are imitative.

James Maiden of Nassau, another fine instructor, believes in treating these fixed faults with exaggerated cures. For example: if you are not pivoting enough, he makes you pivot too much. This fixes the idea much more firmly in your mind. It calls more definite attention both to the original fault and to the suggested cure, and is nearly always effective.

Why are there so many bad golfers who fail to improve?

In the first place, only a small number of golfers ever get a clear mental picture of the right swing. They are groping in the dark and most of them are unwilling to practice. Get a sound teacher and apply in practice what is taught.

In regard to the main principles there are a number of important details to consider. One of these is to start with a comfortable grip (preferably the overlapping) and a comfortable stance. The overlapping grip is better because the entire left hand is on the club and this helps to prevent the stronger right hand from taking control too soon, a very common fault.

Hitting a golf ball is a sort of back-handed, left-handed effort and therefore replete with complications. The back swing is under the control of the left hand, the left arm and shoulder and the left side. The left arm doesn't have to be straight but it is simpler to keep it approximately so.

As the club head is started back on a slightly inside arc with the left hand, the left shoulder, left hip and left knee should turn together to the right, with the left hip naturally the main hinge. The hip turn controls the pivot. The right foot and the right leg keep the pivot in place and prevent too much swaying. At the top of the swing there should be a feeling of comfort, balance and power.

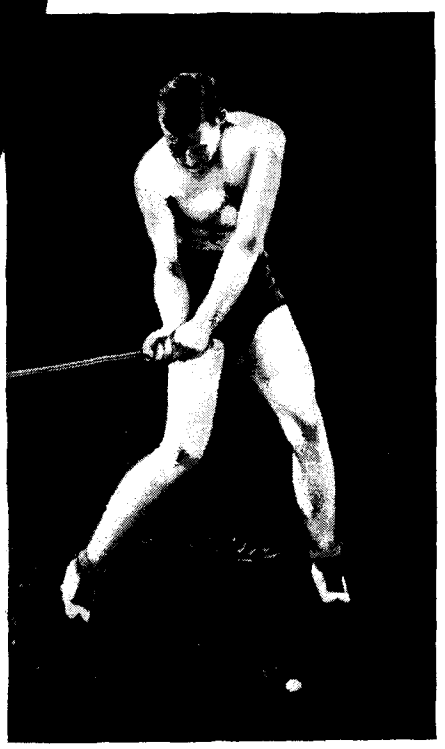
What is the next move? On the down swing the left hand and left arm and left side are still in control. The body turns with the swing, where, of course, the main idea is to get maximum club head speed at the moment of impact. But as the right hand is the stronger, there is a normal tendency to let it take too much control. There should be a slight feeling of tension in the left shoulder as the down swing starts, and the right hand should be taught to wait until at last it helps to whip the club head through the ball.

These are the essentials. If the right hand and the right side are thrown around too quickly, either a bad hook or a bad slice will result. If the body is thrown forward too far, a bad slice usually ensues. The body starts to unwind before the hands get far, but at the moment of hitting the main weight and punch are back of the ball, not ahead of the hands. The club head is thrown through the ball much as one throws a baseball underhanded, only the right hand must wait for the final punch. And the club head must travel along the line of flight on an arc from "the inside out," not from "the outside in" toward the left.

The Three Last Words

BUT faulty swinging isn't the principal fault of most golfers. Their greatest faults are tenseness, stiffness, lack of relaxation, tautness, overeagerness, overanxiety, overtrying, and many of them forget that, once the distance and the direction are definitely determined, there should be only one thought left—HIT THE BALL.

1. Explaining one of the fundamentals all good golfers follow; this action snapshot shows the brilliant "Light Horse" Harry Cooper with the left arm in control on the down swing. Notice the tension at the left shoulder as he comes into the "speed area"



2. The second action shows just where the right hand begins to enter the downward stroke for the final punch with the right shoulder coming under but the left arm still straight and firm

3. The third picture shows the right hand in action whipping the club head through against a firm, straight left arm, with hitting power still back of the punch

RHYMES *in the Rough*

How often do the trials of the game cause you to raise your voice in something approximating poetic lament? Work off your score-card blues in a four-line rhyme for Collier's.

To the perpetrator of each rhyme printed we will send a gold luck piece.

No handicap is great enough to bar you—the rhymes of captains of industry, bank presidents, important directors and all others who cannot play golf will be read carefully. Address "Rhymes in the Rough," Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

He had four degrees from his college;
He made twenty millions in all;
He ran seven banks, but he couldn't
Somehow keep his eye on the ball.

The ball that hangs upon the lip
And will not trickle in,
Has caused more woe than cancer, plague,
Grand larceny and sin.

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Free, White and Female

The Story Thus Far:

TIMOLEON BUNDY and his four sons (two pairs of twins) face a difficult problem when the daughter, Martha, goes off to the big city to live her own life.

The Blades, enemies of long standing, live near. The Bundy men go into real estate and the Blades, Mortimer and his father, try to ruin them.

In New York Martha lives with Jerry Breen and sees a great deal of Mortimer and a Richard Lame, who turns out to be Mortimer's brother. The mother and father are separated. Richard has been living with his mother, who was done out of an inheritance by Mortimer and his father.

Through Mortimer Martha gets mixed up in the murder of a movie magnate, and then is blackmailed indirectly by him.

She disappears and is found some days later by her family and Richard, who is in love with her, at Miss Patty's speak-easy. Mortimer is also there. The light goes out suddenly and when it goes on again Mortimer has been shot.

The Bundys take Mortimer and Martha out and head for home.

Gelon saw his sister close in the arms of Richard Blade

Illustrated by T. D. SKIDMORE

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

MARTHA half reclined in the rear seat of the big car, her head upon Jerry Breen's shoulder. Pythias occupied one of the folding seats, and Damon drove with Richard Lame by his side. It was Pythias who had shown surprising understanding when, as they were leaving Miss Patty's, he had asked Martha gently if she did not want her friend.

"Yes. . . . Yes. . . ." Martha said.

Until then she had hardly spoken, but had rested with buried face on one of Miss Patty's divans. She was numb, almost insentient. Shock had fallen upon shock, agony upon agony until the total of them had become greater than she could sustain. The world, which had been threatening to crumble, lay in dreadful ruins about her feet. . . . Though she had witnessed it in all its horrors, the death itself had not appertained to her. She had not known Colburn nor been concerned in any way with the events which caused the tragedy. Only as a threatened spectator, innocent in fact, did that matter trouble her. She had never felt sorrow for the man; it was only as his death might drag her into blasting publicity that it touched her at all.

But here was a thing vastly different. . . . She did not know what had happened before she found herself standing in that door in the darkness, before the lights appeared and she saw Mortimer Blade in that awful position surrounded by her family and Richard Lame. One of them must have fired the shot—one of those boys whom she loved for all her waywardness and rashness and denial of the sanctity of family ties. Or if not a brother, then her father. . . . Or else the man, of all the men she had encountered on her troubled voyage into the world, who had given her decent, unselfish love! And the fault was hers! She was to blame! Because of her one of their hands was dipped in blood!

Dimly she remembered Richard Lame's voice as it claimed the guilt. She was not sure of this, not certain if it were not a part of the malign nightmare. And she dared not ask.

"Where are we going?" she asked faintly.

"Home," said Pythias.

She sighed. Somehow there was comfort in that word. Home! The sound of it was healing—as if some kindly hand had touched her wounds with soothing unguent. Once more she closed her eyes and was silent. Jerry Breen's arms held her close. She was grateful for them. . . . It seemed as if she could not endure unless some protecting, sympathetic arms were about her. Independence was gone; recklessness, restlessness, the craving for false liberty were quenched. If she could have put into words the dull yearning of her heart, she would have pleaded for refuge and for shelter—for home!

Richard Lame sat rigid beside Damon.

"Shall I come?" he had asked.

"Better," said Damon.

Richard faced them. "Remember," he said, "whatever happens, I shot him."

"You're a good egg," said Damon. "Climb in."

And so, an hour after Mortimer Blade had been carried into the Bundy house, Martha entered it again after her restless foray into a world where she had found not liberty but license. Her father met her at the door, and she passed from Jerry's arms into his.

"Marty," he said gently. "Home again. . . . Where you belong."

"Yes," she said, "yes."

"How's the candidate?" asked Damon.

"Doc's with him," said Mr. Bundy.

Pythias held out his hand with thumb down and lifted his eyes questioningly. Mr. Bundy shook his head.

"Doc says he'll do," he said.

MARTHA lifted her face. "He's not dead?" she asked.

"And won't be," said Mr. Bundy; whereupon she commenced to cry softly.

"Your bed's ready, honey," said her father, and with Jerry Breen they went up the stairs to that pleasant room which had been Martha's since childhood. Presently he returned.

"So far, so good," he said tersely.

"Let's inventory," suggested Theron, and so the five of them and Richard Lame sat around the big table in the dining-room where Bundy family councils always were held.

"He'll live," said Mr. Bundy.

"Doc says we'll have him on our hands maybe six weeks," said Gelon.

"Good rooster, Doc," said Theron. "Never balked."

"He helped every one of you in," said Mr. Bundy. "He's almost one of us."

"Take some explaining if Blade should die," said Pythias.

"A friend's a friend," said Mr. Bundy. "He's taking the chance with his eyes open."

"The difficulty," observed Gelon, "will be Blade's disappearance."

"Have to be accounted for," said Theron. "Can't have the hunt up."

"I'll attend to that," said Richard Lame wearily. "I'll tell my father . . . tell him I shot Mortimer."

"If it comes to that," said Mr. Bundy, "we all shot him. Don't be a fool, young man. This is a Bundy affair."

"I'm responsible," Richard said stubbornly. "It's a Blade affair—and I'm a Blade again."

"Poor kid," said Damon; "she must have gone through hell!"

"We'll have to wait," said Theron, "till Mortimer's well again before we pay off the debts."

"Nothing to do now but sit tight," said Gelon.

"So," said Pythias sensibly, "let's go to bed."

It was nine o'clock next morning and the six men sat at breakfast when a servant announced there was a man at the door. "He says, Mr. Bundy, he's got to see you—and his name's Tom."

Mr. Bundy frowned. "That's the man from the speak-easy," he said.

"Bring him here," said Damon, and the rest nodded (*Continued on page 49*)

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"And every just damage-claim shall be paid in full . . . *without the delays of the law*"

Last November, a great disaster occurred in Pittsburgh. An explosion of giant gas tanks owned by a public utility company took a heavy toll of life and limb and destroyed or damaged over 800 homes.

Three days later, The Pittsburgh Press, a SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspaper, laid before the officials of the public utility company a suggested plan whereby the company was to settle immediately all personal damage-claims without pressure from the law.

In a fine humanitarian spirit, the Company's President, A. W. Robertson, promptly accepted the plan suggested by the Press. Hospital bills and personal injury claims were to be paid voluntarily. Cash settlements were to be made for the restoration of dwellings and household goods. When an agreement on a proper sum could not be reached, an independent committee was to umpire the differences.

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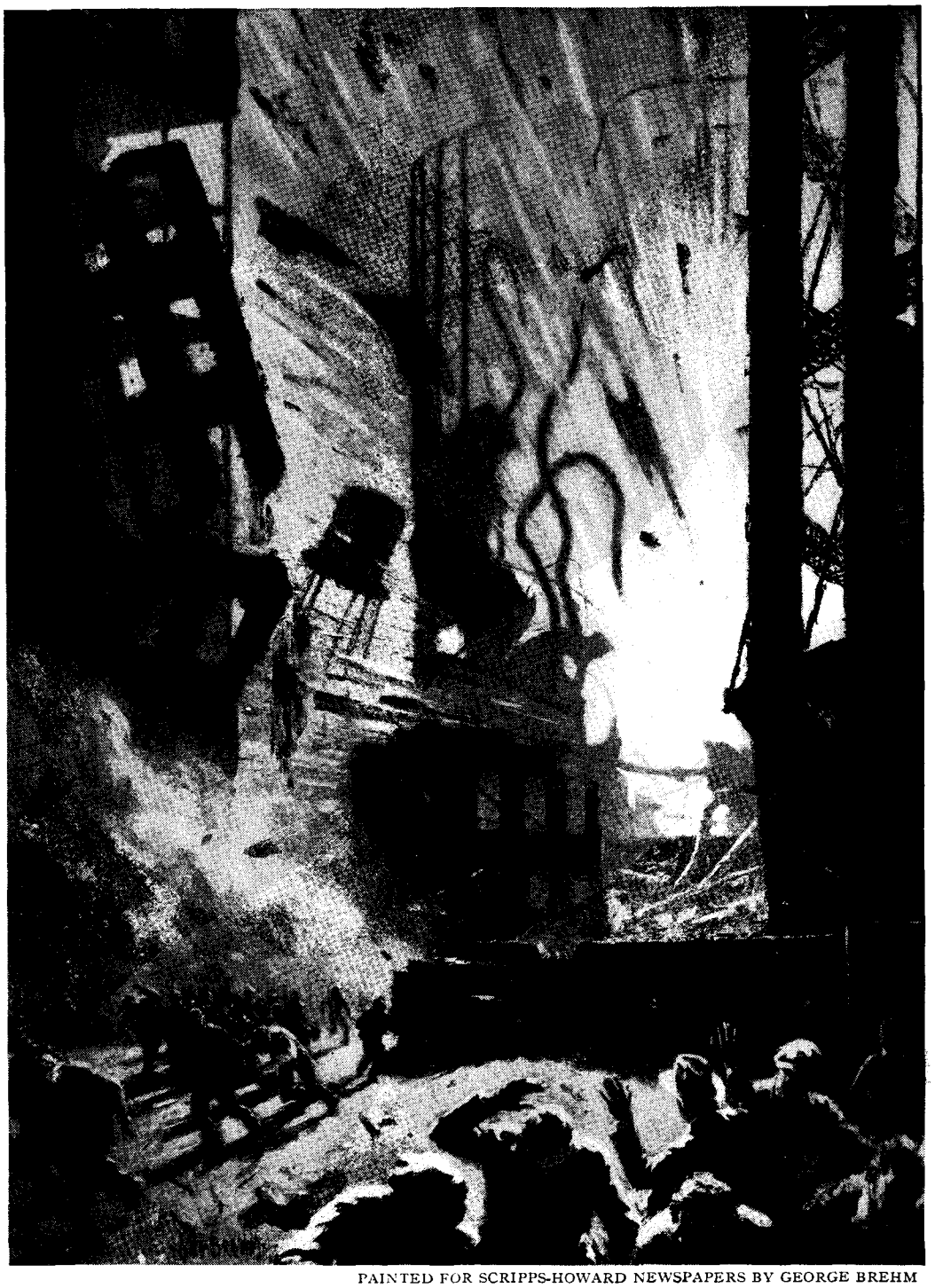

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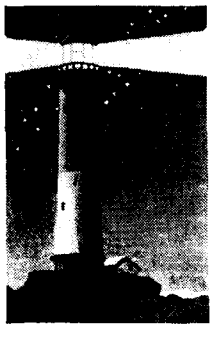

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The Woman Hunters

By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

Illustrated by R. V. CULTER

"You'll listen to me, young lady. You and Allen are in love with each other"

The Story Thus Far:

ALLEN GORHAM returns to New York in the midst of a concerted move against him by a rotter named Runyon, his backer, Calhoun, and the gangs at their beck and call.

Gorham is supposed to be in love with Vonny Candace, and Runyon, out after her and her thirty millions, wants Gorham out of the way. Allen thinks himself still in love with Anita Gorham, who turned him down to marry his cousin, Fred.

One night Anita comes to his rooms, stating that she is there to stay because she loves him. He discovers that she wants to find out what connection he has with Calhoun. While she is there Vonny telephones and Anita, answering, lets Vonny think that she is staying with Allen.

After Anita has gone, Allen refusing to keep her because he fears for her reputation, Calhoun comes, tells Allen that Anita is his mistress and orders him to keep off. Allen threatens to kill Calhoun for insulting Anita though in his heart he realizes that Calhoun speaks the truth. Then Calhoun bargains for his life with Vonny's, saying that Vonny is with Runyon at the Sporelli apartment and is going to marry Runyon. Allen is heartsick, realizes that he loves Vonny, and determines to save her.

Just as he starts to leave Calhoun turns on him to kill him but Gorham is too quick. With the help of his servant, an ex-convict, Gorham ties Calhoun up and leaves him.

Outside he meets Morgan, a detective friend, and together they go to Sporelli's apartment, where they find Vonny and Runyon.

ON THAT occasion in Paris whose importance had not been sufficiently stressed at the time, when I had been of assistance to Mack Morgan, I had seen that stocky gentleman step into action. But outside of the professional prize ring I never saw anyone move as swiftly as he did now.

As Runyon confronted me, I suddenly realized that Calhoun had been wasting time and words in persuading me to a deed that was inevitable, anyway. There are persons whom we are born to love, and there are persons whom we are born to hate. And I'll never need to be psychoanalyzed to explain to myself my hatred for Runyon.

Entirely aside from the question of Vonny Candace, here was a man toward whom I would have felt antagonistic under any circumstances. He represented everything that I despised, and I am certain that he would never have been able to find anything admirable in me. I had given Mack Morgan assurance that I did not intend to keep my promise to Calhoun, but the mere sight of Runyon made me forget my intention.

I forgot everything, even the presence of Vonny, as I lurched toward him. And it was then that Morgan took charge of the situation.

I felt myself hurled to one side. I slipped on a rug and was precipitated to the floor. Sprawled there, bewildered by his attack, which in my confusion seemed treacherous, I saw Mack Morgan do what I had been about to do myself.

Already his left hand gripped Runyon's right wrist. Runyon had been ready for me, but he had not been quick enough for Morgan. The gun which he had drawn was pointed to the ceiling, forced upward by a strength which I had not suspected Morgan to possess, highly though I regarded him as a rough-and-tumble fighter. Before Runyon could press the trigger—before even the involuntary tightening of his fingers could explode the cartridge—Morgan's right fist had collided with Runyon's jaw. He went limp instantly, and Morgan shifted his grasp to his victim's left shoulder. Then, while I cried out in protest from the floor, he smashed the defenseless man three times.

"Squeamish?" He laughed at me, as I arose. "You wouldn't mind slipping him a little chloroform to keep him quiet, would you? Well, we may want him to take a nice nap for a while, and this is better than sending out to the drug store."

He released Runyon, dropped him as unceremoniously to the floor as if he had been an overladen suit case, and grinned at me.

"I hit him with one hand while I held him with the other, which is against all the rules, and probably makes the spirit of fair play groan with agony, but the boy was ready to give me a longer snooze than I've handed him, so my conscience won't worry me much."

HE SELECTED a chair and sat down deliberately, eying Vonny with cool scrutiny.

"Been a silly little fool, haven't you?" he asked.

I was on my feet now, engaged in brushing dust from my trousers. I straightened up and glared at Morgan. But he stopped my protest before it had become vocal.

"Let me talk," he said. "It won't take long and may do you both good. You've both been fools, and it's time somebody told you so."

I looked at Vonny. I had been aware of her frightened pallor when I entered the room, but now I saw that her cheeks were fiery red.

"You didn't want to marry this Runyon lad," Morgan said to her. "You'd have welshed on the proposition at the last minute. But, because you felt put out about something, you were willing to worry your father, get yourself in a nasty jam, and maybe get a good man murdered. Mind, I'm not saying that you knew how rotten a muss this might turn out to be, but you're grown up, and ought to know something. It's a pity I'm not your uncle instead of the best friend of the man you ought to marry, because if I were your uncle, you know what I would do to you, young lady? I'd get a hairbrush from the next room and give you the kind of spanking that Mother used to make."

Vonny looked at him. Fright, shame and finally indignation left her features, to be replaced by mirth.

"I think I probably deserve it," she said.

MORGAN'S hard face relaxed under the warming influence of her smile.

"I'm finished talking," he said, "except to tell you people to hustle out of here as fast as you can. Unless Miss Candace," he added maliciously, "still fancies this thing on the floor."

It was his last gibe, and he explained to me later that he thought the young lady didn't deserve to get off quite as easily as she was doing.

But he relented for the second time, this softening being due not to Vonny's smile but to the quick tears that sprang to her eyes.

"You're coming with us, aren't you?" I asked.

He shook his head, then spoke to Vonny.

"Sporelli? Where's he gone? For a minister?"

His shrewd guess hit the mark. Vonny nodded a humiliated assent.

"Well, I want to be here when they come back."

"What for?" I demanded.

"To stick a gun in Sporelli's ribs. A nice little statement sworn to by him, bringing in all the names possible, won't do us any harm. It may not do any good, but it's worth having."

"And suppose Sporelli comes back with half a dozen people beside the minister?" I objected.

"Fortune of war," he replied. "I'm working for you, and when I went into this business of mine I sort of suspected there'd be an occasional roughhouse. You've been a target long enough. It's about time we got the goods on somebody else, and maybe we'll get them from Sporelli or our sleeping beauty here." He indicated Runyon with a contemptuous shove of his foot. "Anyway, I'm working on those lines."

I shook my head vigorously. "I'm not leaving you here alone."

"Figure that (*Continued on page 44*)

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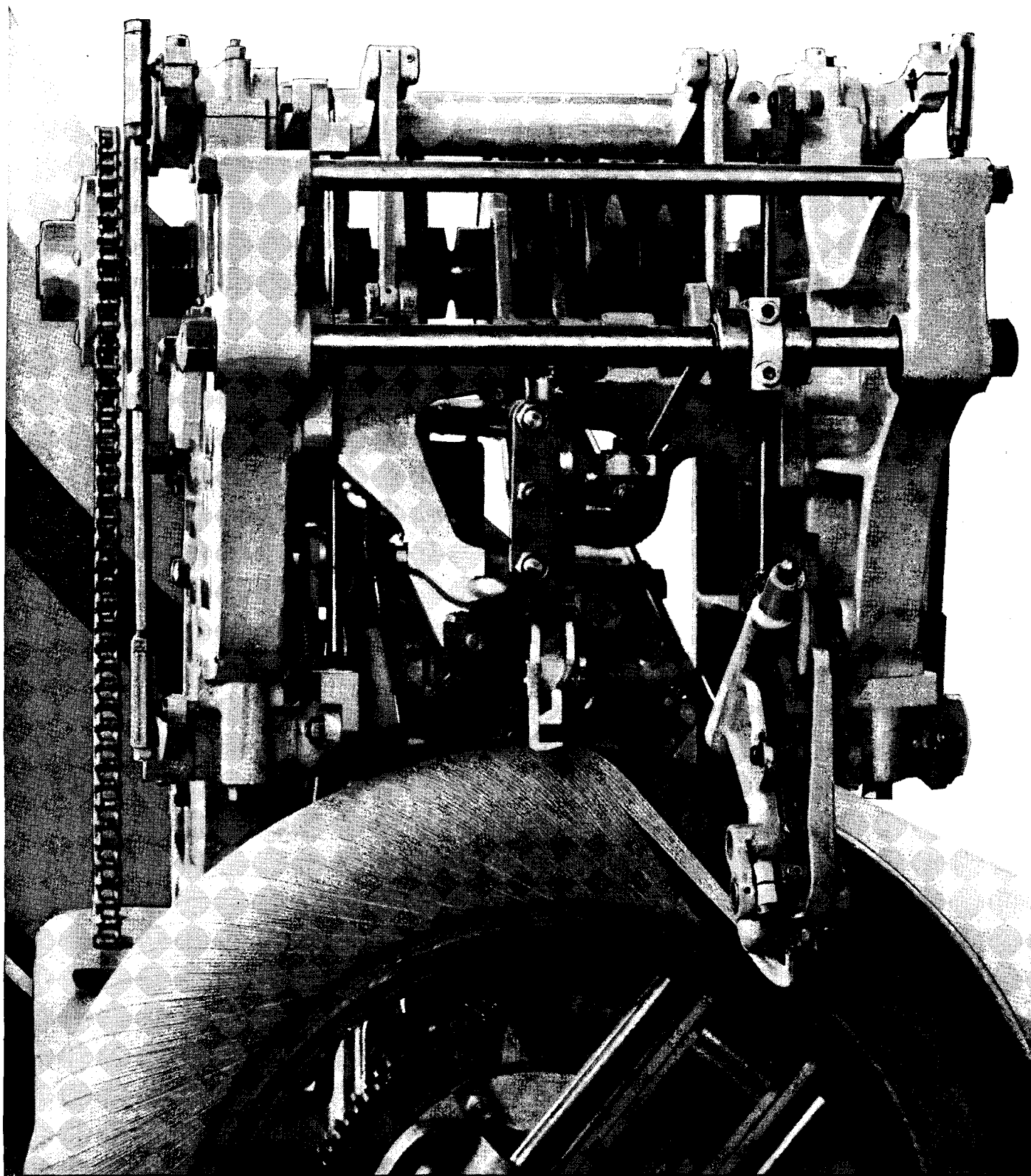

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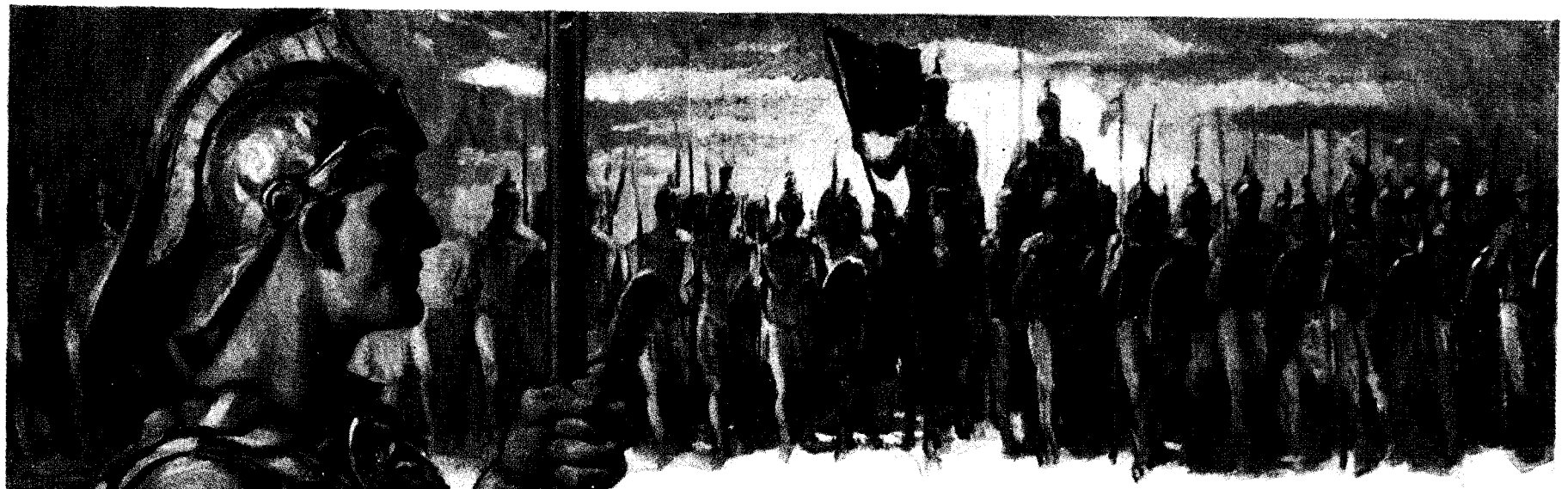

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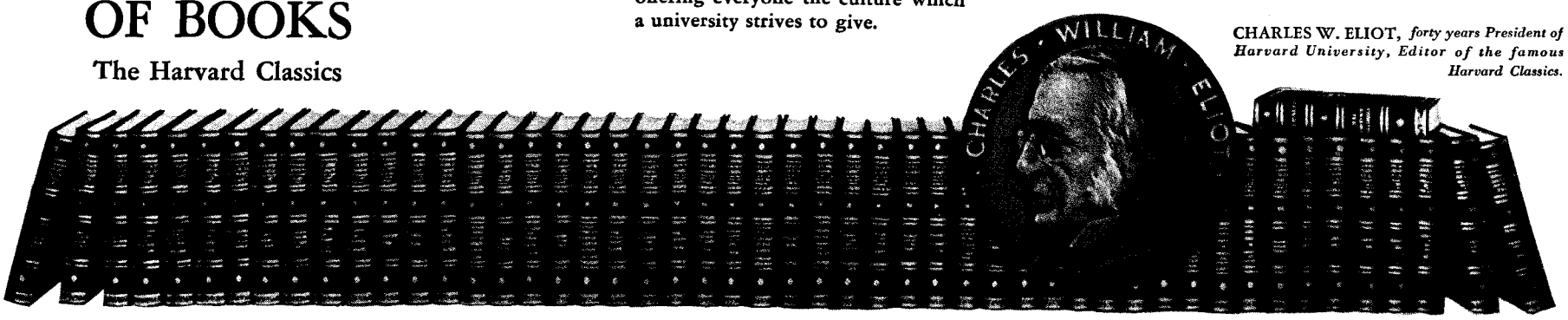

CHARLES W. ELIOT, *forty years President of Harvard University, Editor of the famous Harvard Classics.*

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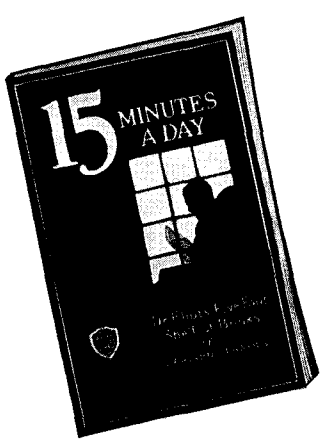

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So much a Case

An alienist is a doctor who isn't able to build up a practice, an' has to hire out by the day, doin' odd jobs of guessin'

Uncle Henry

A beginner has to have enough Sex Appeal to make an idle woman feel that a little ailment would give color to her day

"SAY," asked Mr. Stubbs, looking up from his fascinated perusal of the latest murder trial, "jes' what is an alienist?"

"That depends," Uncle Henry answered in his most judicial tones. "A lawyer will tell you that an alienist is God's choicest gift to the defense, but the average citizen puts alienists in the same class with floods, fires, pestilences an' other things that send up the tax rate. The best definition of an alienist, however, is a doctor who isn't able to build up a practice, an' has to hire out by the day, doin' odd jobs of guessin'.

"The American people are mighty nice that way. When a bookkeeper is out of work, we refer to him as a public accountant; unemployed carpenters are permitted to pose as architects; a senator is charitably mentioned as a statesman, an' while energetic young men an' women are waitin' for a regular job to turn up, nobody objects to 'em callin' themselves interior decorators.

"Y'see, 'Lonzo, there's more to bein' a doctor than havin' a diploma from a mail-order medical college an' a flourishin' stand of whiskers. To win a profitable stream of patients a beginner in the healin' art has also got to possess a certain amount of what we have come to know as Sex Appeal. Not exactly John Gilbert stuff, but enough to make idle women feel that some little ailment or other would give interest an' color to her day.

"Lackin' IT, there's nothin' for a doctor to do but become an alienist. For another thing, it's an attractive life. Courts don't open until ten, an' when it's good golfin' weather, or word comes that the fish are bitin', judges don't show up at all.

"Five or six years ago alienists were so scarce that they kept 'em under glass, but now they're as common as English sparrows. No longer is it sufficient for a criminal lawyer to hire one or two, coachin' 'em the night before in what he wants 'em to swear. Unless he owns a flock the poor devil is without standin'.

"One of my neighbors—it's been years since he lost a murder case—has as fine a bunch of alienists as you'd want to see. I always make it a point to stroll over in the evenin' an' watch him give 'em practice oaths an' feed 'em hypodermical questions.

"What's that? Good Lord, 'Lonzo, you *are* ignorant! A hypodermical question is one that can be read backward or forward, up or down, from left to right or right to left, bein' jes' as confusin' one way as the other. This brief illustration may let you grasp it:

Murder as a Career

"'NOW, Doctor, assumin' that prussic acid is a cool an' refreshin' beverage and that the grandmother saw a gypsy five months before being confined, that being the year of the discovery of bismuth, the sister of the first wife's brother having married a Ukrainian in the meantime, from which may be taken any round number, and all being poured into a glass jar and allowed to stand, was such a man sane or insane?'

"Alienists have certainly added a lot to the gayety of life. Nowadays the guilt or innocence of the accused is the last thing a jury is allowed to think about. A good alienist never lets the case get any closer to the prisoner than his grandfather's cerebellum or the morals of his great-grandmother.

"Why wouldn't theatrical producers complain of poor business? Who wants to go to a show, payin' $6.60 for a seat behind a post, when you can get in free at a murder trial an' hear a troupe of trained alienists give the low-down on sex, tell the meanin' of dreams, exhibit charts showin' the home life of the glands, an' charts describin' experiments with sheep exposed to feature films durin' the critical period of adolescence?

"An' all the color, rush an' excitement of the scene! The cheer leaders of the rival factions jumpin' up an' down; society leaders battlin' with clubwomen for front seats; the steady roar of flashlights; movie stars leapin' eight feet in the air to avoid publicity; the judge keepin' everybody in a roar with his verve an' wit, an' always the chance that you will get your picture in the paper as one of those trampled underfoot.

"Honest, 'Lonzo, if I had my life to live over again, darned if I wouldn't go in for murder. Why not? It's the world's finest short cut to prominence an' social position. You meet all the best people without havin' to return their calls, an' what with reporters, special writers, preachers an' proposals of marriage, the days go by without a dull minute.

"An' think of the easy money! Jes' a belt with a sash weight, a wallop with an ax or a twist of the wrist with a bottle of some competent poison, an' your fortune is made. Why, they tell me that these newspaper syndicates are willin' to pay any price for the mere use of a high-class murderer's name, doin' all the work themselves, even to writin' the diary.

Something for the Jury Too

"THERE'S no great risk. Statistics show that only one in ten is convicted, an' I wouldn't be surprised if acquittals soon ran up to 100 per cent."

"It's disgraceful!" exclaimed Mr. Stubbs. "There might as well be no laws at all."

"Look at the thing from the standpoint of the jury," urged Uncle Henry. "A verdict of acquittal brings a mad rush to kiss the twelve good men, an' there's always the chance that some of the women may be good-lookin'. An' did you see where the jury that freed Remus got a vaudeville engagement?

"Moreover, my dear 'Lonzo, what opportunity does a jury have to consider the evidence with any degree of intelligence? You know how nervous an' fussed up you get when you're havin' your picture taken, clenchin' an' unclenchin' your jaw an' wonderin' whether your hair's on straight. An' from the time the jury enters the box until they walk out, the courtroom reverberates to the steady roar of cameras. Same way with the judge!"

"It's all on account of so many states abolishin' capital punishment," insisted Mr. Stubbs.

"Get out!" jeered Uncle Henry. "Ask any murderer, an' he'll tell you that punishment never was more capital."

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The Magic Carpet

Continued from page 11

will need each other worse than ever!"

"You'd think so. But Ma'd have left me long ago if it hadn't been for me comin' into Aunt Catherine's hundred and fifty thousand some time or other. I've known it well enough. She ain't been kind in letting me forget it. I've had my troubles," the little man choked hoarsely. "I don't mind tellin' you that comin' into that money was what's kept *me* goin' too—lots o' times when I might have give up."

The lawyer kicked his leathern swivel chair about and looked a long time out of the window. It was all so tragic—all so *absurd*.

"Clara's to blame mostly," the little man went on. "She ain't got a man yet. No man'll have her, 'cause she expects too much. She puts ideas into her mother's head—keeps her all stirred up, dissatisfied: convinces her that if I was a *man* I'd be makin' more'n thirty a week for 'em. If she'd only get out of her mother's life, mebbe Ma an' I could fight it out between us. But somethin's got into the women these days. Never mind how hard a man tries or what breaks he gets, they ain't never satisfied. Now that we don't get nothin' from Aunt Catherine's estate but a roll o' second-hand carpet—it means curtains for me."

The lawyer whirled back to face the father. "Gideon," he demanded sharply, "have you ever seen an Oriental rug—a *real* one?"

"Sure. Passin' through the Rug Department of the store, I've seen 'em. Careless like. I've known they was expensive, and all that. What of it?"

"But you've never walked on one—*lived with one*—have you?"

"N-n-no, I can't say I have."

"Well, you're going to, henceforth. Don't let this legacy business upset you too much. Go home. Stop worrying. Let's see what happens."

GIDEON found the Adams Street house darkened when he later admitted himself. That Josie, his wife, was not at home on this epochal occasion was of sinister significance. The darkened house was stark evidence that no food, or consideration for him, was forthcoming.

With a dull ache in his chest, the little man groped his way to the sitting-room and struck a match along the pantleg of his thigh. He turned the gas-key and held the flame over the chimney of the gas lamp on the reading-table. With a little bubbling sniffle the burner fired, extinguishing the match. Whereupon the apartment was illumined with greenish-white.

"That you, Giddy?" came a voice from the corner bedroom.

Gideon started violently. "Yes," he said in submissive reaction. So his wife *was* at home. Yet he knew from experience that he had almost rather have her absent, no matter what that absence portended, than lying in bed in the dark. . . .

"If you're goin' to have a light on, shut the bedroom door." This was a command: curt, unfriendly. What business had he with a light when his maiden aunt had shown herself such a heartless Jezebel?

"What's the matter, Josie? Got a headache?"

"Never mind what's the matter. You should ask that! Shut the door!"

Gideon obeyed. But when he had done so, he was on the bedroom side of it. . . .

He drew a deep, ragged breath. He had not removed his overcoat or hat. He pulled a cane-seated bedroom chair across so it faced the woman's indistinct figure. He sat down in a shapeless little slough.

"Where's the children, Josie? Where's supper?"

"What should I care where the children are? It's a wonder you wouldn't do a little worryin' over 'em now an' then, 'stead o' leavin' them always to me."

"I know you're disappointed over the will, Josie—"

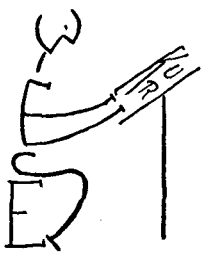
"—While as for supper, go get it yourself. It's your house. Such as it is," the wife added maliciously.

"I've—I've—done—the best—I could, Josie—"

"Oh, bosh! I've heard that for the last time. Lots of other men have 'done the best they could' too. And they're livin' out in Woodlawn suburb, not in a twenty-dollar shack such as this."

"Whatta you mean, the last time, Josie?"

"Just what I said. For twenty-nine years I've worked an' struggled an' slaved to raise your youngsters, Gideon Bushnell. Always while at it I was kept up by thoughts that the day'd finally come when your aunt's money'd pay me back. Now I've—I've been



Mr. A. Sandman of the Hotel Robert E. Lee, Winston-Salem, N. C., with his

NAMEOGRAPH

SAYS

"As the drawings of Mr. Kurt Wiese, appearing frequently in your weekly, reveal such a delicious sense of humor, I chose that gentleman's name for a Nameograph, with my apologies to him."

cheated, flimflammed, buncoed. One o' your family had to leave it to cats. Cats is more important than I am, or the girls. Well, they can go on bein' more important. With tomorrer mornin' things is gonna be different."

"What you—aimin'—t' do, Josie?"

"You'll find out. Tomorrer!"

The ache in the husband's chest became worse. He likewise contracted a sickish, empty distress in his stomach.

Why had he not been able to show more for his life? At what point should he have made some sort of break, commenced the super-heroic task of attaining to affluence in spite of everything? How did other men do it? Yes, wherein had he been at fault? Tears welled in his nearsighted lack-luster eyes as little Gideon sat beside his cantankerous wife's bed in the dark, though he made no sound to indicate his heartbreak and his wife could not know. Strange it never occurred to women like Josie Bushnell to recognize that the men they had married had souls. . . .

ANNABELLE appeared in Tearle & Jordan's drapery department near closing time the ensuing afternoon. This was strange. Annabelle never appeared at the store, at least in her father's department, unless something of moment had occurred domestically.

"The rug's come!" was the announcement she made.

"Eh? What?" stammered Gideon. It wasn't what he had expected her to tell him—that something had "come." He had anticipated biliously that something had "gone."

"The rug's come. Our new three-thousand-dollar Oriental." It was difficult to determine whether the daughter's voice held sarcasm.

"Oh! What's it look like?" Not that the father particularly cared to know.

Not till they had gone down in the employees' elevator, however, and were waiting on the corner of Eighth and Broadway for an Adams Square trolley, did the girl report what it looked like. "Pa," she confided, "it's the holiest thing that ever came into our shack."

"*Holy!*" The father stared at his child. Not since she had attained to years of indiscretion had he heard such a tone in Annabelle's voice. The girl turned her face away.

"You'll GET it when you see it," was all she explained.

"Where's your—how's your—m-m-mother?"

"Oh, never mind Ma. We all know her, and Clara is nuts."

They stood up in the trolley crowded with home-going workers—no further chance for converse till Adams Street was reached. Up the hill they climbed in the spicy autumn dusk. Gideon thought of other nights when he had climbed that hill on aching feet, vaguely budgeting that fortune which assuredly must be his some day, planning—always and forever planning—how it would be dispersed. . . .

THE odor of liver and frying onions soughed in their faces when they had entered by the porch. Joe was poking them thoughtfully. This was queer, for Joe. It could have but one meaning: the lad—washed and combed for supper—preparing the evening meal himself. The son jerked his fork toward the sitting-room door.

"Go in and see what *we* got," he ordered.

Gideon went.

It was large and barnlike, that sitting-room: the reading-table with the lamp, the sewing machine; several rockers piled with women's stuff, as though someone had been packing. The what-not; the scroll-backed sofa of horsehair with one spring poking through. The contents of all that domicile would not have brought eighty dollars at an auction. . . .

But these homely furnishings were now against the walls. The room was upset. It had a sort of party effect. Dancing space. Ma Bushnell was across this cleared area, in street clothes, hat on, several valises visible through the opened door to the barren hall. Clara, similarly robed, stood in the door to the dining-room, fingers pulling her lower lip pensively. Neither woman took note of the father. On the floor was the rug. An expressman had brought it.

The rug!

Thick as a muzhik's ulster, it was, with the sheen of warm copper across pliant richness—maroons, citrines, sulphurs, verdines, miraculously woven in one deep spread of splendor. From the other side the earth, from a civilization and culture flaccid with senility when the Aryan was a stripling, it brought the flavor of Oriental necromancy into that tawdry apartment with its hideously flowered walls and dun-colored flooring—not unlike a bejeweled and purpled-robed potentate forced to give audience in a cowshed.

A tapestry from Cathay; a fabric more potent in witchery than an evening with Scheherazade; a mat for mandarin or caliph; to be spread in a palace cooled by willow-flower waters, scented with musk, frankincense and aloewood, beautified by carved ebonies, lacquers, couches of alabaster. Its colors seemed to throb, to ebb and flow, to lighten and darken even as they stared. It exuded a faint scent of spices. . . .

"Lord!" exclaimed Gideon.

Something stirred in his breast. He felt queer perturbation, unexplainable, that sometimes afflicted him when he showed the highest-priced brocades at the store: the elusive thrill of Beauty Indescribable, the call to Perfection which is the essence of divinity.

He trod on the rug, to sense the depth of its nap beneath his soles. And Clara Bushnell shrieked. It made her father jump. "What's the matter?" he stammered.

(*Continued on page 36*)

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give her that which she cannot buy

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The Magic Carpet

Continued from page 34

"You're *walking* on it!"

"But it's made to be walked on, ain't it?"

"Not with shoes such as those!"

For the first time Gideon looked at his shoes, becoming aware that he wore them, that they were ugly, misshapen, unpolished: the boots of a peasant on this fabric of fantasy.

Ma Bushnell found a seat. Ever since the expressman had confronted her when she had opened the front door, expecting a taxi for herself and Clara, dumped a huge roll in the barren front hall, pushed a book at her to sign and gone his way without knowing the part he had played in five human lives, she had been on her feet, going first to one corner and then another, picking imaginary lint, getting the colors from all points of the compass.

"It makes everything else we got look *cheap!*" This from Annabelle, standing beside her father. Joe loomed behind them. Only Clara was with her mother. The rug was between the family thus dividing. . . .

Obviously Annabelle's statement was the thought struggling for expression in the hearts of the remaining four.

"Yes," confirmed Gideon mournfully.

"It's gonna be an awful joke," contributed the son, "livin' in a dump like this an' havin' a carpet like that on the floor. Smell it!" he invited.

"How can we help it?" Clara retorted. Yet in softer tone she added: "It's sandalwood, I think."

"Whatever it is, it's great stuff t' mix with liver and onions." His tone implied that, however the family divided, having acquired this tapestry those who remained in the Adams Street tenement should conspire to dine thereafter on caviar, bird's-nest soup, and other delicacies of the East.

"Why don't you shut the kitchen door, you fathead?" And Clara stepped quickly across and closed it.

"Hadn't — we — better — roll it up again?" Ma Bushnell faltered. She blew her nose vehemently and looked guilty of a weakness.

Annabelle addressed her mother: "I s'pose you'll enjoy havin' it rolled up an' hidden away somewheres—like that set o' nice dishes Pa bought you last Christmas. That's the difference between rich folks and poor folks. Rich folks keep their beautiful things out where they can see them, enjoy them, be influenced by 'em in their lives. Poor folks hide 'em away against the day when they're gonna be rich—and then never are—and wonder why life is so shallow and shoddy."

THIS was an epochal speech for Annabelle. It was more than a speech. It smacked of an indictment.

"It won't fly out o' the window while we're eatin', I guess," Joe laughed nervously. Then to his mother: "You and Clara better stop and feed your faces before you go . . . wherever it is you're dressed up and headed for."

They went toward the dining-room. Ma Bushnell and Clara sat down with their hats on like guests. They left the witching rug to steep the whole apartment—as though some momentous question concerning it must be decided on later. . . .

But Gideon was troubled—troubled as he had not been last night—troubled as he had not been in years.

He chewed the liver languidly and took note that it was tough. Why should folks eat liver, anyhow, when a hundred viands more palatable were as readily accessible? They were liver eaters on principle, it seemed, the Bushnells. Yet they had suddenly come into possession of a genuine Oriental. Liver eaters!

He took note of other things. Why should the father of a modern American family, the responsible head of Tearle & Jordan's drapery department, trundle about the world in such misshapen shoes? To say nothing of his clothes!

And he owned an Oriental—a man with shoes like his! Had John Tearle, at the store, ever noticed his shoes?

He did an unexplainable thing. Midway of the meal he sprang to his feet. His napkin fell floorward. He passed out the porch and headed down the hill.

"Now, what ails *him?*" Clara demanded.

Joe had a queer veiled look across his eyes. "Guess he's thinkin' about the same things I'm thinkin'."

"What things?"

"If you was half a woman, you'd know!"

THE feminine Bushnell contingent sat staring toward the sitting-room door when Joe had followed his father. The son overtook the parent at the foot of the grade.

"Funny what a difference a thing like that at home might make," Joseph muttered finally. "Ma was all het up to walk out when the expressman rung the bell. When they decided to undo the rug and look at it, anyhow, it knocked 'em for a goal."

"It forces me to think what a mess I've made of things, son. John Tearle's no older than I am. Started in business with no more of a stake. Yet now he owns the store and is worth a cool million. Had *six* children to raise, 'stead of three like me. Miggs, of household furnishings, told me the old man's got Oriental rugs on every square inch of floor in his house. What's got into me, anyhow?"

"Mebbe all of us have been so goldurned sure o' Aunt Catherine's wad we ain't felt it necessary to do much sprawlin'. Tearle prob'ly never expected an aunt to croak and leave him sittin' jake."

The father cringed, though the son could not see.

"Pa, we'd oughta move out o' that ark up the hill." The boy voiced the thought which seemed to have been heckling him for the past forty minutes. "That's no sort o' house to hold an Oriental rug."

A long, long way they walked in silence then. Neither of them appeared to have any specific place to go. Finally Gideon said: "Takes money to move, to get a new house—all the furnishin's, son, that go with such a rug."

"S'posin' it does! Pa, I've been thinkin'. I've been thinkin' a darned sight longer'n you think I have. I've seen how things were. Fact is, the will didn't smash me like Ma and the girls. I'd sort o' prepared for it—in case we got stung."

"You—what?"

"This is a free country, ain't it? Nothin' to keep you and me from makin' money, is there? You ain't so old."

Gideon Bushnell felt a hot emotion coming up behind his face. It was the first time since Joe had quit school to make his own money that he had suggested any alliance between them. Not that Gideon hadn't dreamed about it now and then, as any father might. And Gideon was hungry for a little such camaraderie—yes, *starved* for it—for, being naturally timid by nature, he wanted the moral support of those nearest him to encourage him in any drastic departure.

"You—mean—together—Joe?"

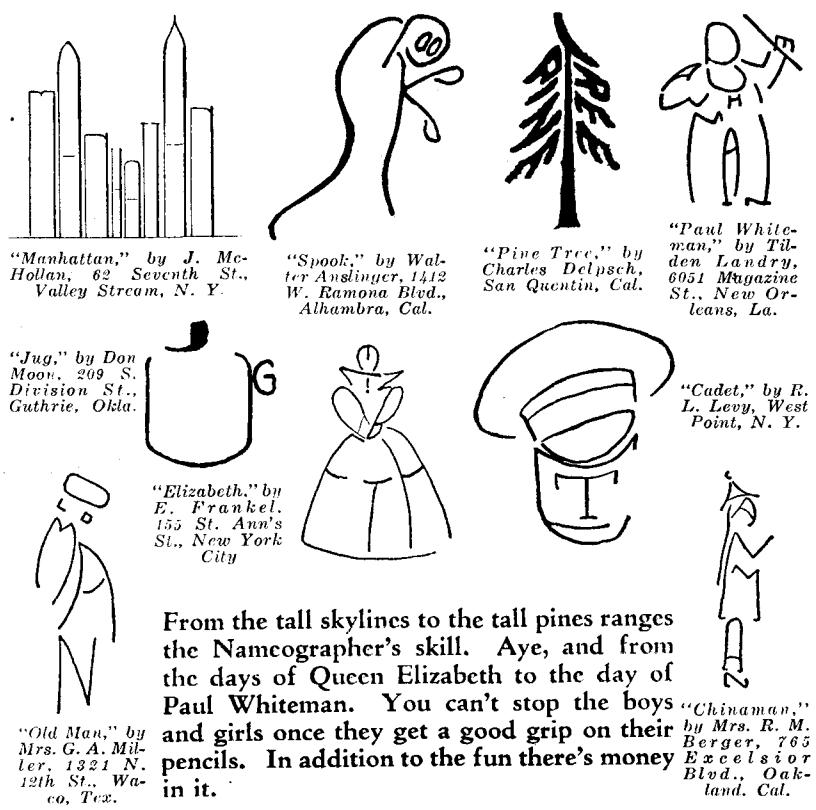
"I'd like to know why not. Lots o' fathers and sons hit it off swell—in some sort o' business."

"What business—could you and I go in—that—"

"'Tain't important, the *kind* o' business. But seein' the look on Ma's face tonight when she got that rug spread out, it come to me, sudden like, that all that ailed her was the hopelessness o' life as she saw it—never havin' any Beauty to look forward to, if you get what I mean. She ain't cranky 'cause she's mean. It's 'cause she's heartbroke. She's gropin' for something finer and better, but don't know how

(*Continued on page 38*)

Nameographs



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Her last Party!

She laughed at her mother. "It's only a sore throat," she said, and went to the party. But there was a long wait for a taxi when the party was over. The night was chill. The next day she felt wretched. Still she did nothing about it. "Just a cold," she repeated —In ten days she was dead!

* * *

When will people begin to realize the folly of neglecting a cold or sore throat?

Neglected, these apparently trivial ailments may lead shortly to serious illness or even death.

At the first suspicion of trouble, go to bed, eat wisely, and gargle systematically with Listerine, the safe antiseptic, use full strength. If immediate improvement is not shown, consult your physician.

In the past fifty years, however, Listerine has checked thousands and thousands of cold weather complaints before they had a chance to become serious. This is due to its antiseptic action. The instant it enters the mouth it attacks the disease-producing bacteria that develop there.

Your chance of escaping colds or dangerous "flu" and pneumonia will be considerably bettered by the systematic everyday use of this pleasant antiseptic. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

NEVER NEGLECT SORE THROAT

Another record!
Last month another record for Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c the large tube! A first class dentifrice at a saving.
More than
50 diseases
have their beginning or development in the THROAT and nose. Some, of mild character, yield to an antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle frequently with Listerine and if no improvement is shown, consult a physician.

LISTERINE

-the safe antiseptic

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There is no Substitute for Comfort!

Nor for FIT—nor for WEAR!

BETTER fit, cooler comfort and longer wear are scientifically built into "B.V.D.", from the creation of the nainsook in our own mills and bleachery to the completion of the last lock-stitched seam.

The patented closed crotch and other exclusive features of "B.V.D." union suits, the highly specialized methods of cut, finish and tailoring used in the making of all "B.V.D." garments, supply a combination of fit and freedom obtainable in no other underwear.

There is no "Substitute" for "B.V.D."

Insist on this Red Woven Label.

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries

Men's Union Suit $1.50 Shirts and Drawers the garment 85c
Youths' Union Suit 85c
Shirts, Drawers, Shorts, Men's and Youths' Union Suits obtainable in fancy materials at various prices.
Children's Reinforced Taped Waist Suits 75c the suit.

THE B.V.D. COMPANY, Inc., N.Y.
Sole Makers "B.V.D." Underwear

©1928 The B.V.D. Company, Inc.

"Next to Myself I Like 'B.V.D.' Best!"

The Magic Carpet

Continued from page 36

to go about gettin' it. So she lams into you and me. Mebbe, Pa, everything would be different if all of our home was more like that rug."

"Yes," said Gideon huskily.

Another half mile paced in silence. Then: "Pa, I know you think I ain't done all I might, turnin' money over to you and Ma—more board. But I've had my schemes. I saw your fix and—well, I wanted to get a stake. Pa, I know the auto line. You know how to sell. I've saved eight hundred bucks, besides payin' my board. Do you know what I'm thinkin'? There's a swell chance in this city for a chain of auto-accessory stores. A feller to the garage yesterday was tellin' about a firm on the Coast that started in with one store seven years ago. Now they got *fifty-two*. There's dough in accessories, though up to the present, in this city, anyhow, they've been mostly a side line with garages and showrooms. I think stores handlin' nothin' else *but'd* be a cleanup. We might even put one in Tearle & Jordan's."

Gideon collided blindly with a pedestrian. His eyesight had fused.

It was long past midnight when the two returned home.

"Where you been?" demanded Clara.

"You still here?" her brother chaffed. "Oh, Pa and me have been wanderin' around the business section spottin' vacant stores. We been a long time plannin' to go in the auto-accessories business, but we'd always aimed to do it on Aunt Catherine's capital. Now that we got stung, we'll go ahead and do it anyhow. We gotta have a house to go with our rug. It's the kind o' rug that just natcherly *has* to have the right kind o' house around it. Where's Ma?"

Ma appeared at that moment, without hat or street wraps. Also, the stuffed grips had vanished from the hall. "You're goin' to do what?" she demanded faintly.

Joe sailed his cap on a chair back and flipped a match flare at his cigarette. "Pa and me have decided to start a chain o' stores," he repeated. "And we're goin' to have for a trade-mark that picture o' the Magic Carpet I seen in a movie once—that flew through the air and carried folks that owned it where riches was awaitin' 'em—with a pretty girl on it. You gotta have pretty girls in your advertisin' now'days or you don't get no business."

AT TWO o'clock that morning lights were still burning in the Adams Street tenement. Utterly oblivious, after his type, of the miracle he had helped to project, Joe had gone to bed and was snoring soundly. Clara and Annabelle were likewise abed, though they had not fallen asleep. The father and mother heard the low drone of their voices from above, interspersed with Joe's snorings.

On the battered old horsehair sofa, that was much like themselves and their lives, weedy little Gideon Bushnell sat with his consort of thirty ragged years. But her mouth was no longer turned down on principle. It was hidden by a handkerchief—a somewhat damp handkerchief. Her eyes too were swollen. But her husband's arm reached about her work-bowed shoulders. . . .

"We come such a long way, Josie," the man said huskily, "it'd seem like tossin' it all away to let ourselves be busted up n-n-now."

"I was just sort o' *desperate*, Giddy. After all, it was for the girls and Joe that I wanted it—the money. The girls and you! I just couldn't bear to think we had to live on Adams Street always."

"I know, Josie. I've felt the same m'self."

"I'm — I'm — sorry — Giddy. I d-d-didn't want to leave you. Really! An' Joe's such a good boy. If I went off somewheres, I'd worry m'self sick—'bout his vittles an' woolens. Oh, Gideon, forgive me! I'll help you like I always helped you. I'll tend store for you. So'll the girls. I know they will. They're good girls. We'll all work—start all over an' pitch in like as if there'd never been any thirty years wasted, waitin' for that money. I never bucked at work, Gideon. It was workin' an' workin' an' never seemin' to get anywheres that made me so frantic."

"You b-b-been a good wife, Josie. An' I got to tell you—really—I love you just as much as I did the night we was married in that minister's parsonage. Remember it?"

And Gideon Bushnell, moth-chewed manager of Tearle & Jordan's drapery department, sitting with his fat, life-lined wife there on the broken sofa, kissed her as though her hair did not hang in scolding locks from her neck or her feet burn with bunions.

She kissed him too, as was fitting and proper. For they knew the meaning of those kisses—no longer callow expedients of the senses. . . .

Then, a long time later, as the movies put it, "came the dawn." . . .

THE week that the seventh Bushnell & Son automobile accessory store was opened, Lawyer Richards' stenographer found a letter misplaced in the files. She read it curiously:

Dear Atty. Richards:

Having disposed of all my other effects, in anticipation that my health may not survive my forthcoming trip abroad, I am sending to your house today by local express my so-called Mandarin Washed Rug. I request you take personal charge of it for me. In case of my demise it is to go to those improvident relatives of mine, Gideon Bushnell and his family. I am willing it to him that no one may know how I was swindled on it, the only time in my life I was worsted in a bargain. I bought it for a genuine Chinese washed rug, but you can imagine my chagrin later on discovering a label on its lining: Henkling & Son, Hoboken, N. J., evidently the name of an American manufacturer. The Bushnells, however, will never know the difference. I understand that rugs of this size, of domestic weave, are not worth more than three or four hundred dollars. A good joke on Gideon and his avaricious women, who have only been waiting for my demise in order to squander my estate. They'll probably put on all the "dog" possible, thinking they've really got something valuable. Of course you're not to tell them the truth.

Very cordially yours,
CATHERINE BUSHNELL.

The stenographer carried the letter to her employer. "Something's wrong, if this letter's true, Mr. Richards," she exclaimed when the attorney had identified it. "I've been in that swell home the Bushnells have built on Magnolia Terrace. Annabelle's showed me the rug that started them toward prosperity: having it—living with it. And it's not an imitation. It simply couldn't be. It's too beautiful."

"Helen," said the employer, "have you any idea how much money I've made from the Bushnell store chain—their leases and legal business—this past four years?"

"No, but it's a lot, I take it."

"Nearly fifteen thousand, Helen. And yet I didn't do it for that. I looked at little Gideon that day I read him his aunt's will and pitied him from the bottom of my heart. All he wanted was something in his life to give him incentive—awaken his pride—"

"You didn't do what for money, Mr. Richards?"

"Put that bogus Oriental of an eccentric woman on an upstairs servants' floor and saw that he got a real one, out of my collection. I rather think the joke's on old Miss Catherine," the lawyer chuckled as he ripped up the letter and dropped it in his basket flake by flake.

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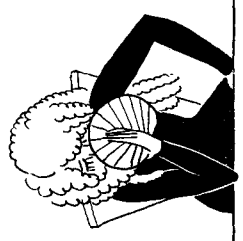
How would you play it?

THE Auction Bridge hand printed below is a continuation of the series that has been appearing each week in Collier's. It embodies features of both offense and defense.

By MILTON C. WORK

Author of Auction Bridge Complete



North

♠ 10-7 ♢ A-K-9-8-6-5
♡ J-6-4 ♣ 9-3

West

♠ K-J-8-4
♡ 9-7-3-2
♢ None
♣ J-10-8-6-5

East

♠ 9-5-3
♡ Q-10-8
♢ Q-J-10-2
♣ 7-4-2

South

♠ A-Q-6-2 ♢ 7-4-3
♡ A-K-5 ♣ A-K-Q

The Auction

SOUTH opened the bidding with a No Trump. The other hands passed. The only point in this auction deserving of comment is the pass by North. Many players, holding that six-card Diamond suit headed by Ace-King, would overcall their partner's No Trump. With a score, that would be a wise take-out; probably it would be easier to make ten tricks with a Diamond contract than nine at No Trump, or nine at Diamonds than eight at No Trump. But it is equally probable that three-odd at No Trump could be scored more easily than five-odd at Diamonds—these being the scores needed to go game from a love score. Furthermore, a minor take-out would necessitate raising the contract from one to three because a two-bid take-out would be interpreted as a rescue and a sign of weakness.

The rules for taking out partner's uncontested No Trump at a love score are:

(1) With Major strength, bid two of the Major.

(2) With sufficient length and strength in one Minor suit, so that game seems probable in the Minor, bid three of the Minor.

(3) With a bust and a six-card Minor bid two of the Minor.

(4) Generally show a two-suiter.

(5) In all other cases (except where a jump is called for) pass.

The Play

AFTER West has led a Club and the Dummy is exposed, it looks at first glance as if Declarer has an easy game. One Spade, two Hearts and three Clubs are sure; five Diamonds look equally secure—six will be obtainable if the adverse four happen to be divided 2-2.

It would be foolish, however, to play for the even 2-2 break by winning with the Diamond Ace and leading out the King because, with three Diamonds in one adverse hand, East or West would win the third round and Dummy could never get in again to cash his remaining Diamonds.

Declarer therefore should plan to duck the first Diamond trick with the idea of establishing the suit on the second and third rounds which Dummy would win with Ace and King, and then Dummy would be in the lead to cash three small established Diamonds and give Declarer five Diamond tricks all told. South therefore leads a Diamond to trick 2, but West refuses and Declarer is obliged to revise his original plan of campaign and make the change at once. He sees that he must duck Diamonds twice in Dummy before using either Ace or King, as those two cards will be needed to draw East's third and fourth Diamonds, and so that North will be in the lead to cash two long Diamonds.

Fortunately Closed Hand has enough high cards to insure Declarer's ability to get back in the lead often enough to carry out his Diamond plans before East and West can save game. Even two Spade leads by East, following her winning of two Diamond tricks, will not "sew up" Declarer, as Dummy's Ten protects him.

The double duck is a play that a Declarer is not called upon to make every day, but in a situation in which it is required it generally is the only road to the goal.

Two combined hands, each showing the twenty-six cards of a Declarer, are given below. In each case the Dealer (East) has bid one No Trump and the Closed Hand (South) has overcalled with Spades and obtained the contract. The card led is shown in each case. Before next week's article appears examine these hands and see whether Declarer should plan to play both in the same way and, if not, what the difference should be. In reaching this determination it is well to remember that a very slight difference in the length of a suit or in its composition is apt to alter completely the way in which it should be managed.

Deal A

North (Dummy)

S. Q-8 D. Q-J-9-6-3
H. 9-7-5 C. 6-3-2

West leads Three of Hearts — *East (Dealer) plays* King of Hearts

South (Cl. Hand)

S. A-K-J-10-9-3 D. 8
H. A-4-2 C. A-Q-4

Deal B

North (Dummy)

S. J-9-7-2 D. Q-J-5-3
H. J-9 C. 9-5-3

West leads Three of Hearts — *East (Dealer) plays* King of Hearts

South (Cl. Hand)

S. A-K-Q-10-6-4-3 D. 10-2
H. A-10 C. A-10

WALK-OVER SHOES

Showing another trim sport shoe — the Merion in Custom Grade at $10— as advertised in Vanity Fair for April

Walk-Overs are in three grades — Custom, Standard, and Special. The yachtsman is wearing the Resolute, a Standard Grade shoe at $9.

Do your shoes say, "The owner is aboard"?

TRIM, SMART—these words describe both the well-kept yacht and the shoes that tread its decks.

A pair or two of Walk-Over shoes add tremendous impetus to the well-dressed man's wardrobe, for Walk-Overs are really well-made. Walk-Over takes the best and smartest of leathers, and fashions them into shoes that show custom trimness in their every line.

"The Correct Shoe Wardrobe," a new booklet by William Arnsworth Wilson, is well worth sending for. Though it is valuable, it comes to you free upon request.

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY
MAKERS OF FINE SHOES

CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

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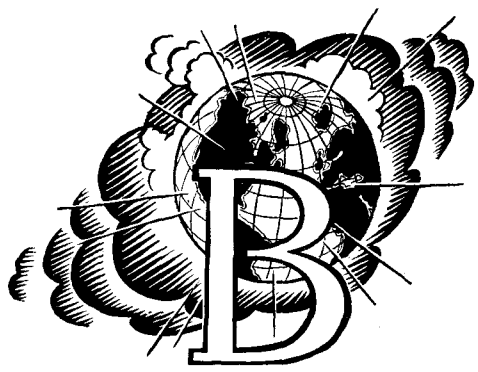


BUYING WITH A BIG B

MUCH of the energy which most industries devote to selling, at Western Electric is concentrated in buying. To provide practically everything which the Bell Telephone System needs, Western Electric must buy in the markets of the entire world.

It must buy only materials of high and known quality—

It must buy at prices which are fair to the Bell System and hence to you, its customers—

It must buy at prices which are fair to the seller, because he must be able to continue in business and prosper, to remain a reliable source of supply—

It must buy at the right time in order to have stocks ready at hand when needed, and only when needed—

All this explains why Western Electric has made buying a function of major importance—of equal importance with the manufacture and the distribution of telephones and telephone apparatus. It is part of a responsibility, unique in industry, to see that the world's greatest public service organization shall never be hampered by a lack of supplies.

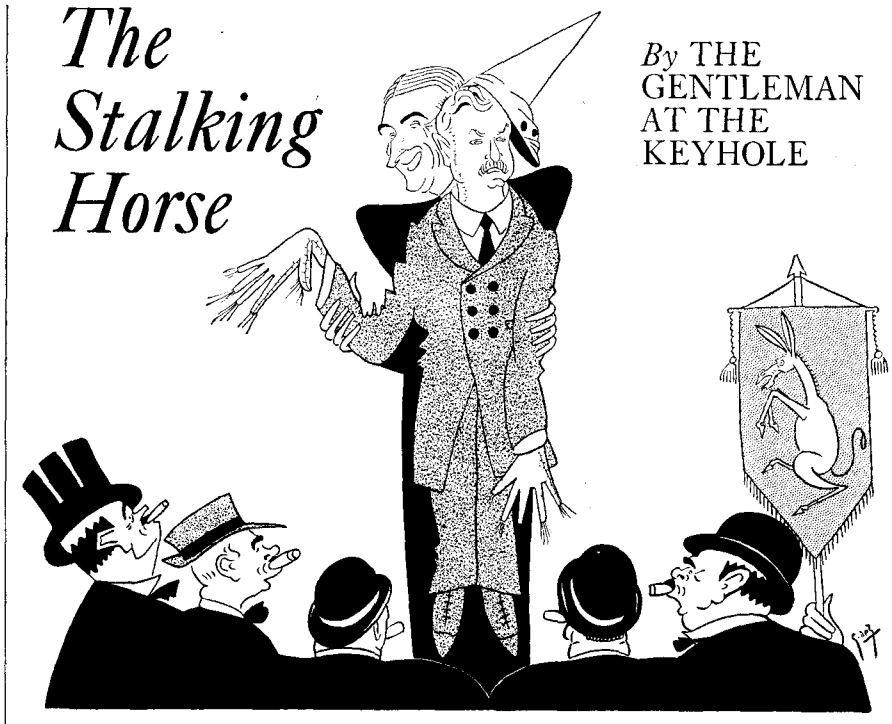
Western Electric

Purchasers Manufacturers Distributors

SINCE 1882 FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

The Stalking Horse

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE



THE candidacy of Senator Thomas J. Walsh for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency presents the anomaly of a Catholic backed by the Ku Klux. One can't see such a combination getting anywhere. The politics of it is too slick.

It has always been considered possible that the anti-Smith element of the Democratic party would at some time turn to Mr. Walsh to prove that they were not opposing the New York governor because of sectarian prejudice, and if the gesture had been made after a deadlock in the convention it would have had a slight appearance of honesty.

But the opposition to Smith could not wait, so Mr. Walsh is projected into the contest for delegates sponsored by a California agent of William G. McAdoo who cannot keep himself from boasting that he will "beat that blankety-blank Smith."

Now let us look at the chances of a Catholic backed by the Ku Klux. Delegates to national conventions are obtained in two ways: by the favor of state leaders in communities where the delegates are not chosen by direct primaries, and by popular vote where direct primaries prevail.

The Democratic state leaders in places where anti-Catholic prejudice is strong are generally averse to a last-ditch fight on Governor Smith, and in the long run they are likely to feel that supporting one Catholic will do them as much damage as supporting another.

In anti-Catholic states where direct primaries prevail prejudiced Protestants are not likely to choose delegates committed to a Catholic. To assume that they will is to assume that there is little substance to this anti-Catholic feeling which is the big bugaboo of the campaign.

To cover the whole ground, let it be added that the Catholic Democrats are firmly committed to Governor Smith and are particularly hostile to any candidate of their own faith who allows himself to be used by the Ku Klux to defeat their favorite.

Southern Air Never Thawed Him

IF THIS reasoning is correct—and I believe it is—Mr. Walsh in the hands of Mr. McAdoo will get practically no delegates at all.

Consider the South, where the opposition to Governor Smith is strongest. The political leaders there are certain to feel that it will not be any more salubrious for them to support the Catholic Walsh than to support the Catholic Smith. And the wisest of them are thinking chiefly of getting through the 1928 crisis without wrecking the Democratic party, which the support of Mr. Walsh would be more likely to do than honest adhesion to any Protestant candidate.

And the South has its own sectional reasons for disliking the Montana senator. In a recent debate over the seating of Frank L. Smith, who spent too much money in obtaining the nomination for senator from Illinois, Senator Walsh referred to the Confederate generals whom the South tried to send to Congress after the Civil War as "technically guilty of treason."

Now, a Southerner can overlook a Republican's calling his state heroes traitors, but for a Democrat to do so is an unforgivable offense.

Those ill-chosen words are characteristic of Mr. Walsh. They were said in a coldly legal manner.

The Montana man has been in the Senate fifteen years, sitting constantly alongside of Democratic members from the South without ever sensing the peculiar psychology of the Southerners.

An Unjovial Jove

HE IS commonly described as having a kind of inhuman quality. He exists in a sort of human vacuum, an area filled with the ether of high principles and severe Puritanical virtues. People put it in another way when they say he has no sense of humor. A sense of humor is a sense of common humanity, a sense of how far short it falls of frigid ideals and legalistic perfections.

A senator describing a meeting of a Senate committee of which the Montana man is a member said wrathfully: "We were getting along finely, approaching an understanding by the necessary compromises, when in came Jove himself, and then everything was wrong."

I do not wish to detract from him. The very defect I am describing is his greatest element of strength. It has enabled him to perform the greatest service any senator has performed in this generation: the exposure of the oil frauds. It makes him the relentless inquisitor that he is.

But that strength and the vanity which success brings blind him to the political consequences of letting his name be used by Mr. McAdoo and the Ku Klux for a disingenuous purpose. Mention of a man's name for Presidency brings out all the egotism there is in him. All candidates take themselves seriously. And ambition makes Mr. Walsh dislike his chief rival, Smith.

He has an older reason for disliking him. Presiding over the Democratic National Convention, Mr. Walsh was an active and unremitting candidate for the 1924 nomination. Probably he reasons that if he had been chosen that year the La Follette movement would not have been started and he would have vitalized the oil scandals to such an extent that he would have been elected. And he looks upon Al Smith as the man who stood in his way at that time.

The pity of it is that he is again doomed to be disappointed and that he will be a less useful senator afterward, for the definite closing of the door upon Presidential ambitions saps the vitality of any senator.

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Look Out Below!

Continued from page 9

As far as gun protection is concerned, cannon can be quickly installed around an island which will hold off any vessel or submarine.

Large fixed cannon, however, are probably the most inefficient weapons, in proportion to their cost, that we have today.

The great "pumpkin slingers," such as are mounted in our coast fortifications behind piles of sand, cost about $500,000 apiece. $2,500 is the approximate cost of each shot. Under the most favorable conditions, on a target moving around 20 miles an hour, they are able to make about two per cent of hits—that is, about two shots out of every hundred. If they are shot one hundred times, they are all worn out, and $500,000 more has to be spent to install each new one.

These fixed cannon, therefore, are more or less a relic of the past, and not at all suited to modern war. Mobile cannon pulled by locomotives or tractors, and of sufficient power to hold off any ships within their range, can easily be placed where required.

One Use for Battleships

AS GUN protection is still necessary if an air base is to be seized today, the nations that have any battleships left could utilize them to no better purpose than to have them steam rapidly to the islands to be held, before the opposing aircraft appeared, run them ashore in the mouths of the harbors, open their sea valves, bank them up with sand bags and make land forts of them. If they are ever caught at sea, enemy aircraft and submarines will destroy them quite expeditiously.

All right, we may say: we have occupied an island with a force from our submarines or surface vessels, but there will be a lot of fogs and storms. How can our aircraft get there?

Modern aircraft can fly right through fogs, guided by radio and gyroscopic instruments. There are devices in existence which melt and throw off the ice that forms on their wings and propellers. There are devices which will allow the planes to land in fogs and rise in fogs. They are kept secret by the nations that possess them, but they will certainly be used in the next war.

Aircraft today can be guided straight to the places where they are to land and never need see the ground until their landing gear touches it. If the space is small and restricted, arresting gears which will stop their run within two or three hundred feet can be installed. If the space is short for them to take off, an auxiliary gear to shoot them into the air can be utilized.

Submarine vessels, acting as oil and fuel tankers, can supply them with oil, gasoline, ammunition, spare parts, mechanics and everything that is necessary. Aircraft 1,000 miles from their base can take on supplies from other aircraft while in flight.

The first consideration in a modern war will be to seize and hold localities in which aircraft can act against the vital centers of the opposing nation. The question of who holds the sea is entirely secondary. It is a question of who holds the air. Air bases are now more important than naval bases.

Suppose, for instance, a great nation or combination of nations in Europe were to attack us. What would their program be?

They would first seize suitable positions on the island of Iceland, where the greatest distance from Europe that must be traversed over water is about 570 miles (but there is a halfway spot: the Faroe Islands); next, on Greenland, where the water distance from Iceland is about 155 miles; next, on islands off Labrador, about 500 miles from Greenland. From these points they could operate directly by airplane against the triangle Chicago—Bangor—Chesapeake Bay, the vital centers of which are not over 1,500 miles away; or they could gain additional bases in Newfoundland or the islands off the mouth of the St. Lawrence River.

The effort expended in an operation of this kind would be trivial as compared with what is required in an old-fashioned naval operation with battleships, cruisers and destroyers.

In the future, units of 1,000 airplanes each will be used. I had about 1,400 at the battle of Saint-Mihiel, and that was ten years ago.

A fighting airplane requires, on an average, a crew of four men, including mechanics, to operate it. Aircraft in the next war will be capable of carrying 4,000 pounds of torpedoes, bombs or gas. They will be able to fly 3,000 miles or more; that is, 1,500 miles out and 1,500 miles back, without refueling.

One of these airplanes, flying near New York and dropping 1,000-pound phosgene gas bombs, would cause the evacuation of the city.

They need not fly directly over the city in order to bomb or gas it, but from a point miles away they could hit it with either air torpedoes or gliding bombs.

A gliding bomb resembles the ordinary dropped bomb, except that it has wings, and a gyroscope in its tail which controls the rudder. The gliding bomb falls straight until it gets sufficient speed to sustain it; then, when directed by its gyroscopic control, it begins flying or gliding toward its target.

Gas from an air bomb, surging down the streets, suffocating the people, getting into subways, penetrating basements and lower floors of houses from which women and children would come rushing out and fall dead on the sidewalks, would cause such consternation that nothing could control the population.

A thousand tons of gas thrown on New York would render it impossible of habitation for months, or indeed of even being entered by people wearing gas masks, so heavy would be the concentration of this deadly stuff.

It may be thought that aircraft could not locate a city were all its identifying characteristics completely concealed, but today instruments exist that will tell the pilot his position in the air automatically.

It is almost impossible to defend a locality against aircraft attack. Guns and antiaircraft cannon are practically no defense. In practice on towed targets they sometimes make direct hits. A new United States Army antiaircraft gun recently scored a direct hit on a target 9,000 feet up. But in actual war airplanes are not so docile as towed targets. Slight alterations in the plane's course nullify the ground gunner's aim. Fighting pilots do not worry much about antiaircraft fire.

Will Act at Great Altitudes

OTHER aircraft are not infallible in defense because the air is seven miles deep and aircraft with modern protective coloring are difficult to see, even at short distances. The color alone does not protect an airplane. What reveals a distant airplane to the eye of the observer is the shadows cast on and by its wings and body.

A great deal of successful experimentation has resulted in breaking up these shadows and causing the light to be reflected all around the plane. An airplane of modern design, painted a neutral color, is almost impossible of detection at a few thousand feet.

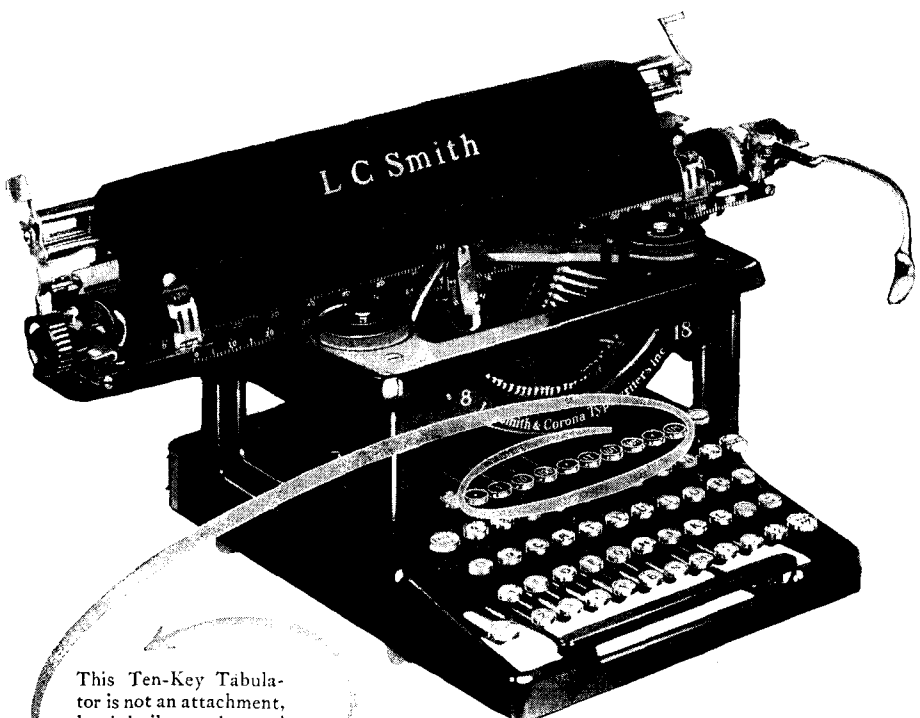
In the past war aircraft were grouped around the ground armies, for the most part at low altitudes, within plain sight, because at that time the armies were thought to be the principal means of obtaining a decision in war. Now, however, no more airplanes will be assigned to the ground armies than are absolutely necessary for their local wants. All the rest will be thrown into the offensive, hundreds of miles away.

(*Continued on page 42*)

New!

L C Smith

with the 10-KEY key-set tabulator



This Ten-Key Tabulator is not an attachment, but is built as an integral part of the machine.

IN addition to the many outstanding advantages of the L C Smith there is now available a Ten-Key Key-Set Tabulator.

This convenient feature is not an attachment, but is built into a new series of L C Smith models called the "Ten-Key Tabulator Models," which cover the entire range of carriage width—10, 12, 14, 18, 20 and 26 inches.

The ten tabulator keys have white numerals on a black background, so that they are readily distinguishable from the other keys.

The tabulator feature in no way interferes with the use of the machine for general office work. You can handle general correspondence, card-writing, stencil-cutting and special jobs of tabulating—all on the same machine.

The tabulator stops are all set and cleared mechanically; very simply.

Merely by pressing one of the tabulator keys the carriage is brought directly into position to write in the column desired.

Most important of all is the fact that with this new convenience you obtain all the other advantages of L C Smith—ball-bearing construction, light touch, easy action, speed, quietness, durability, interchangeable platens and rigid carriage. (The rigid carriage is particularly important with the wide models.)

Write today for illustrated folder describing our new Ten-Key Tabulator models.

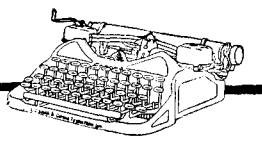
L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc

Established 1903

420 E. Washington St., Syracuse, New York

Sales offices in all principal cities of the world

Corona, the Personal Writing Machine



Now finished in beautiful DUCO colors

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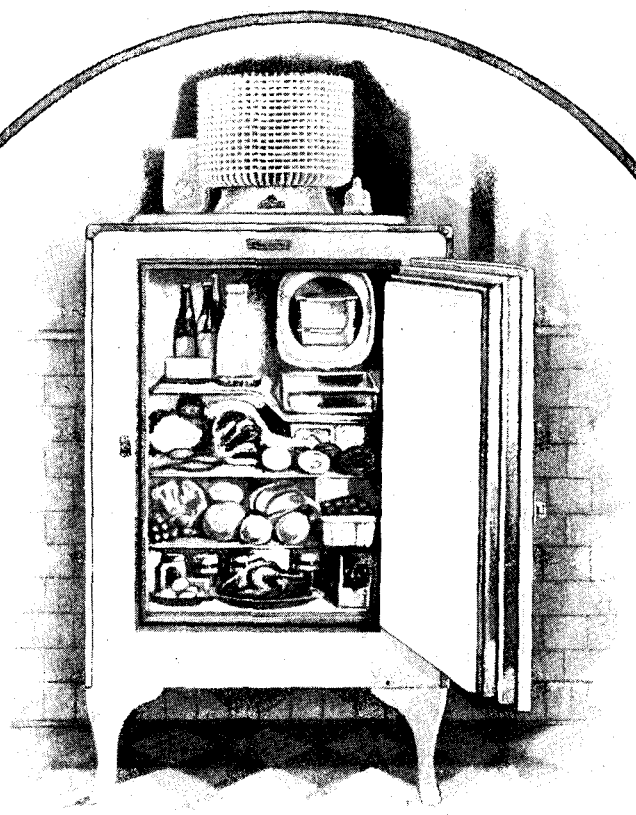

It holds all this food

And this great food storage space is just one vital element of value!

JUST look at this model of the General Electric Refrigerator. It is called the seven cubic foot size, but that gives you no indication of its vast shelf area. It actually has twelve square feet of space for food. Visualize a shelf one foot wide and twelve feet long .... that's the real size of this seemingly small refrigerator.

The compactness of the chilling chamber makes for this great roominess. It is scarcely larger than the two trays in which the gleaming ice cubes are made.

All the mechanism of the General Electric Refrigerator is enclosed in the air-tight steel casing inside the coils—hermetically sealed—with a permanent supply of oil. All work is *completed* in the factory, where it is tested and retested. No additional work is done when the refrigerator is installed. There is no soldering or plumbing. It can be installed anywhere—plugged into any convenience outlet. Remarkable, too, is the absence of all belts, fans, pipes and connections.

See these unusually quiet refrigerators. Compare them with all others. Remember that they are made and guaranteed by General Electric. Just drop us a card for Booklet C-4. It gives complete specifications.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Refrigerator

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT of GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
HANNA BUILDING CLEVELAND, OHIO

Look Out Below!

Continued from page 41

They will act at great altitudes and will try to get the first punch in against the other fellow. Only a few will be kept back on the defensive because their value in the offense is 100 to 1 to what it is in the defense.

In addition to the route from Europe to America, via Iceland and Greenland, with short over-water hops, aircraft can fly with ease from Europe to the Azores, and from there to Bermuda, which lies 690 miles from New York—just a convenient distance out and back for attacking this great city.

There would be no trouble, provided the enemy were dominant in the air, in supplying Bermuda by submarine boats.

Dirigible airships can cross the Atlantic in a couple of days and either return to Europe or keep on around the world. They may carry airplanes under their bottoms attached to hooks, which airplanes can be let go at any moment and can return to the airship and hook up underneath. The airplanes are arranged to support their own weight with their wings when the airship has a speed of about 70 miles an hour.

A 4,000-Mile Gun

A SINGLE dirigible airship of the Zeppelin pattern can carry and launch a flight of eighteen airplanes.

These airships are able to ascend to great height, and with their own airplanes to protect them are a formidable military unit of attack. Several units of airships thus equipped may be used together in the next war.

As far as carrying airplanes over the sea is concerned, airships are vastly superior to the naval vessels designed because the landing deck on a vessel is so small that only from one to three airplanes can take off or land at the same time. As large groups of airplanes must act together to do much in the air, these carriers can be of little use in an aërial engagement.

The surface airplane carriers are so vulnerable that even a small bomb from a single-seater airplane will put them out of business. A mine, bomb, water or air torpedo from a submarine, an airplane or dirigible airship will sink them at one blow.

THE NAVAL AIRPLANE CARRIER IS MERELY AN EXPENSIVE AND USELESS LUXURY USED PRINCIPALLY AS PROPAGANDA BY THE NAVAL SERVICES TO COVER UP THE FACT THAT THEY HAVE NO ADEQUATE DEFENSE AGAINST AIRCRAFT.

A dirigible I saw being constructed in Germany last October uses a gas, not gasoline or oil, for fuel. This gas has the same specific gravity as the air. Consequently when an airship's engines use it the trim of the ship is not altered, and therefore a lot of ballast does not have to be carried to maneuver the ship, as was the case before. It will be able to make a trip of 10,000 miles without stop with its full crew, cargo and 50 passengers.

One of these dirigibles costs less than one tenth as much as a naval airplane carrier, has three times the radius of action, three times the speed and many times the offensive power. The carrier of the future, if any such thing is needed, will be the airship.

The air torpedo will have tremendous application in any future war. It is merely an airplane with gyroscopic controls that fly it almost like a human pilot, in any desired direction and to any spot or place. . . . The only limiting factor is the fuel supply. The tiny airplanes which crossed the Atlantic on one charge of fuel during the last year could be equipped with this automatic pilot and go straight across the ocean. If war should occur in the future between the United States and Europe, aërial torpedoes could be fired at New York from England, France or Germany and find their target. Their course can be set either by way of the great circle route or by following a parallel of latitude. They can be made to fly at any altitude desired. They can be equipped with radio apparatus to give a signal every so often which will indicate their position to coöperating submarines or aircraft, by which they can be checked and put on their course in case they deviate from it.

As the aërial torpedoes approach their target, a submarine, or airship if necessary, could put out an airplane which would follow and control them by radio and cause them to drop straight on their objective.

Strange as these things may seem to the average person, every progressive nation today is working with them. The air torpedo was invented in this country, perfected by the Sperry Gyroscope Company and particularly by Lawrence Sperry, one of the greatest of American aviators, who unfortunately lost his life in the English Channel.

The last time we used air torpedoes was in 1920, when we fired three shots from Mitchel Field, on Long Island, to Trenton, N. J., a distance of 134 miles. Each air torpedo went directly to its destination and had it been war Trenton would have been evacuated.

When I was in one country of Europe six years ago, its air force was flying the air torpedo on a triangular course of 90 miles, 30 miles on a leg, and guiding it by radio. The torpedo took off and landed entirely by gyroscopic control and without human touch.

Today Europe is armed to the teeth. There are probably more soldiers there than ever before.

Each nation has a special problem of its own, but all recognize the main principles of future combat. They know that armies no longer can advance quickly over the land from one place to another, on account of the defensive power of the machine gun and chemical weapons. Consequently their ground armies are completely equipped with machine guns. All army divisions are equipped with tanks.

Navies everywhere have been completely renovated. They are no longer looked on as a means of defending the coast; aircraft do that. But they are regarded as weapons for the destruction of the commerce of the other country. The basis for this is the submarine.

Naturally England is the only great maritime rival of the European Continental nations, and they realize from the success of submarines in the last war that in the next they can easily destroy her commerce and starve her people. They realize, conversely, that it is impossible to starve the United States by any such means. Consequently in case of war with this nation their submarines will act largely as supply vessels for aërial operations.

The Old-Fashioned U. S.

ALL foreign nations have their air forces organized to strike the vital centers of the enemy as soon as war occurs. These air forces are entirely distinct from the armies and navies and are intended to be the spear point or fist of the nation's power with which the maximum blow is to be delivered. They fully realize that national defense means the protection of the nation, its people, institutions and government, from physical interference by a foreign state.

In general, all these forces—army, navy and air—are brought under a single control so they may act together under one command. Also practically all nations have a single department of munitions which in case of war will purchase the raw materials, allot the factories to various services, and provide for the delivery of equipment to the land, air and sea forces. This gets away from the old-fashioned grab-bag performance with the army and navy competing with each other while the people in the nation suffer, as is still the case in the United States.

Here we have no real department of defense, no air force at all and no department of munitions!

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B Y · J A C K · B I N N S

LOPEZ SPEAKING

HERE is a confession of a hard-boiled egg. In the fall of 1922 I was stricken with a surge of conscience and, unable to resist the urge, sat down and penned the only letter of congratulation I have ever emitted to a broadcaster. The recipient of that letter was Vincent Lopez, and the occasion was the first time music had been picked up at its normal source and conveyed over wires to a distant station for broadcasting. That was the time when WJZ was located on the roof of a factory in Newark, N. J.

Prior to that memorable day Vincent and his orchestra plodded over to Newark every week for almost a year to play for the "nuts" who were dippy about radio. He and his musical crew were among the few faithfuls in those days who kept their promises and actually appeared in the revamped factory cloakroom that had been hastily improvised into a "studio." Somehow I can't help feeling that Vincent must have had faith in the glowing predictions that the "fanatics" held out for broadcasting, otherwise he would not have made that weary trip with such regularity. Even so I do not think that in his wildest dreams he ever imagined the size of the audience that listens to him whenever he broadcasts.

His philosophy on programs he expresses thus: "The early programs were band selections, seldom routined, and often played as the director had arranged the music a few moments previously. The public is no longer satisfied with the solid hour of music. The American nation is the most fidgety in the world, and in arranging a program variety now must be the keynote."

Vincent himself is gifted with nimble fingers that move over the pianoforte with amazing but rhythmic rapidity especially in the higher octaves. This is clearly demonstrated when he occasionally plays Nola and Canadian Capers, the two selections that featured his early radio programs. Radio has been good to Vincent, but after all it has only produced for him the harvest that he sowed.

Enlightening Talk

THE transmission of the human voice along a beam of ultra-violet rays has been accomplished by means of apparatus devised by Professor Quirimo Majorna of Italy.

This is science's method of producing lurid conversation.

What Most Fans Like

AFTER making a careful study of all the surveys that have been undertaken, by various interested parties, to ascertain the type of programs listeners like most I have come to the following conclusions:

The majority of radio fans prefer jazz, classical, operatic and symphonic orchestrations most. They also chiefly prefer instrumental solos rendered on the violin, 'cello, saxophone, piano, organ, cornet, ukulele, guitar, harp and harmonica.

Their main preference in vocal soloists is for tenors, baritones, bassos, sopranos of various shades and classifications, and contraltos. There is no doubt that practically all other types are unanimously within the second choice

Tune 'Em Out

THE loudest voices that are appealing to sectional prejudices in an effort to frustrate reasonable control and regulation of broadcasting are owned by those actuated by selfish motives. We need uniform radio service throughout the country, but this does not necessarily mean an equal allotment of power to every state any more than it means an equal number of station licenses in each state.

The greatest disservice to radio listeners the Federal Radio Commission has been guilty of is the grant of high power to stations owned by men who utilize it chiefly to further burden the overcrowded ether with ravings and rantings against stations that are rendering a real public service. My interpretation of the phrase "public convenience and necessity" in the radio law is: "Programs, not propaganda."

I'm one fifth O. K.

IN BROADCASTING the convention proceedings of the Merchant Tailors Association WGR of Buffalo notified us that every man must have five overcoats.

Fine! Now if WGR will tell us how we can get them and still eat, everybody will be happy.

That golden baked-brown look of Heinz Baked Beans! That warm, tempting aroma! Every blessed bean ready to burst with the old-time baking it's been having. Over them—and through and through every one—rich, luscious tomato sauce... Welcome always, this steaming plate of out-of-the-oven flavor.

If you've baked beans yourself, you know that it takes real baking to get that real "baked beans" flavor.

We bake our beans as you would bake them—thoroughly—in ovens . . . It's the *only* way we know to have them mealy, tender, and golden brown in color, with that real nut-like taste without which "baked beans" are not *baked beans*. And remember, only beans that are *baked* can be *labeled* baked.

Developing our own seed for tomatoes for the sauce makes a difference, too. The tomatoes must be plump and juicy and ripe, you know, and used while they still have all their wonderful garden freshness . . .

Then there is one more important ingredient in every Heinz product—the fifty-nine years of experience Heinz has had in making good things to eat. For it is this ingredient that has made the Heinz name mean Flavor.

HEINZ
OVEN-BAKED
BEANS

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY · PITTSBURGH, PA.

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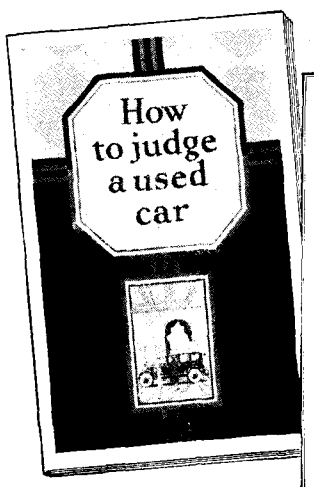

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2 All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.

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STUDEBAKER
The Great Independent

The Woman Hunters

Continued from page 28

the young lady ain't had enough high life tonight?" he asked. "This jam may end up in the police station, or the hospital, or the morgue, and of course it's part of the modern young woman's education to know all about life, but three o'clock in the morning seems a devil of an hour for classroom instruction."

Vonny spoke: "Just the same, we're not going to leave you here. I've been a fool, just as you say, but I won't be a coward too."

She meant exactly what she said, and Morgan recognized it as quickly as myself. He rose to his feet with a shrug of his stocky shoulders.

"Then there's nothing to hang around here for, unless it would be a pleasure to anyone to watch little Baby Face open his eyes by and by."

VONNY picked up a light cloak and went into the bedroom which I remembered from my experience with Sporelli and his wife. She emerged a moment later, showing evident traces of lipstick and powder. I bent over Runyon. Morgan joined me and listened to his breathing.

"He'll be out of it in a couple of minutes," he declared. "He won't die, worse luck." And with that epitome of Runyon's worth, he led the way from the apartment.

Apprehensively waiting in the hall outside was the night watchman. He sighed with relief as we quietly emerged. Morgan pressed something in his receptive hand.

"A guy that hasn't seen anything, or heard anything, can't say anything, if you know what I mean," said Morgan.

"I've been sitting downstairs in the lobby, and never saw anybody. Of course"—and the watchman grinned—"a man sometimes takes a short nap in the middle of the night."

"Wise men always do," said Morgan.

We stepped into the elevator, descended to the street, and there we parted from Morgan.

"You take the young lady home, while I go back to your place. I'll be waiting for you there," he said.

I objected to this. "It might be better if we went back together."

"I'll watch my step," he assured me, "and if there's any danger I'll be waiting at the corner."

We got into the taxi that had been waiting for us, and I gave the driver Vonny's address. As we started off she spoke to me:

"What does he mean by danger? Is there any other danger than that Kenneth Runyon will resent what happened to him?"

"Morgan's just talking," I lied.

"I don't believe you. What danger does he mean?"

"It's unimportant. Vonny, why did you join Runyon tonight?"

"I want to know what this other danger is," she insisted.

"If you must know, Runyon has friends interested in your marriage to him. Some of them may resent my interference."

"But he won't have time to let them know you interfered before you get home. Allen, have they already interfered? I mean"—and somehow I knew that she was blushing—"did he or his friends suspect that you—that I—"

She ended in a confusion that, somehow or other, quickened my pulse.

"A lot of people," I stammered, "got the silly idea in their heads that you and I were in love with each other."

"You mean, don't you, that they thought that I was in love with you?"

It was my turn to blush now. And I was glad the gloom of the taxi rendered my color invisible to her.

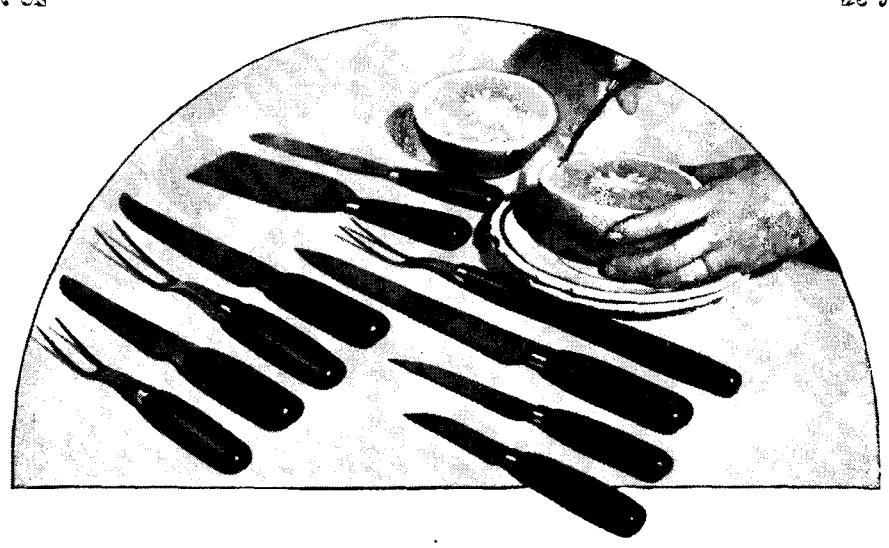
"Not at all," I said.

"You haven't paid me any attention at all. Of course no one felt that you were in love with me. But Ken Runyon—I talked so much about you—that when you came to New York— Allen, what sort of people are there in the world?"

She turned toward me, and even in the darkness I could see that her eyes were wide in hurt wonderment.

"Some pretty bad people," I returned.

"But why should they be interested in me?" she asked.



A Knife for Every Kitchen Use

A TOOL for every task. This slogan in modern kitchens applies to the smallest as well as the larger tools and especially to knives. There are knives with blades curved, long or short; tips rounded or pointed; stainless steel, of course—no more scouring! Handles are snug and easy to grip; but keep them out of hot water to lengthen their lives. Paring knife, fruit knives, bread knife, carving knives; the complete set saves time, trouble—and the cook's hands.

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"Vonny," I said to her. "It's about time you and your father and mother learned something. Your father has thirty or more millions of dollars which will some day all belong to you. Your father has let you become surrounded by all classes of people. You can't invite strangers indiscriminately to parties, you can't ostentatiously display wealth before an indiscriminate gathering, without arousing a certain kind of ambition."

"You mean to say that people would go to any length—Kenneth Runyon had a gun in his hand when your friend struck him."

"I was ordered out of town, told the boat I was to take, threatened with blackmail and practically with murder," I told her.

"Because they thought I was in love with you?"

"Because they thought I was a fortune hunter," I replied.

"Why should they think that of you?"

"They knew that I was a professional gambler and quite naturally assumed that a man who made his living at cards would not be scrupulous in other matters."

"You told me tonight—was it tonight?—that you were an honest gambler," she said.

"And, in common with most of the world, you didn't believe me," I reminded her.

"What makes you think I didn't?"

"You intimated it rather strongly, I thought," I answered.

"A girl may say lots of things she doesn't mean," she said. "I don't believe you cheat at cards. I don't believe you ever cheated. When I telephoned your house tonight, it was to tell you that I didn't mean what I said to you a little while before. I wanted to say to you that I didn't believe Ken Runyon."

I made no answer. Recollection of Anita at the telephone kept me silent.

"But you didn't answer the telephone, and so I couldn't tell you."

"But you were ready to believe something else about me, weren't you?" I asked.

She turned and looked squarely at me.

"A girl in love is as jealously ready to believe the worst as she is tenderly ready to believe the best," she said. "And, Allen, I love you."

SHE swayed away from my grasp. I, who only moments ago had thought myself desperately in love with Anita, and who had only tonight learned that I had loved a shadow, now grasped at a substance infinitely more precious and desirable than ever the shadow had been.

"Wait; I want to finish." She spoke gaspingly. "After I put down the telephone, I picked it up again. I called up Ken Runyon. Allen, I hated you, or thought I did. I had no right to. You'd never said a word of love to me, and I'd heard of your engagement to Mrs. Gorham years ago. I had no right to condemn you. I didn't love Ken Runyon. But you had hurt me, and somehow, though you didn't love me, I thought it might hurt you if I married him. He had asked me to marry him, asked me to do so just before I called you up the first time tonight. So I told him that I'd marry him. He said it was possible to do so right away. So I went to that apartment where you found me. Allen, how did you know I was there?"

I told her, as swiftly and briefly as I could, the events that had led up to my entrance with Morgan into the Sporelli apartment. She didn't interrupt me. But when I had finished she looked at me.

A near-by arc light illuminated her face. What a fool I had been to think that the almost classic beauty of Anita was half as lovely as the beauty of this girl! There can be no true beauty unless character shines through it, and the character of Vonny Candace was as sweet as the eyes which revealed it.

"It's wicked for anyone to marry, or think of marriage, for any reason save love," she said. "I've been wicked. I knew you weren't in love with me, but I thought you liked me and that you'd be hurt if I married Kenneth. And all the time you were risking your reputation and your life to protect me. Allen, what can you think of me?"

"This," I said to her.

I drew her to me and kissed her. She returned my kiss, clinging to me, whispering incoherent endearments to match my own. I forgot that any other woman had ever lived until at length she gently pushed me away from her.

"I deserved it," she said.

"Deserved what?" I asked in surprise.

"To be kissed and caressed by a man who doesn't love me, by a man who has been giving the same kisses, whispering the same words, to another woman on the same evening. But I wanted this much of you, Allen. Now good-by."

I knew that my love for Anita had died when she had married my cousin Fred, and I cursed myself now for having been the victim of a fixed idea. I knew that Vonny's chin was no accident—that it denoted a stubbornness that might not be easily overcome. And in addition to a natural obstinacy Vonny had a puritanical outlook on certain matters, or perhaps I should say simply a decent outlook.

FALTERINGLY I protested at her dismissal, but she sat next the curb and before I realized it she had the door open and was halfway through. I couldn't debate the matter before our taxi man, but I followed her across the sidewalk to the door of her house.

"Don't make it hard for me, Allen," she pleaded. "Please leave me."

Crushed by the complete change in her attitude, I think I might have obeyed her but for the fact that the front door swung open. Sam Candace, alternating between the telephone and the front door, as he explained, had heard our taxi, and could not wait for a ring at the doorbell. He swept Vonny from her feet in a mighty embrace, held her to him with one sturdy arm while the other hand crushed my knuckles.

He practically carried Vonny and dragged me into the house. I would have left him alone with his daughter, but there was no slackening of his grip as he made for the library. There he sat Vonny upon a chair and nodded to me to take another. His lined face, which combined ruggedness and kindliness as only Middle-Western features can, showed the ravages of hours of worry.

"Your mother's been pretty upset, Vonny," he said. "You wait here until I get her."

Vonny rose from the chair. "I'll go to her."

"You and Allen probably got lots to say to each other," he said clumsily.

"Allen and I have said our last words to each other," she told him.

Dismay swept into Candace's face. His voice was strident:

"You weren't too late, Allen? Vonny, you hadn't married that—"

"I never would have married him," interrupted Vonny.

"Sure," said her father soothingly. "But for a minute I was afraid. And probably you and Allen have fixed everything up. I guess your last word was yes, eh?" His voice lost its harshness and became almost roguish.

I heard him incredulously. Here was a man who could be capable of the tenderest feeling one minute and be unbelievably crass the next.

"Please, Father!" pleaded Vonny.

"Don't tell me you two young people haven't found out by this time?" he laughed. "Why, I've known all about it since last summer in Deauville. They talked about how up and coming you modern young people are, but when you come right down to it, it looks to me as though you're slower than Mother and I were. Allen, am I right? You're in love with Vonny, aren't you?"

"I love her better than anything on earth," I replied.

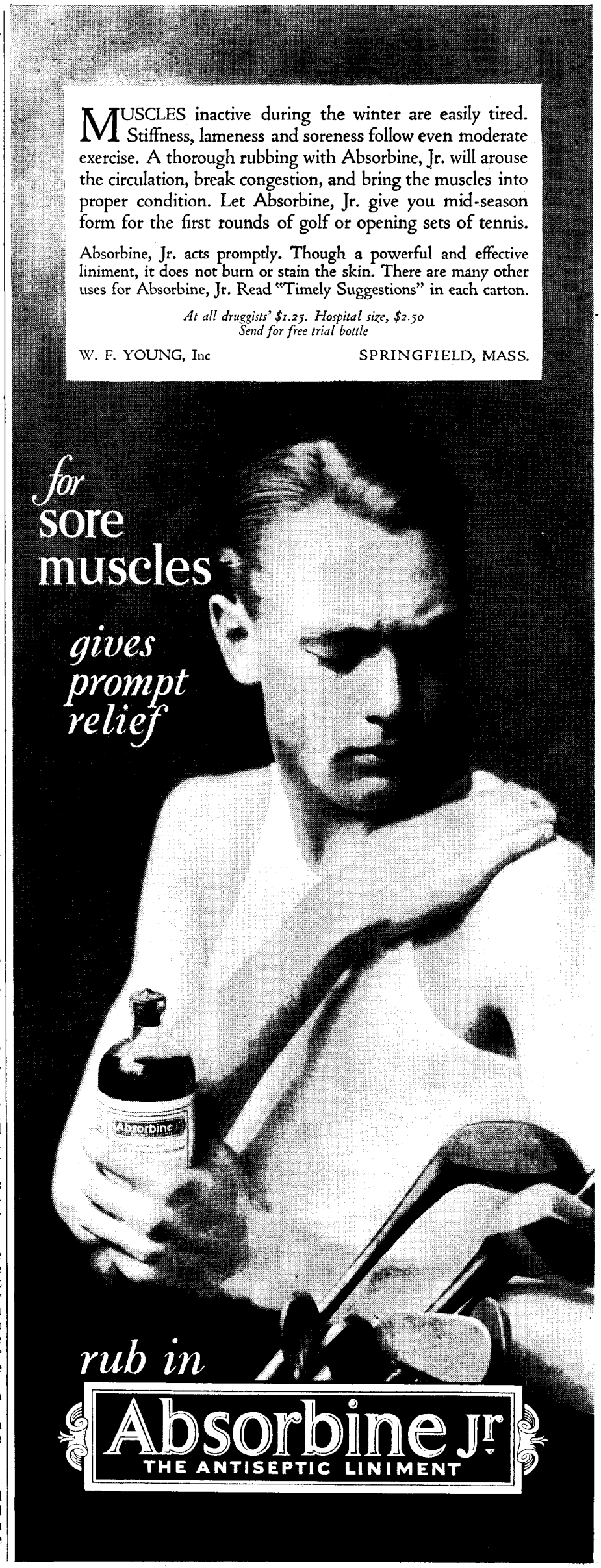
"And she went off to marry Runyon because she didn't know that you wanted to marry her, eh?"

He beamed fatuously upon us.

"I'll go to Mother," said Vonny.

"You'll do nothing of the sort," said her father. His voice and manner had become suddenly stern. "You'll listen to me, young lady. You and Allen are

(*Continued on page 46*)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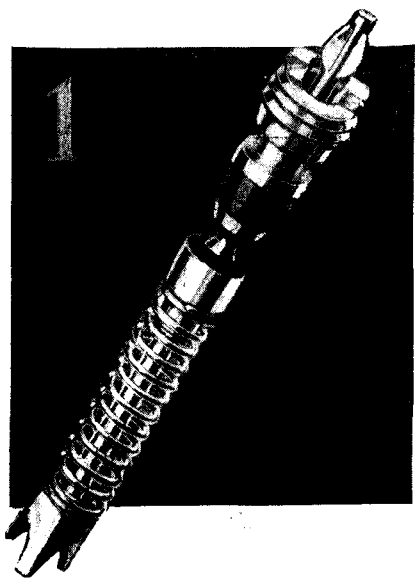
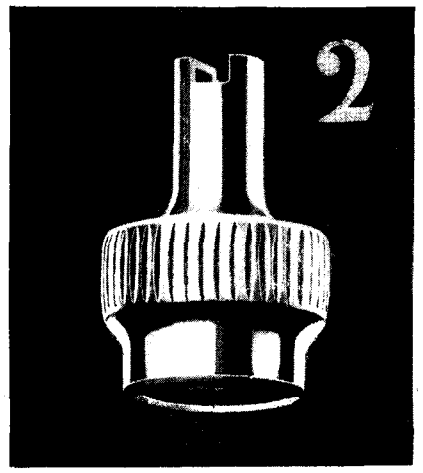
How *experienced motorists* CUT TIRE EXPENSE





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TIRE VALVES—TIRE GAUGES

The Woman Hunters

Continued from page 45

in love with each other. I guess I know men when I see them. Allen ain't the kind to get sore because you acted a little foolish tonight. Am I right, Allen?" He turned to me.

"If Vonny will have me, I'll be the happiest man on earth."

"How can anyone be happy when he's being disloyal?" demanded Vonny.

"I'm not," I said.

"Mrs. Gorham might think otherwise," she said.

"Mrs. Gorham's thoughts have nothing whatsoever to do with us," I told her.

"WHEN I telephoned you tonight she didn't mind what inference I drew from her presence in your rooms," said Vonny.

"That the reason you went off with Runyon?" interjected her father.

Vonny made no reply, and he turned to me.

"You mixed up with Mrs. Gorham?"

"There is nothing between us whatsoever," I replied. And I spoke the truth.

I have not too many decencies, but I thank God that I had possessed the one decency that made it possible for me to hope to win Vonny.

"There, Vonny," cried Sam Candace. "Can't you take the word of the man you love?"

"He could hardly admit that there had been something between Mrs. Gorham and himself," said Vonny. "That's the sort of thing that gentlemen can't admit."

"But just because a woman goes to a man's rooms isn't proof of wrongdoing," said her father.

The faintest hint of a sneer disfigured Vonny.

"It would be sufficient evidence for her husband to divorce her, wouldn't it?" she demanded.

"Innocent people have sometimes been found guilty of wrongs they didn't commit," I said.

The sneer grew more pronounced on Vonny's mouth.

"I tell you, Mrs. Gorham *wanted* me to think the worst. Innocent women don't want other women to think them bad."

"You misunderstood," I feebly argued.

"There are some things that women never misunderstand," she retorted.

"But I give you my word—" I began.

"Do you want me to believe that you refused her?" If a lovely girl could look ugly, Vonny was ugly now.

"I don't want you to believe anything but the truth," I said.

"Will you tell me that I'm wrong, that Mrs. Gorham didn't want me to think that she was your mistress?" demanded Vonny. "Do you want me to believe that you repulsed the advances of a woman as beautiful as Mrs. Gorham: a woman to whom you were once engaged, and with whom you've been in love for years?"

"Until you know that advances were made to me, isn't it a bit premature to assume that I rejected them?" I tried to make my voice light.

After all, Vonny was rather young, and the dramatic instinct of the schoolgirl was still dominant in her. She rose with a movement that was delightfully awkward, drew herself up to her full height, and bestowed upon me a glance that was meant to be blighting. I can smile at it now, but at the moment it really was withering. She spoke to her father.

"I'm going to Mother," she announced.

This time he made no effort to detain her, and I was too heartsick to offer any protest.

"Got a touch of my temper," commented her father, "but she'll come around all right. Only you've got to think quick and lie fast about Mrs. Gorham, son."

"I don't have to lie about her," I said stiffly. "I've told the truth."

"When you're dealing with a woman it's often a lot better to tell her a lie that she'll believe than a truth she won't accept. Now tell me what happened tonight."

I told him, and in the course of my telling it was inevitable that I disclose to him the whole story of the past few days.

He was silent a long time after I'd finished, and his face grew grimmer and harder with each successive moment.

"Jim Calhoun?" he said finally. "A tough bird and a big bird and an evil bird. But I've clipped the wings of worse than he, and I think I can do it again. Anyway, I'm going to try, and I think it will be a pretty scrap. Do you want in on it, son?"

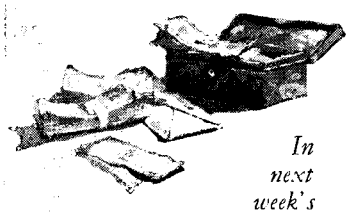
This was the second time that he had called me son, and I felt a stirring of grateful affection within me.

"I've my own bone to pick with him, so I can't think of any reason why I shouldn't be with you."

GEORGE WESTON

It was a great fortune and the commodore found it—and spent it all in a splendid gesture

Buried Treasure



In next week's COLLIER'S

"You say he's tied up in your rooms now?"

"He was when I left there, and unless my butler has double-crossed me, he's still there," I replied.

"This Runyon boy? No chance of this friend of yours, Morgan, having killed him?"

I shook my head. "No such luck."

Candace eyed me curiously. "Would you have killed him if Morgan hadn't interfered?"

I SHRUGGED. "God knows. First I intended to, then I intended not to, and then when I saw him— I guess it's just as well that Morgan was with me."

"I shouldn't wonder," observed Candace. "Son, you and I are going to get along fine together."

I glanced at the door through which Vonny had too haughtily swept.

"Your daughter will have a word or two to say about that," I reminded him.

"She has to have time to cool down. After all, son, she's been in love with you several months, same as you've been with her, only she happened to know how she felt. And it hurts a girl's pride to think that another woman—well, you know."

He lighted a cigar. "I guess you'll have to take that job with me, after all. The man that marries my Vonny has got to know something about the business that I leave her. It's a big business, son, and getting bigger all the time. It's all I can do to handle it now, and every day I feel more and more the need of someone whose interests will be identical with mine. I'd like to slacken off a bit, play around with nice people more."

"Want to travel?" I idly asked. My mind was on the girl upstairs with her mother.

"Not a bit of it. I want to settle right down here in New York and make my Vonny the most important woman in the city."

"What do you mean by important?" I asked.

"I mean the kind of woman that if she asks you to her house it means that you're somebody. Get me? And I'm frank to admit that her marrying you is going to help a lot. Mind, if you were nobody at all, but the right kind of man, you could have my Vonny just the same. But I'll be honest enough to admit that the fact you know the kind of people you do know makes me glad."

I descended mentally from the room upstairs and looked at him.

"I can't understand you," I said to him. "I've never known a finer man than you, Mr. Candace, but you talk and act so differently from what you really are—"

"Listen, son, why shouldn't I be ambitious?"

"Ambitious to be a great financial success, or perhaps to enter politics: I can understand and sympathize with that sort of ambition," I told him. "But the kind of ambition that makes you want to know people who aren't worth knowing—"

"YOU didn't begin at the bottom, a day laborer, and work your way to the top, or you'd talk differently and think differently. How do you suppose I feel when I attend a directors' meeting, and after it's over the bunch of them drop into a club where I can't go? Why can't I go? I'm as rich as any of them; I'm as honest as any of them; I'm a damn' sight abler than 99 per cent of them. But I didn't happen to be born in the right house in New York, didn't go to the right school, didn't go to college and belong to the right society, and so I'm all right downtown but nothing at all uptown."

"What difference does that make? Why want to be friends with men with whom you have nothing in common?"

"Call it silly pride, if you want to," he answered. "But a man has mighty few friends, anyway. All I want is a lot of acquaintances that I can have a good time with."

He puffed reflectively at his cigar.

"When I was a small boy, I guess I was the poorest kid in town," he went on. "Always wore my father's pants cut down to fit me. Other kids went barefoot six months a year because it felt good; I went barefoot because we couldn't afford to buy shoes for me. None of the children ever asked me to their houses. I tell you, a kid can suffer just as much as a grown person about those things. I couldn't even go to high school because I had to go to work. I used to see the other boys playing ball, going off fishing, doing all sorts of things that I was never able to do. Don't you think that I'd trade everything I have now if I could give the kid I used to be a pair of roller skates?"

He threw his cigar into the fireplace. "Son, that's enough about me. What are you going to do with Calhoun when you get home? I think I'd better go with you."

I hardly heard. What he had told me about himself and his ambitions touched and shamed me.

"Mr. Candace," I said, "you'll permit Vonny to marry me?"

"Permit! By God, son, I'll make her marry you."

"I think it's time you learned what I am, a professional card player, a common gambler," I told him.

He grinned almost boyishly. "Son, I knew that three months ago. Let's go find Calhoun."

(To be continued next week)

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The Prairie Prince

Continued from page 17

loomed. Bill tore in and sprang down—on time, and proud of it.

"Hey," he said to the station boss, who was transferring the mochila from the horse Bill had fair burned out, "where's your rider? He's got to get off quick or the mail will fall behind."

The boss looked uncomfortable—helpless, in fact. A situation had arisen that was quite beyond his intellect to unscramble.

"Well, you see, Bill, the galoot what should have tooken the mail on can't took it. You see, he got drunk last night and jawed himself into a fight—"

"Heck, a little thing like a fight shouldn't hold up the mail!"

"Well, the fact is, Bill, one of the boys took a shot at him—he's dead!"

"Who's going to take the mail on?"

"You is, I reckon. There ain't no-one else."

Bill Sets a Record

BILL rubbed a knuckle into his dust-filled eyes. The precious two minutes of the scheduled stop had fled. The mail would be late. Bill, with a sigh, dismissed visions of food and rest. He mounted, turned the fretting horse's head west, and was off.

Rocky Ridge lay over eighty miles away—over country quite as rugged as that he had already traversed, and quite as peril-infested. But there was no relaxation in the terrific pace Bill set—horse after horse, station after station, mile after mile.

Ten hours and thirty minutes after he had left Red Buttes he plunged into Rocky Ridge, and slid heavily from the saddle. His face, under a thick coat of dust, was drawn. But he braced up as he met the driver from the West, and the station boss exchanged east and west bound mochilas. Without a moment's rest over the time it took to make the switch, Bill was dashing back east.

For Rocky Ridge had been only the halfway mark. He must retrace the whole terrible grind, station after station, while he grew so numb that he had to be lifted from horse to horse; mile after mile, while his eyes grew bloodshot and his hands stiff upon the reins. And the night closed down.

But Bill did not let his pace slacken. Three Crossings again—then on, on, to reach Red Buttes at last and reel from his saddle on legs that buckled under him with the cramp of sheer exhaustion. But he was on time!

He had made a continuous gallop of 322 miles in 21 hours, averaging fifteen miles an hour through daylight and dark, and straddling and burning out twenty horses. Now he tottered into the station and fell into a bunk and slept the sleep of the dead. But he had won undying fame. Historians regard his feat as probably the longest continuous ride, without formal rest period, in the history of the pony express or any other courier service of all time. And he was only a boy of fourteen.

With each such exploit Bill rose in the esteem of Slade. The killer became so fond of him, in fact, that he wanted Bill's companionship. To gain it he assigned the lad to hang around headquarters in Horseshoe, riding express only now and then on special occasions.

His new job gave Bill plenty of time to indulge his fondness for hunting. Late one afternoon he scrambled down Laramie Peak with two sage hens he had shot, making for the spot where he had picketed his horse. The purple shadows were already deep in the arroyo bottoms, and without warning Bill suddenly found himself in the midst of a gang of bad men.

"Well," taunted one, "if it ain't little Billy, the cavayard driver!"

Bill, coolly eying eight as rough and villainous-looking men as ever held up a stagecoach, recognized two of them as whackers whose viciousness had led Lew Simpson to kick them out of his train. They had been suspected of murdering and robbing a ranchman.

"Well," replied Bill, "that ain't of no account to you. I'm on my way to get my horse and ride back into Horseshoe Station, and you ain't going to stop me."

"Ain't we, though? Here, you two galoots walk along with the kid to git his horse. Then fetch both on 'em back here. Seems to me the kid might know some things we'uns is hankerin' to know about the mails. Watch 'im close. He's a slippery 'un. One on you walk behind 'im, t'other walk in front—"

Bill found himself forced along between the pair of burly cutthroats. He knew very well that when he was brought back to the camp fire he would be tortured, with all the refinements that white renegades could add to horrible Indian practices—tortured into telling the things the desperadoes wanted to know about the pony-express headquarters!

(*To be continued next week*)

"Boy, those ol' H. E. shells is talkin' langwidge!"
"How come, Brothah?"
"Dey say, 'Ah-wanna-go-back-to-Ala-BAM!'"

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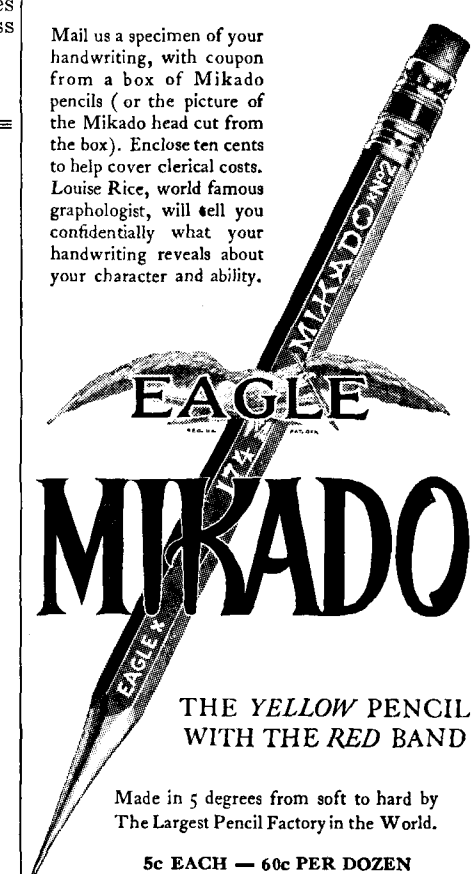

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The Harvey Murder

Continued from page 15

papers on the table beside him; then he crossed the open space before the bench and put a picture into Abbott's hands.

"And this, of course," he said easily, "was the bridegroom?"

The old man looked at the picture; then he looked at Fallon with a half smile as though he suspected him, good-humoredly, of an attempt at trickery.

"No, no," he said. "I have never seen this face before."

Excitement swept the room with the force of an electric shock. Fallon, smiling secretly, began to expose his hand.

"Mr. Edge, will you be good enough to rise?"

Simeon Edge rose slowly, his eyes on the ground, his face livid.

"Have you ever seen this man before, Dr. Abbott?" asked the district attorney.

The fine old face was troubled and serious, but there was no hesitation in the answer.

"Yes, Mr. Fallon. That is the man whom, under the name of Raymond Harvey, I married to Mrs. Harvey."

Fallon turned to the court.

"Is Dr. Godfrey Styles in the room?"

A stout, rather jocund-looking man rose and came forward, closely followed by a plain-clothes man.

"Can you identify this man, Dr. Abbott?" Fallon asked.

"Certainly. He was the friend of the —er—fictitious Dr. Harvey, who served as witness to the wedding."

"Thank you, Dr. Abbott. That will be all. Your witness, Mr. Mason."

Mason did his best, but he could not shake the old man's testimony. He gave it up at last, and Fallon put Dr. Godfrey Styles on the stand.

STYLES was badly shaken. Under a little expert browbeating he gave up his soul and confessed that he had been induced, by certain monetary considerations, to identify Edge as Raymond Harvey and to serve as witness to the fake marriage.

Styles stepped down and went away with his attendant officer. Fallon turned to the bench.

"If the court please!" He paused for a dramatic moment and looked at the jurors, sitting stolid and showing signs of strain, at the crowded benches, at Mrs. Harvey in her heavy black, and Simeon Edge with his hands clasped as though on the top of an imaginary cane. Then he turned respectfully to the bench. "The State, with Your Honor's permission, is about to present in evidence the son of Mrs. Harvey."

Judge Ryan looked a little perplexed, but very much interested, and said briefly:

"The child may be introduced."

Mason was on his feet, thundering objections, but he was overruled. Thatcher presently crossed the room and whispered something in Fallon's ear. The prosecutor turned to Judge Ryan. He spoke very distinctly, so that his words reached every corner of the breathless room:

"We regret most deeply, Your Honor, that it will be impossible, after all, to produce the child. A serious accident occurred in bringing him from the hospital, where he was being kept, and it is feared that he is dying."

There was a sudden sound as of many people breathing deeply, and then a cry —the wild, despairing cry of a heart-broken woman. Olga Heims rose from her seat and pushed her way forward, thrusting back with savage force the court attendants who strove to restrain her.

"Where is he?" she cried. "Where is he? What have they done with him?" There was no mistaking the face she turned to Thatcher. It was the face of the mother bereft.

"What is it to you?" asked the detective with rough gentleness.

"What is it to me?" she cried, and all the bitter repression, the pain, the anguish of her thwarted life rose in her cry. "He is mine. When he was living I gave him to her, but now he is dead he is mine and I will have him!"

With the unthinking brutality of a man who can see only one end at a time, Fallon said:

"Take the stand! Your Honor, I ask leave to introduce this woman as my final witness."

They put her in the witness chair, but she did not hear them or know what they were doing. She was like a wild thing, weeping and entreating. At last Fallon said:

"For God's sake, let her see the child. There, there!" He patted her shoulder. "He's all right. There's nothing the matter with him." He was clearly a little appalled at the success of his ruse.

The court waited while Olga Heims satisfied herself of the well-being of her son.

It was another woman who came back into the courtroom. There was dignity in the timid step; there was a light in the washed-out face. She took her place with composure and answered briefly the preliminary questions put to her by the prosecutor.

"Why did you give your child to this woman known as Mrs. Harvey?" asked Fallon then.

"Because she promised me that she would arrange it so that everyone would think it was hers and he would have his father's name and a good chance."

"And in order that your child should have a name and a chance in life you were willing to give him up?"

"Yes," said Olga with shining serenity.

"Although you loved him very much?"

"That is why," said the girl, "I was willing to do it." And her lips creased with remembered pain.

"You were not afraid for him?"

"No," said Olga Heims. "I thought she was a good woman. She was kind to her birds."

"Thank you, Miss Heims. That will be all."

Olga Heims stood up and, except that it would have been an odd word to apply to so humble a creature, she looked triumphant. She had the air of a woman who is justified in her own eyes. She turned to Judge Ryan, as though she felt instinctively that here was the center and pivot of authority.

"I had always thought," said the girl, "until she said that she had married Dr. Harvey in September, that I was Mrs. Raymond Harvey, because, you see, Dr. Harvey married me in December. But when she showed her certificate, and all, I thought—I thought he had deceived me, because, after all, I was only his servant girl—although I loved him—very much—" Pandemonium in court! Attendants shouting and the judge's gavel cracking itself on the hard wood! And at last the ominously casual words:

"The State rests."

On the day on which Sarah Buchanan and Simeon Edge were sentenced, Fallon and Thatcher left the court together.

"Whew!" said Fallon, and he drew a long breath. "That's that! Three days ago I certainly would not have believed we could pull it off. What on earth was it that put you on the trail about that marriage and the bogus heir?"

Thatcher grinned crookedly and wiped his forehead with a damp handkerchief. It had been hot inside, and there had been a scene.

"Oh," he said, "it wasn't much of a trick. Some guy down at Headquarters told me that they'd arrested Dr. Styles as being involved in a life-insurance swindle. I didn't get the connection right away, but afterward I got to thinking that the only person who had identified the man who married Mrs. Harvey was this Styles fellow, and it began to look fishier and fishier to me. If he was a wrong 'un, what was to prevent his being crooked about that too? I'd always thought there was something funny about Harvey and Mrs. Buchanan getting married like that and not telling anyone. Suppose the truth of the matter was that they'd never been married at all and that the whole scheme had been fixed up by Mrs. Buchanan and Edge to get hold of the doctor's money?

"WELL, it was worth thinking about, and I thought—a lot. As for the child—well, obviously there had to be a child or Mrs. Harvey would get only the widow's third, and naturally, after running such a risk, she'd want the whole thing. Of course it might have been Edge's child, but it seemed to me much more likely they'd borrowed it from someone. And then I remembered something. I remembered that Dr. Styles had been the doctor who attended Mrs. Harvey, and I was sure it was all a fraud from beginning to end.

"I wired Dr. Abbott to come on, and showed him a bunch of pictures, with Harvey's and Edge's among 'em, and when he picked out Edge as the man I knew I was on the right track. For a while I couldn't figure out what to do about the kid. I didn't know, of course, who the real mother was, and dashed if I could think of any way to find out. And then I figured, if we put that stuff in the paper about producing the child in court, that she'd be there, and, if we could convince her the child was dying, she'd give herself away. Well, she did, all right."

Fallon shook the detective's hand warmly.

"Great stuff!" he approved.

Thatcher grinned again.

"I'm darned if I know," he confessed, "which pleases me most—Mrs. Buchanan getting her just deserts or Olga Heims getting hers. I always did kinda like that girl." And he relapsed into smiling silence.

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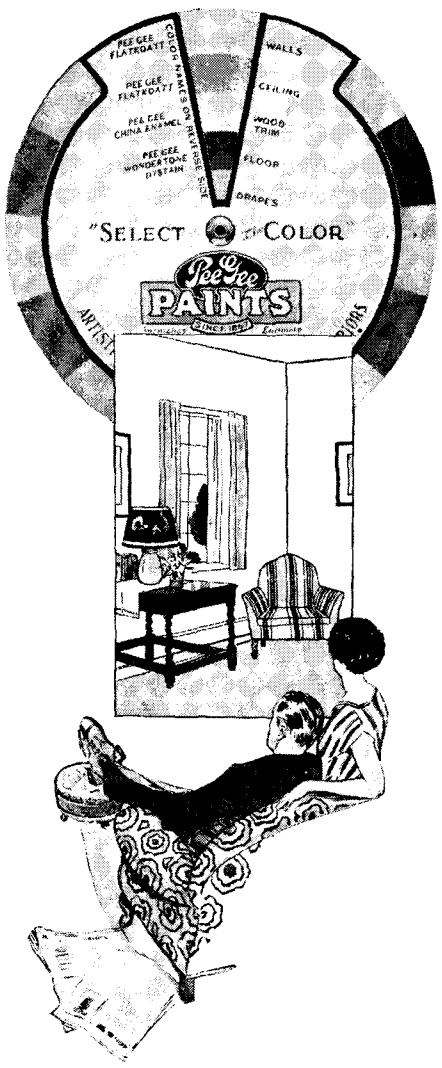

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Continued from page 26

approval. The servant returned with Tom, who stood just within the door.

"How," he asked without preliminary, "is he? I've got to know that first."

"He'll live. Conscious," said Mr. Bundy.

Tom expelled a breath. "Gosh, that's good!" he said.

"Wait," said Mr. Bundy. "How came my daughter in your place? What was she doing there—dressed as she was?"

"Yes," said Tom, "that comes first. . . . You see, Molly is always mothering somebody. Your daughter came one night with this here Mr. Blade. They sat at a table and had some kind of a difference. Then Miss Bundy got up and walked back to where Molly and me was at the bar . . . and kind of broke down and got almost hysteric like. And so Molly got her undressed and to bed, and kept her there because she wasn't fit to go away alone."

"That's the truth?" demanded Richard Lame hoarsely.

Tom turned his blue eyes upon the young man. "When I talk," he said, "it's generally the truth."

"I beg your pardon," said Richard.

"Did Blade know she was there?" asked Gelon.

"I don't figger he did. Last night was the first time he come back," said Tom.

Mr. Bundy smiled. It was the first smile to touch his face for days. "You bring good news," he said.

"You folks," said Tom, "figgered she done it—your daughter. On account of her appearin' that way, and the flashlight and gun and all." He paused, and there appeared in his eyes a troubled, sorrowful look. "You see," he said, "Molly and me worked for Miss Patty and her father before her. And we kind of had to stick to her when the hard luck come. It was our savings started Miss Patty's place."

"Yes," said Mr. Bundy.

"She ain't what she was once," said Tom, with some embarrassment. "Allus needed lookin' after, but, though we kind of kept it from ourselves—Molly and me—she got to foolin' with drugs and sich. And she grew undependable like."

Mr. Bundy nodded sympathetically.

"But," said Tom, "I guess she was pretty fond of us all. That's why she done it."

"Why she did what?" asked Mr. Bundy.

"Shot this here Mr. Blade," said Tom.

OF ALL them Richard Lame was the only one to spring to his feet, his face working. "What?" he cried. "What's that?" The Bundys contented themselves by looking from one to the other, but quite another expression than they had worn crept gently over their faces.

"Yes," said Tom, "it was on account of Katie. I should 'a' noticed, but I didn't. It was Jimmy seen it first, and he told Miss Patty."

"Saw what?"

"That this here Blade was after our Katie," said Tom. "And last night Miss Patty see him kiss her. So, not bein' herself and just able to reason clear, she got it into her poor head there was just one way to save Katie, see? And she went about it kind of cunnin'. She crep' down with that gat and the light and throwed off the master switch. And then she shot him and slipped out and throwed on the switch again. . . . She told Molly all about it in the night."

Mr. Bundy arose and circled the table. "Sir," he said, extending his hand, "we are grateful."

"And how!" exclaimed Gelon.

The black fog had lifted suddenly, lifted even from Richard Lame. He was glad. It seemed to him that for the first time in his life he knew the meaning of the word happiness. . . . Martha was Martha. Nothing malign had befallen her. . . . And her hand was innocent of blood!

"You boys better get to work," said Mr. Bundy.

"Business going on as usual," said Pythias.

"The family," said Gelon, "ain't bankrupt yet."

Richard Lame scrutinized them; he knew something of their problem and their difficulty and of the part his father and brother had played in the affair. It left a thing for him to do.

He pushed back his chair and arose. "I'm going to see my father," he said.

"Tell him you shot Mortimer?" said Damon.

Richard smiled. "I'll tell him," he said, "a number of things."

HE FOUND Roswell Blade at home, seated upon the broad piazza with morning papers at hand and an expression of ennui upon his face. Mr. Blade was dressed. It may be said of this that he arrayed himself for his own inward satisfaction rather than for the eyes of others. Richard was abrupt.

"Mortimer," he said, "was shot last night."

Mr. Blade's hand crumpled the paper it held, and his lips compressed.

"I wondered to what calamity I owed this call," he said, and then, "I take it the shot was not fatal?"

"No. It was the proprietress of a night club," said Richard boldly, "because of his attentions to a child."

Roswell moved his shoulders impatiently. "I've warned him," he said. "His judgment was not of the best."

"The Bundys brought him home," said Richard.

Roswell Blade was startled at this. "Why?" he snapped.

"It seemed wise at the time."

"Did a Bundy shoot him?"

"No."

"I trust that is susceptible of proof."

"It is. But there is no question of proof. The matter is settled. It will never become public."

"Unless," said Roswell, "I choose."

"You will not choose," said Richard. "I know, you see, about the mortgage on the Bundy estate. And a few of Mortimer's exploitations, and what not, on the new development. By the way, were you a party to his attempt to blackmail the Bundys out of $25,000?"

"No," said Roswell, "but I cannot say I frown on it."

"I hope," said Richard, "to marry Martha Bundy." He was given to bold statements this morning.

"I trust you can support a wife."

"I can. But if I need help I'm sure Mother will give it."

Roswell's eyes became alert. "You interest me. Is she, then, in funds?"

"I referred," said Richard, "to the money Grandmother left her."

Mr. Blade sat very stiffly now, his eyes narrowed, his mind working swiftly. The thing he had apprehended had come about; now to extricate himself from the condition!

"You would return to America," he said complainingly.

"A matter," said Richard, "of four hundred thousand. With interest compounded for some nineteen years. So Grandmother's counsel informs me. . . . I cannot understand how so astute a woman made you her executor, Father."

"For that matter," said Roswell, "neither can I." He shrugged his shoulders. "The money was lost in speculations of which your mother approved—in writing."

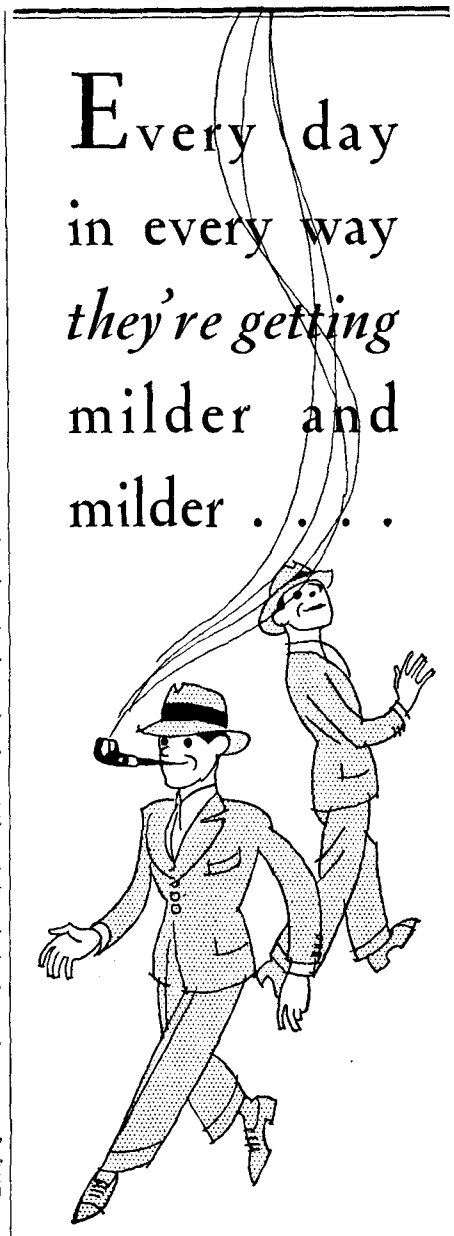
"It won't do, Father. Mr. Whittaker has the matter in hand. Mother's power of attorney is on the way. I think she will be guided by me. It is not a matter one cares to publish broadcast. Nor Mortimer's blackmailing. . . . We're not a nice family, Father."

"We never were," said Mr. Blade grimly. "Well, what do you propose to do about it?"

"Temporarily," said Richard, "Mother's interests are protected. Whittaker has taken the necessary steps. Mother is not one to be vindictive, and I believe she will be guided by me."

(*Continued on page 50*)

Every day in every way *they're getting* milder and milder . . . .



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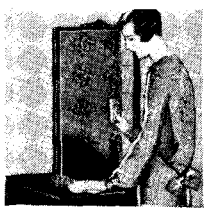

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Use

O-Cedar Polish

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Continued from page 49

"She never was by me," said Mr. Blade ironically.

"Mr. Whittaker will discuss the settlement with you," Richard said. "Two points Mother will insist upon. I shall see to that."

"And they are?"

"The possession of this property. And of the Bundy mortgage. . . . The two families have lived adjoining for too many years."

"You, I take it," said his father, "have gone Bundy, as the saying is."

"A Blade might do worse," said Richard. "Mother will leave you enough," he continued, "to live in comfort—abroad. You and Mortimer."

"Abroad?"

"Why, yes. That will be a condition."

"One," said Mr. Blade, "not wholly unthinkable."

Richard studied the man, the inflexibility of him, the stoicism. After all, there was something there, a sturdiness, a resolution not wholly despicable. There never had been a Blade without qualities, but the evil had so greatly preponderated over the good.

"I'm sorry, Father," he said. "I wish things had been otherwise."

"Reserve your sympathy for personal use," said Roswell blandly, "and good morning. I shall be occupied, I fancy. When am I to expect Whittaker?"

"Today," said Richard, and turned away. As he descended the steps his father spoke again; it was the last time Richard ever was to hear his parent's voice, for it would thereafter be raised in another hemisphere.

"Where we Blades go on the rocks," he said thoughtfully, "is not by failure against outsiders. It always is something inside." He nodded his head. "An almost total lack," he finished, "of family cohesion."

MR. BUNDY was a patient man and wise in this respect—that when a matter was too deep for him to see the bottom, he declined to stir the surface. Women, he admitted on many occasions, baffled him utterly, and Martha baffled him most of all. So he did nothing and waited. It was two weeks before she came to him of her own volition.

"Father," she asked, "what about everything?"

"Everything," said Mr. Bundy noncommittally, "is lovely."

"I mean, how much do you know about me, and what is going to happen?"

"I guess I know about all's to be known," he said, "except the name of the one who shot Colburn. And nothing unpleasant is going to happen."

"But that thing will always be hanging over me," she said with a shudder. "Just when it will be most terrible, the police may discover I was there. . . . And—and it would be so useless, so—"

"How useless?"

"Because," said Martha, "she's dead." Her voice quivered. "Poor girl! I never, never would have given her name. Not if they'd put me in prison for it."

"Um. . . . The girl that shot this Colburn man?"

"Yes. I saw in the paper. She was killed in a motor accident on the parkway—driving with a couple of boys."

"Then," said Mr. Bundy, "it could do no harm to tell now."

"No—no. I won't do it."

"If," said Mr. Bundy, "it could be done in confidence, so that no odium would attach publicly to her name?"

Martha hesitated.

"It would close the matter forever," said Mr. Bundy. "I won't urge you. Everybody has his own loyalties and must live up to them according to his own way of looking. . . . But I think the girl would want you to tell now. She would be grateful for what you have already done."

She considered, and then made an answer which she could not, would not, have made six months before. "I'll be guided by you," she said.

"It'll be unpleasant, Marty. Nobody likes to be humiliated, and it won't be enjoyable telling for you. But I guess we have to pay for everything—even security."

So it came about that the district attorney spent a week-end with his father's old friend, and the Colburn case was officially closed, wrapped in red tape and placed upon a shelf to gather the dust of years.

Another two weeks passed, and Mortimer Blade was so far on the road to recovery that he could be transferred to the house which had been his father's, but which was to pass out of his hands forever. Roswell Blade and Mortimer had accepted, as needs must, the terms tendered by Richard and his mother's counsel.

Jerry Breen came to and fro.

"My dear," said Mr. Bundy one afternoon, "why not move your traps and calamities here? Plenty of room. . . . And we feel we owe you much." His face relaxed into a broad grin. "You can't ever tell what proximity'll do neither. A girl's smart as you ought to get her at least one of my weak-minded sons."

Jerry took his hand and held it against her cheek. "You would be willing to have me for your daughter?" she asked.

"To be sure. Why not?"

"Because," she said, and he understood.

"The ancients," he said with a pedagogical air, "used to believe in a little critter that could walk around in the fire without getting burned."

"I've walked in the fire," Jerry said, "and so far I haven't been burned. But I guess something inside me got singed. No. . . . It wouldn't be playing the game. I know what I have to do, and so does Martha. I told her. . . . I'm going to be married, Mr. Bundy, to a man who knows me and is willing to take a chance. Maybe I can light and stay lighted. I don't know. But I'll try."

"Is he a man?" asked Mr. Bundy solicitously.

Jerry nodded. "All the way through," she said.

"Then I hope, my dear, you grow to love him like a wife ought to. I calculate that's the best wish I can make for you. . . ."

WORK had been going forward rapidly on the real-estate development—far more rapidly and efficiently and economically now that malicious interference had been eliminated.

"If we can hang on till it breaks—" said Pythias.

Then it broke suddenly and in an unexpected torrent. Long Island has known its booms, its sudden, wild-eyed outbursts of speculative real-estate buying in which prices multiply and multiply overnight. One may cite the riotous proceedings in the Rockaways, the unprecedented gobbling up of farm lands about Montauk. . . . And now a similar phenomenon was to be seen along the turnpike. Farms, lots, buildings changed hands again and then again and again within the day. Prices towered top-heavily; hand-to-mouth farmers found themselves enriched suddenly, and among them ancient Mr. Tansy, Richard Lame's boyhood friend.

Offers came to the Bundys, but Mr. Bundy erected himself as a dam to restrain his sons' enthusiasm.

"Just keep your shirts on, boys," he said.

"But look," expostulated Gelon, "we can grab close on a million profit."

"On paper," said Mr. Bundy. "Wait for somethin' solid."

His conservatism was vindicated. One of the great operating real-estate companies of New York sent its representative to treat for the entire development, making offers backed by ability to pay.

"Now," said Mr. Bundy, "we'll deal."

In the end Mr. Bundy accepted a certified check to bind the bargain—and the Bundy fortune, on the day of the formal transfer to title, would be increased by a million dollars.

RICHARD LAME—now Richard Blade by necessity and the requirements of legal action—entered the Bundy gates and walked slowly up the driveway. He had been no constant visitor, nor had he once sought private interview with Martha; he had waited, with impatience but inspired wisdom, for a day when he might hope to be welcome.

Halfway to the house he paused, for off at his left he saw Martha, book in her lap, taking her ease in the shelter of a rustic summerhouse. Now that she was at hand, he hesitated to approach. So much was between them, so much lay behind them. . . . He dared not speculate upon what of graciousness and happiness might lie before them. . . . Diffidently, uncertainly, he approached.

"Martha," he said.

She turned grave eyes upon him. "Come in, Richard," she said. That was all, no words of welcome, no glance of coquetry nor of invitation. But she made place for him, and he sat beside her.

"Martha," he said, "I won't beat about the bush. I've come to tell you again that I love you. I suppose I could add to that, but what, really, is there to add? It seems to me those words say it all. . . . I love you."

"I've not been a nice person," she said softly.

"Nevertheless, I love you."

"I'm a restless, reckless girl. I'm headstrong. I came too close to the edge of things."

"No matter," he said.

"You want me to marry you," she said. "To become a part of a family. . . . Don't you know how I hated family! The restraints of it and the obligations!"

"I love you," he said stubbornly.

She bent toward him, and suddenly her lovely eyes flashed. "Where," she demanded, "would I have been without family? God knows. I—oh, Richard, I know what I know. . . . I've seen what I've seen. It was enough. I want family now, I want to be surrounded by it. I want to be protected by it. . . . I thought I was sufficient. I'm not sufficient, Richard."

"None of us is sufficient," he said gently.

"I love it here," she said. "It is so safe. I am so secure. . . . I have only to lift my voice and they will come—all of them. Isn't that a wonderful thought. They would come to fight for me, right or wrong—just because I am I. Because I am one of the clan, a Bundy. . . . There's something splendid about that, Richard."

"I would come too," he said wistfully.

"You did come," she said gently. "They told me. When they all thought I—I shot your brother, you came. I remember your saying it: that you had fired the shot. . . . I have thought about that so many, many times." She paused

Correction

IN "Snakes' Hips," by Brenda Ueland, in Collier's for March 17th, Mae Murray's age was given as 40. Miss Murray tells us that this was a deplorable exaggeration; that she was born May, 1893, and next month will be exactly 35 years old.

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and bent still closer. "Yes, I know you would come too, Richard." Then because he did not move to draw nearer, she lifted herself and laid her cheek against his. "A husband ought to come quicker than either brothers or fathers," she said.

Presently Richard said a thing which may have been obvious, but nevertheless sounded to Martha as eloquence. "A husband," he declared, "wouldn't have to be called. He would be there."

Gelon had chosen this time of day to cut across the lawn to the stables. His questing eyes took note of the summerhouse and rested there, for he saw his sister close in the arms of Richard Blade. Whereupon he turned swiftly and ran very softly to the house, where were his brothers and Mr. Bundy.

"Hey," he said in a hoarse whisper, "rally around."

"Around what?" asked Theron. "Where's the fight?"

"Around the summerhouse," said Gelon, "and get a move on."

"Now, boy," said Mr. Bundy, "just be lucid. Take your time."

"Martha," said Gelon, "has been tackled high by Dick Blade. It looks like they need a referee."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Mr. Bundy delightedly. "So she come to it."

"It looks," said Gelon, "like she dived into it."

The five left the house and made what haste was consonant with caution across the lawn, arriving undiscovered at the summerhouse, where they stood unashamed and grinning. Some movement reached Martha's ears, and she lifted her head from Richard's lapel, saw them, eyed them with what might have been mistaken for negligence.

"Can't a girl even get engaged," she asked placidly, "without her family in the grand stand?"

"It kind of seemed," said Mr. Bundy, "like we just had to rally round."

She replaced her head as exactly in its original position as possible. "It's a rotten habit," she said, "but, oh, you don't know how I love it."

THE END

"Keep Your Head Down!"

Continued from page 24

not the worst information I can impart about the stars. There is an instructional bromide to the effect that the left arm must be straight at the top of the swing. But behold Mr. Mitchell again, and Mr. Harry Vardon, called the Father of American Golf, and that magnificent match player, Mr. Jess Sweetser, the sole American-born amateur to wrest the British amateur title from the clasp of the descendants of the Royal and Ancient St. Andrews league! How do they get that way? Why don't they straighten their left arms at the top? A bit disconcerting, you may say, this clash of theory and practice—eh, what?

There is also the all-important matter of the pivot. We are told we must get our weight into the ball if we are to clout far down the fairway. In seeking light on this subject, I once cornered Clarence Hackney, pro at my own club, who can hit 'em with the best.

I emerged with a definite theory. Distance and direction all depend on the way you pivot the hips. Make them carry the shoulders around. Turn them to a lesser degree and you slice. Turn them beyond this right angle and you hook.

Unfortunately I journeyed to the United States Open a few days later and annexed myself purposely to the gallery following MacDonald Smith, another Carnoustie lad. "I will call his shots for you," I told a friend.

Smith, to my surprise, had no full hip pivot. According to Hackney's theory, he just had to slice. But there is one fault Mac does not possess—slicing. He may and he does hook. But he rarely, very rarely, slices. Tolley's hips pivot as "Hack" says they should. Smith's do not. But I personally would prefer to have a game like MacDonald Smith's.

There is an accepted theory about putting. Play the ball off the left heel with a stance that will put your eyes over it so you can see the line of play. Weight mostly on left leg; arms rather close in, the right one resting on the right leg to insure steadiness. Your putter, too, must be chosen to insure steadiness. Its bottom should be parallel to the ground.

Yet when Arnaud Massy visited America two years ago with Archie Compston it was his putting that helped most in the 3 and 2 defeat this pair administered to Jones and Watts Gunn. Bobby said later that Massy was the best putter he had ever seen. Yet Arnaud's eyes were far from being over the ball and—what was more shocking —the heel of his putter was turned down toward the turf!

The motion pictures have done much for golf. For example, when Big Ted Ray came over in 1920 and won our open title at Inverness, Ohio, by reason of his prodigious driving, he stressed the point that in driving one's body should not sway. He believed this. Then slow movies were taken of Ted walloping one. Behold him swaying!

Ray was flabbergasted. It could not be true. But—films do not lie. Since then Ted has stopped swaying. Since then, too, he has lost his knack of gaining distance.

Ray is not the only star to discover that slow-motion pictures prove that shots are not made as the player thinks he made them. Hagen will tell you there is no body movement in putting. Most any great golfer will O. K. this statement. But Bobby Jones says that both he and Hagen sway their bodies when putting.

Occasionally some real light is shed on the problem, such as the statement of Willie MacFarland (who defeated Bobby Jones for the open title of 1925) that a slender person like himself must pivot farther than Tommy Armour, who has steel-like wrists. And sometimes one can find a greatest common denominator.

In this connection consider the putting grip. Almost every champion gives us a new one, which we seek to imitate. I have sketched a number of these putting grips. There are so many that they are confusing. "Touch" is the keynote of all of them.

Perhaps you have concluded that most of the golf lessons you read are just bunk. Not by a long shot. Then, you may well ask, how is one to profit by them? I offer the golf career of the late Walter J. Travis as an example.

Unlike Bobby Jones, Ouimet, Sarazen, Evans, Armour, Alexa Sterling Fraser and most of the other stars, Travis did not "grow up on a golf course." He did not take up the game until he was thirty-five years old. But within seven months he was top-hole locally. Within three years he was the United States amateur champion. Within four he had won the British amateur. His boast was that he had never taken a lesson.

His Hardest Problem

TRAVIS analyzed what he read, experimented with it, and in that way developed his own game. He found, for instance, that a finger grip for driving was not quite suited to him. So he used the old-style baseball palm grip and did splendidly in spite of being called unorthodox. As a putter he ranks as one of the best of all time, though putting was his hardest problem.

"Keep the head down!" Every golfer has been told to do that thousands of times. But telling a player does not remedy the most common golfing fault: raising the head before the club strikes the ball on the down swing. No player is quite free from the temptation to look up—and foozle his shot as a result. Little Johnny McDermott placed a caddie on a certain spot on a practice fairway, located him, and then pitched a peck of balls at him without once raising his head. Rather a Spartan remedy. But it brought him two great titles.

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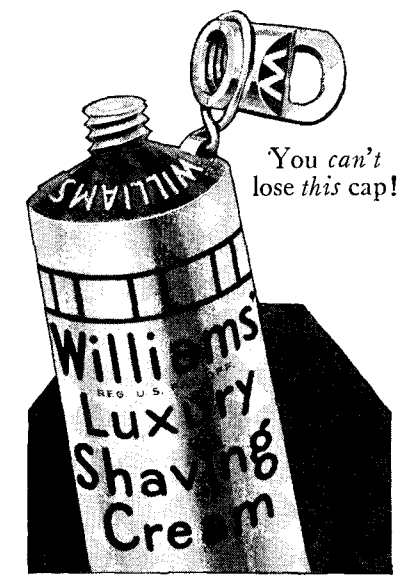

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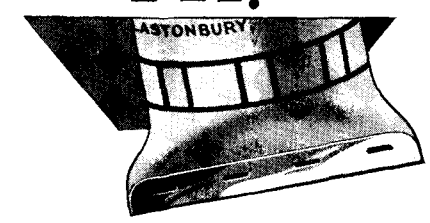

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Great Grief!

Continued from page 7

be; pointed and slim and so small that she never dreamed of distorting them with queer footwear), "and had you any idea that it wouldn't make me grumpy to have you spend my first afternoon with you getting maudlin about the perfections of the one woman in Chatfield I detest?"

"I don't see why you don't like her. She likes you a lot."

"She loathes me," Vicky informed him. "I think she even loathes me more than she does most women, but she detests us all in a wheedling, affectionate way I find peculiarly disagreeable."

"I never heard her say a catty thing," Dolly declared stanchly.

"You never heard her say an honest one. She hasn't the character to be even a forthright cat. Unless a man looked sharply, he'd think she was just a pretty white bunny till the end of his days."

"That's something nobody will accuse you of being."

"I deserve that for being fool enough to give you my honest opinion of a woman. It's a mistake Edith Viereck would never make, I assure you."

"I'M GLAD you give her credit for some brains."

"I don't at all. She's just a very shrewd imbecile. Hundreds of women are. I should think men might have learned that by now. Why, she's the sort of person that croons admiring sounds when college boys recite The Shooting of Dan McGrew to make conversation between dances."

"That's a blasted lie!" Dolly roared. "She likes the same things you do. Why, she's crazy about Coventry Patmore."

"Of course she had the instinct to croon admiring sounds when you read Patmore to her. Why, the poor wretch doesn't know Coventry Patmore from Lady Godiva, unless you've been giving her home work."

"Is that so?" Dolly Tillinghast inquired blackly, and he got up and threw his cigarette on the hearth and crunched it under his heel.

"It is, and I shouldn't advise you to lose control of yourself. There's no reason. Why, I'd explained to you all about Edith Viereck when we were nineteen. She's just what one of those curly poodle girls grows into. What I can't understand is how, with the preparation I'd given you, she's managed to fool you even for a moment."

"It is too bad that I've formed an opinion of somebody for myself," Dolly said. "Well, I don't care what you say. I like her."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, and I'm glad to see that it annoys you."

"Meaning that I'm jealous?"

"You may not think you are, but, by George, you are, and, by George, it makes me hot under the collar. You think you can dangle yourself in front of me like hay in front of a donkey and while you wander all over Europe I'll never look at another woman."

"But you haven't looked at another woman, Dol' dear. You haven't seen Edith Viereck for a moment. You've just made a bad imitation me with her for a core to substitute for me while I was away."

It was the sort of speech she knew infuriated him, but she found herself unable to resist making it.

"I'd like to knock you down!" he yelled at her. "You're the most infuriating woman that ever lived."

"Couldn't you have said girl?" Vicky asked.

He crossed to her, caught both her wrists and she wasn't in the least sure that he wasn't going to pull her out of her chair and whack her against the wall.

"Are you going to marry me this time or aren't you?" he asked. "Because if you don't—if you don't marry me this week it's the last chance you'll ever get. I've been hell-ridden long enough. Now take me or leave me. Which is it?"

Just what she'd wanted, in substance, and yet Vicky found herself as angry as he.

"Can there be any doubt of the answer to a question put with such irresistible charm?" she flared.

"Meaning that you're turning me down?"

"I'm not answering you at all. I won't be bullied. You know it perfectly well."

He dropped her wrists.

"Won't you?" he said. "You can have until 7:08 tomorrow morning to decide. If I haven't heard from you before then, I'll take the 7:08 to New York and sail on Bill's party after all."

Vicky felt that he was overreaching himself, which was to her advantage.

"Ah, threats!" she commented. "And when will you get back from the party?"

"That won't concern you," he replied. "If I don't hear from you before I sail, I hope I never see your damned tantalizing little mug again."

With those words he strode out of a French window, slamming it behind him so hard that two panes cracked.

It was a jangled, horrid end for Vicky's afternoon and her journey. Why had she ever been idiot enough to think she could marry him?

The French window opened gently, and Dolly's head was thrust in.

"I might add," he said, "that I love you. I believe it's customary."

"Dol'," Vicky cried, taking a step toward him.

He didn't come into the room, however.

"Decided?" he asked.

Vicky couldn't be beaten like that. Her expression was obviously temporizing.

"Seven-eight, then," he reminded her, and withdrew his head.

Vicky said "Damn!" She was in a corner, and there was no graceful way she could emerge before 7:08. It would be beginning all wrong if she did. But he'd never take the train. He'd been bluffing, and she'd have to prove she couldn't be bluffed.

"That's the way men are always beating women," she told herself, "by relying on their superior nerves. I've got as good nerves as any man."

NEVERTHELESS next morning at nine o'clock she did telephone Dolly's house. He had left for New York.

When he knew she was only going to be in Chatfield a few weeks! It was abominable of him.

The day went by, and Vicky waited for a telephone call from the city, but none came.

Next morning, when Hester brought up her coffee, there was a Times on the tray folded to display a particular paragraph.

"Mr. William Tillinghast's Yacht Valkyrie Sails for Cuba," was the headline.

Hester made no comment, but looked profoundly depressed.

"Humph!" Vicky said. "I suppose Mr. Dolly was on board."

"Yes, he was, Miss Vicky."

"I should think he might have found something a little more alarming to do than to go on a stag yachting party."

"But there's ladies along," Hester said in a gloomy voice.

Then she picked up the paper and read the list of guests. Quite a few of them were ladies.

"Don't whine it out like a roll of the Glorious Dead," Vicky admonished her. "I don't believe Mr. Dolly will go astray after all these years."

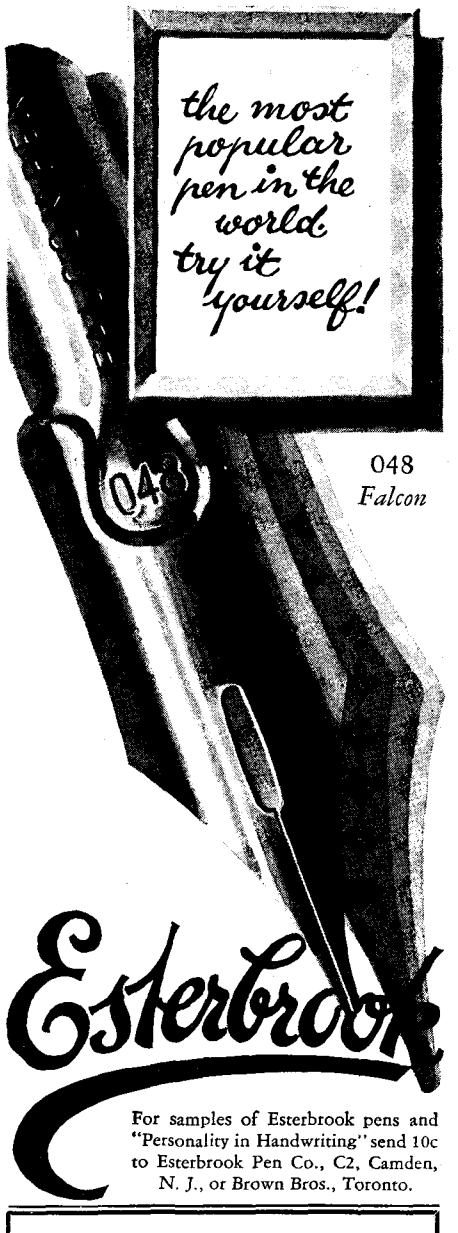
"There's always the last straw," Hester commented.

"You give me the creeps," Vicky told her.

Hester said nothing, only shook her head sadly over the photograph of Dolly which stood on Vicky's dressing table in a blue leather frame.

"Stop mooning at that picture and give it to me," Vicky said.

Dolly did have a nice, prehistoric



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If I lived in the suburbs

there would be trips to and from the station along dark roads; there would be guests to see off in motor-cars; there would be dozens of situations where only a good flashlight would fill the bill.

And I would load my flashlight with genuine Eveready Batteries, to be sure of strong, white light every time I called for it. Yes, *Sir,* the battery's the thing, and Eveready's the battery. Remember this!

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head, and the photograph showed him grinning. He had big, square teeth. Vicky liked big square teeth.

"I wonder how you wireless a yacht," she remarked.

Before she had time to look into the matter the telephone rang. It was Edith Viereck. Edith wanted Vicky to come over that afternoon for bridge. Vicky was so sorry. Well, how about tomorrow afternoon, or the next day, or Friday.

"As a matter of fact," Vicky said, "I'm really awfully bored with bridge."

"Well, I wondered," Edith Viereck said. "I was beginning to get des' a 'ittle mite offended and think you never could come to Edie's house."

"Oh, of course not," Vicky stammered, positively embarrassed by the woman's silliness.

"Then will you come over to tea this afternoon after the rest of us have had our little game?"

Vicky gave in, though she was annoyed at having allowed herself to be snared.

"We all have to do things we don't like, Miss Vicky," Hester said to her fumings.

"But why, Hester?"

"At least we do in a little place like Chatfield."

"That's depressingly profound," Vicky told her.

"To have any degree of freedom in a small town one has to be more savage than it's worth. Oh, Hester, I've noticed that when you've come from abroad either everything goes right or it goes all wrong. You can tell right away. This time it's going miserably. I wish we could take a flying trip to change our luck before Mr. Dolly gets back."

"That's very wicked of you to say, and superstitious, Miss Vicky," Hester informed her.

Then Vicky telephoned the Tillinghast place to find if anyone there knew how to write Dolly on the Valkyrie. No one did, so Vicky dressed and got in an old car of Gennery's which was still in the corrugated iron garage with which unæsthetic Gennery had replaced the stable when it burned, to go to the telegraph office and make further inquiries.

It was another glorious day, and Vicky's depression evaporated in the sunshine. Being in Chatfield wasn't altogether unpleasant. To know that one was the sensational person in a place had certain elements of fun about it, and Vicky couldn't help knowing something of the sort.

Vicky would have been a fool not to realize that with her clipped black hair and her brief suit, which had been strikingly smart even for the Riviera, she was something to make the natives come out of their burrows, and come out they did. Most of them were darling to her.

BEFORE she reached the telegraph office she saw that there was quite a crowd grouped about the bulletin board of the Chatfield Observer. Curious to see what had attracted them, and with perhaps just a faint idea of giving them a small treat she pulled her car to the curb and got out.

What she read, printed in big, excited letters on a white sheet of paper and pinned to the board didn't make any impression on her mind the first time she read it through. At least no impression she would admit. She had to make herself read it again, letter by letter.

ADOLPHUS TILLINGHAST MARRIED AT SEA

A. P. Dispatch tells of marriage of well-known local bachelor to Miss Myrna Foster on the Yacht Valkyrie.

(*To be continued next week*)

Shop talk

A Memory Test

HERE is a test which was made to prove something regarding the material tested instead of showing up the persons involved.

Students in five universities—Syracuse, North Carolina, Arizona, Northwestern and New York—were given current copies of the four leading weekly magazines.

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Moreover, advertisements which appeared in all of the magazines were remembered as having been seen in Collier's, showing that it was there that they made the strongest impression.

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Atlantic Moonlight

Continued from page 20

He stared, disbelieving. It was with difficulty that he recognized her for a girl at all and not some incredibly lovely but fantastic Lorelei who would vanish if he so much as stirred.

Some movement of his must have caught her eye, because she turned quickly and saw him watching her. Presently—or did he only think so?—she smiled. An exclamation broke from Julian, and he made a dash for that short flight of stairs which led from the level of the prosperous and commonplace down to the realms of student passengers and dreams.

When he reached the hatch cover, she had gone. The main deck was eerie and deserted. Even then, he doubted . . . perhaps that unaccustomed bit of champagne: an hallucination. He put his hand along the cool canvas top of the hatch cover. No, there it was still warm, a creature made out of moonbeams but nevertheless of substance and warmth.

UNDRESSING in his stateroom more than an hour later, Julian Thomasson faced himself with the proposition of being a jackass. That girl, minus the moonlight, minus his mood, minus the moment, what was she?

"No reason why the sight of a pretty face should affect a fellow with softening of the brain," he said as he rolled over and went to sleep.

Unfortunately he did not remain asleep. Ridiculous dreams—in which he was called upon to jump from the promenade to the main deck to rescue somebody from something—disturbed his rest.

It was a gay day, that third day, a blue and white day with whips of spray flying from the foamy crests and sparkling in the sunlight. It was entirely too blithe a day to suit the somber mood of a young gentleman who'd had a bad night, and he slumped into his deck chair next to that calm-eyed elderly lady without so much as a nod.

She closed her book. "That's the trouble with champagne, isn't it?"

"I beg your pardon?" Julian was taken by surprise. "If you are inferring that I was drunk last night. . . ."

"Ah, then, it must be love," she said. "That is worse, much worse. Never fall in love on shipboard."

"No? Why not?" This was hardly the before-luncheon type of talk that a hollow-eyed fellow had a right to expect. He resented it properly. "Perhaps you will tell me just what you would do on shipboard, then?"

"Oh, I should fall in love," said the lady. "But we were talking about you."

Julian decided that he must uphold the reputation of the younger generation for iconoclasm. She deserved it, assaulting him this way. "Well, just how much in dollars and cents, on shipboard or off, do you think love is worth?"

But she only smiled. "You can get some very fair love for the price of a bunch of second-day violets," she said. "Another kind may cost more than you've got and not be worth half the price. I don't understand just what you mean."

"Well, then, suppose there is one girl who rather staggers you, but who is nobody and hasn't a cent probably and another girl who is all right too and so rich that the price of anything is a mere matter of arithmetic. Which would you marry?"

"If there is any question about it," said the lady, "I would not inflict myself upon either of them. By the way, my husband discovered who your Anne Whitfield is. She's a girl so rich the price of anything is a mere matter of arithmetic. I must be going now, I'm afraid." She gathered her handkerchief and book and rose. "Good morning. Lovely moonlight we had last night, wasn't it?"

Julian sat there wondering just what that calm-eyed lady meant. He had a feeling that she'd taken a verbal pot shot at him, but his mind was not clear enough at the moment to be sure about anything. It required the appearance of Anne Whitfield in a very smart polo coat and swinging around the corner with her arm linked through Mr. Spinner's to rouse him to full life. He jumped up and joined their unnecessarily brisk walk. "I didn't think you'd be up," he said.

"Up for hours," said Mr. Spinner, belying his energy by the violence of his breathing. A cap found an absurd angle on his fat head. "Now, this is my idea of a girl, Thomasson. Remember my saying I never failed to spot a thoroughbred? She's turned down Von Bohnbroeck for deck tennis just because she promised to promenade with an old man. We're figuring out our costumes for the grand gala."

"You're to be Romeo," said Anne Whitfield.

"You must rehearse me in the rôle, then," said Julian. "It's the last night but one, isn't it?"

Their pace was too stiff for Mr. Spinner finally, and he left them at the starboard doorway. "Peculiar old duck," said Julian. "What do you make of him, Anne? May I say Anne?"

"I don't think he is peculiar," she said. "Nor particularly old. He's interesting—and probably wealthy. I mean that a man who has made a lot is apt to be interesting, don't you think?"

They found chairs on the after deck and watched the shuffleboard for a while. "Can't we break away from Spinner's crowd tonight?" Julian watched her expression closely to determine how much more he might say. "You in the moonlight would suit me a lot better than champagne and Spinner's racket in the smoking-room, Anne. You should have seen the moon last night."

"Maybe I did," she laughed. "No, I was teasing you. Maybe the same moon will be there tonight, Julian."

It was. It was there that night and the two following nights, lacking for Julian perhaps the thickness and misty flood necessary to create lovely images for a vanishing instant but enough at any rate to shadow the daytime keenness of Anne Whitfield's pretty eyes. "Of course you'll end up by marrying a belted earl one day." They had been talking for hours this time, and he had arrived as far as that. He seemed crestfallen as he made the remark, successfully so he thought when he felt her compassionate fingers on his arm. Their chairs were close together. The after deck, but for themselves, was empty.

"Perhaps not, Julian," she said.

JULIAN feared to press her. It was too soon surely. He might spoil the whole chance. And yet he felt that success was almost within his grasp. If he could only achieve the proper note of sincerity. "But do you mean that you might care about someone who was not quite a belted earl or a prince? And I want to know, Anne. You can see why . . . I must know."

He made a movement toward her, but she shook her head slowly. "Not now, Julian. Don't ask me anything now. Ask me tomorrow night, or no . . . the night of their gala party. I will tell you then."

Julian lingered at the rail after she had gone, restless, smoking a cigarette. He had cast his die, and his fate was in the balance. He started walking forward— "For one more turn about the ship," he told himself, knowing that he had no intention of making a turn about the ship.

He went instead to the forward rail and down the flight of steps to the main deck. A misty half daylight was all about him, and he saw the hatch cover, empty. He went and sat down on the edge of it, fondling his gold cigarette case. It was gold-plated, really, and he remembered again what his mother had said about preferring silver. Upon some sudden, only partly comprehended impulse he emptied the cigarettes into his

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pocket and threw the gold-plated case in a long gleaming arc high over the main deck rail.

There must have been some mysterious "Open Sesame" in the act. A door opened somewhere back, and laughter and the sound of impromptu dance music and finally a low voice in gay pleading against a man's insistence came out to him: "No, I don't want you to come. Please . . . I want to be out here alone. That's the whole fun of it."

She came to the hatch cover without seeing Julian and stood there while his mind fought with the conception that she was about to vanish into the moon again and realized that she was only a very beautiful girl. Her hair was fair golden, or ash-blond. He could not tell in that light. Her eyes might be blue or gray. Her chin wanted to tilt. She was not very tall. "I hope you didn't mean that about being alone," he said.

SHE started violently. "Oh! You!" Then she seemed to recover herself and even smiled. "No, I didn't mean it," she said. "I did not want to be alone. I hoped . . . you'd be here, or up there." She waved at the rail of the promenade from where he had seen her that night. "I thought you were not going to come." A tremulous beauty hung about them, charging their breasts with an inevitable magnetism, suffocating restraint.

Julian felt it, and he was powerless. He stood up and held out his hand. "Come here," he said. "You are not going to flinch, are you? This happens only once in a few lives. You'd have it on your soul."

Her smile had gone now, but she gave him her hand and made no resistance as he drew her into the circle of his other arm. "So you feel it that way too." Her voice was barely audible. "I've always thought there must be something like this . . . somewhere." Their figures were dimly one, uncertainly at first until they caught fire from each other and until he kissed her eyes, brow, lips, like lovers with their first discovery in a world where names, places, pasts, and futures had their proper insignificance.

In the end they sank down, still clasping hands, on the flat hatch cover. "Please," she said—"please don't tell me who you are. I don't want to know that tonight. I'd rather you would just be . . . but perhaps you can tell me what you are."

A muscle stood out on Julian's jaw. "I am a climber," he said.

"A what? What do you mean?"

"You know what a climber is, don't you? A fellow who wants to get position and money and who doesn't care particularly how. All my life, although I had little or nothing, I have been hanging about people who had everything. I learned to want it, all of it: the great houses, the servants, motors, clubs, yachts, horses, importance, other people seeking one out. I have never thought anything else mattered. Life is . . . a joke."

She shrank from him slightly. "But that is so unlike you. You look too big, too strong and hard to be like that. You look as though you could go below and stoke the furnaces if you had to. Climbers are soft. You are not soft—inside—are you?" An expression of bitterness crossed her features. "But I might have known. And the irony of it! For all my life I have despised these things you speak of, this money which cannot buy a true value in the world. . . ."

Julian shrugged. "Where did you read that?"

"I didn't read it," she said slowly. "But it's true. One comes finally to know that the clover in the field and sea water and solid earth and sympathy, and even sorrow, pain, effort—and maybe moonlight—are all worth more. And I'd hoped—because I'm a girl, I suppose—that somewhere I'd find all that in the person of a man. Yes . . . life is a joke."

They sat there silent for a while, both of them possibly wondering what had become of their joyous moment. Finally the girl sat up, as if she had just remembered something. "But that was a strange thing to tell me about yourself. Why did you do it? You didn't have to."

"Yes, I did," said Julian. "It wouldn't have been fair. I'll do all my faking and posing on the upper deck, thanks. It didn't seem to belong down here, not with that. . . ." He made a gesture into the moonlight and repeated, "Not with that, and you. But, you see, I tell you myself so that you will not make a mistake. I am on board this boat trying to marry a girl named Whitfield, not because I care a hang about her but because she's rich. She'll be richer some day. She has all the things I ever wanted."

Silence settled upon them again, minutes of it. There was nothing more to say. It was finished, and they were apart with that infinity of separation between two who, although face to face, aspire to opposite goals. Julian, staring at the deck, was not aware that she had risen until she spoke: "But why should we be sad? I have no regret. An hour ago, or three days ago, anyway, we neither of us dreamed of the other's existence. Or perhaps we did dream—and this was but a moment in which we mistook each other for the boy and the girl in our dreams. Even the moment was worth while, and for that I thank you. Good-by."

Julian said nothing. He remained where he was, staring at the deck. He heard that same door open again, the momentary shaft of yellow light, the crescendo of song, suddenly muted, and then the echo of the closing door. He remained motionless for hours, traveling his past world. Finally a pale thin daylight came over the rail and a sailor slouched forward and shook his shoulder. Then he was back in his stateroom with his coat and waistcoat off. The night steward came in with a tray, black coffee, dry toast, a thimble glass of brandy, and a note written on ship's stationery which said: "On second thought, I'd marry the one who made my heart beat fastest and, if you still must have the fortune, rob a bank."

Julian dragged at his shoes. "Damn that woman's impudence," he said. "What business is it of hers?" One of his shoes came off with a jerk and he sat there holding it, thinking. Just as the steward was bringing his breakfast he began unlacing the other shoe.

The bow rose and fell with the easy regularity of that peaceful voyage. A light-blue day darkened into a slate-blue evening, into a dark-blue night and then was gilded into day again. In the afternoon the ship's people began hanging streamers across the ceiling of the lounge and down the writing-room passageway to the smoking-room. By evening the entire interior was bright with color and gay with the promise of that gala night.

AFTER dinner the excitement of it filled the A and B deck corridors. People in strange garb hurried up and down the stairways, trading sashes for slippers, red ribbons for gold braid. Laughter and mingling voices came from the half-open stateroom doors. By ten o'clock the decks, the lounge, the passageways were thronged with revelers, a prosaic ship's passenger list transformed by the magic of their gala mood into clowns and coryphees, toreadors and colonial ladies, blackface Sambos and pillow-case ghosts. Better prepared and less restrained spirits were barefooted dancing girls, escaped for the night from the marble and palm-bordered bathing pool of an eastern harem, or straw-skirted natives from a Hawaiian strand.

Mr. Spinner never traveled to Europe without his famous costume of Henry VIII. Perhaps Mr. Spinner fancied himself as Henry VIII. Other men have and without Mr. Spinner's suitable proportions for the rôle either. Just now, lingering on the after deck with a dark-eyed, tulle-skirted ballerina before joining the crowd in the smoking-room, he was considering the possibility of having a young wife. Perhaps it was the effect of his costume, or possibly a certain consciousness of the admiration which appeared from time to time in Miss Anne Whitfield's dark eyes. "You may be sure, my dear girl," he said, "that my fortune is sufficient at least to place my feelings

(*Continued on page 56*)

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Any one can install this device in 5 minutes. Simply loosen one connection to the intake manifold with a wrench. You can do the rest with your fingers.

Note These Records

Forty-three miles per gallon from a Chevrolet, reported by F. S. Carroll. Fifty-seven miles on one gallon in a Ford, reported by J. T. Jackson, Michigan. Forty miles per gallon in a Dodge from Brownsville, Tex., to Tampico, Mex., reported by T. L. Brown.

Proved by Two Million Owners

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Easily Installed

No bigger than a dollar coin—no more expensive than a good wrench—no more trouble to attach than a fan belt! Attaches to the intake manifold of any car in five minutes. Anyone can do it.

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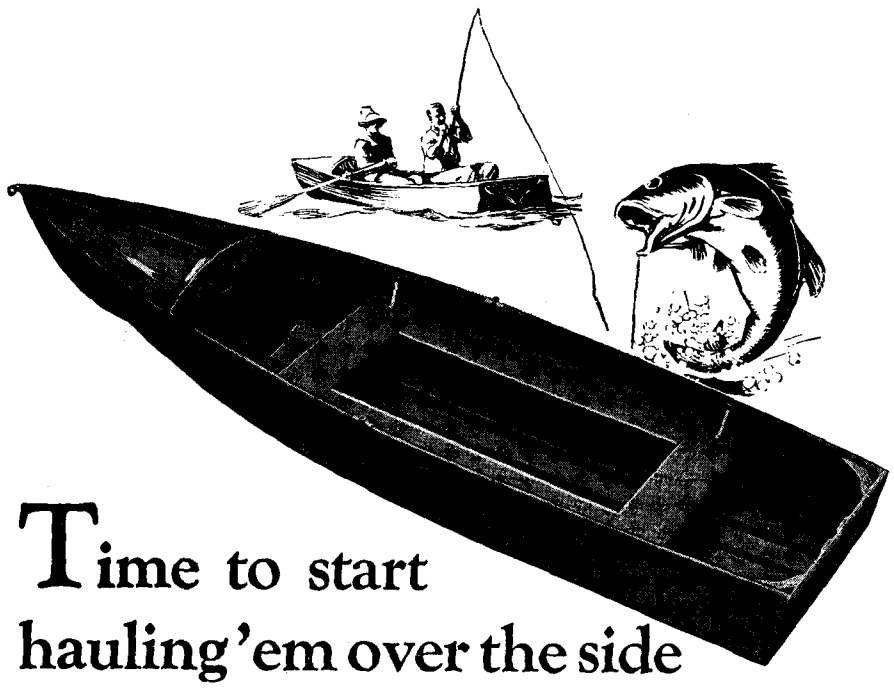

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Atlantic Moonlight

Continued from page 55

above suspicion. I should feel the same if your name were Smith instead of Whitfield."

"Oh, would you really? But . . . have you seen Julian tonight? I wonder what he'd say if my name were Smith. . . ."

Mr. Spinner was royally urbane: "Of course you are a very charming girl, my dear. A man might be turned off his course. But I think the feelings of such a capable young fortune hunter as our beloved Julian would undergo a decided change. . . ."

"Because," she said, going on with her own thought, "my name is no more Whitfield than it is Smith. It is Barbara Stoner. And your Anne Whitfield is down with the student passengers and a half dozen lovers by this time probably. She loaned me her suite, her maid, her clothes and jewels for the trip. I took her name to boot. It's been amusing. . . ."

After many crossings and after quite a few years one is not so apt to take ship galas so seriously. A calm-eyed lady, not in costume but in a very lovely black dinner gown, hurried down the B Deck corridor, glancing at the numbers above the cabin doors. Opposite Number 231, she stopped and knocked. There was no answer from within, and presently she knocked again. A dark young man, the second engineer, came around the corner and stopped also.

"Does Monsieur not reply, madame? Ah, that means I have lost a wager of two hundred francs."

"I am looking for Mr. Thomasson," she said. "Do you happen to know where he is?"

"I have that misfortune, madame. Shall I take Madame's message?"

"Yes, please. Just tell him that a lady has one of the girls in the student passage as her guest for the gala tonight, and would appreciate his asking her to dance."

"But if I may suggest it, madame, M'sieur Thomasson will very like not feel in the mood. You see, he is—"

"Where?" She did not catch his French words at first. "Oh, but that is impossible! For two days?"

"That was the precise wager, madame, regular shifts for forty-eight hours. I tried to dissuade Monsieur, but he was very, what you might say, boastful. It is finished in a few minutes. Perhaps Madame would care to come and see for herself."

They stepped through an open door to an inner passageway, dimly lighted. They went back and down a companionway, down another and another. The calm-eyed lady held up her skirt from the dirt. The muffled throbbing of the ship had become a great tremor. They walked rapidly, and at the end of a darkened passage they came to a heavy iron door which slid back easily and permitted a blast of heat to rush out. Inside they saw half-naked, soot-grimed, sweat-streaked men bending before the red gaps of the furnace doors. One of them was a gigantic Negro: another, slighter than the rest, handled his shovel with the poise of a prize fighter.

A GONG sounded above them, and the men threw down their shovels. But they did not disperse and disappear as promptly as usual. They gathered in a group about the more slender of their number. They laughed and grumbled half-audible profane words into his ear. They put heavy, grimy hands on his bare shoulder. They shook his blackened hand.

Back down the darkened aisle! He was not very steady going up the stairs, and she held tightly to his hand, black as it was. A faded blue cotton jacket was about his otherwise bare torso. His trousers, or what remained of them, had once belonged to a very fine dinner suit. His shoes, now scraped and dull with coal dust, had not a trace of their original patent-leather gleam. "But it was such a mad, such a pointless thing to do." She was not such a calm-eyed lady now, sputtering reprimands every step. "What possible excuse, what possible reason . . . why did you do it?"

He laughed, mumbling something about several of their fellows being sick. "And then, besides, I just wanted to show a couple of people, maybe only myself, maybe somebody else . . . that I could do it. Shoveled more damn coal than Jack Johnson. Did you know it? He's that big black. . . ."

They gained the upper levels, C Deck, B Deck, Number 231. "Now I'm going to ring for the steward," she said. "You're going to be bathed and put to bed. I'll see the ship's doctor about you at once."

A gaudy clown in red and white spangles passed them in the corridor, stopped and stared, and then hurried on. Julian Thomasson stared after him. He straightened up. "Oh, so this is the gala." He pulled gently away from the calm-eyed lady's grasp. "I think I'll go have a look. How's this for a gala costume? Filthy? It's only coal dust. Anyway, it suits me. What do I care what they think? I don't want anything they've got."

SHE hurried down the outside deck to try to head him off from the crowded smoking-room, talking rapidly to a girl in an improvised Grecian mantle who sped beside her, a very beautiful girl with a tilted chin and hair that might have been ash blond by day but which was full of gold just now. She was a frantic calm-eyed lady now.

"You ridiculous children!" She thought of other epithets: "You insane, absurd, quixotic infants. I shall write to your father about this, Anne Whitfield. He had no business to let you come off alone. I shall tell him you traded your suite for a berth in the student passage and drove a nice boy into the stokehole."

"Yes," said the girl breathlessly, "please write him that."

The orchestra fumbled a measure and almost stopped. The crowd of dancers divided to let him pass as though they were in danger of contamination, as indeed they were, if coal dust and perspiration are contaminating. He halted his erect progress finally before a last year's débutante, who shrank away. "What!" he said. "You don't want to dance with me?" He seemed surprised. "But I'm the best man on this ship, my dear girl. I shoveled the most coal. You ought to be glad. . . ."

He moved on with slow steps, dragging his feet. In the corner he found Henry VIII and a dark-eyed, terrified ballerina. "There's Anne," he said and leaned over the table. "I've been looking for you, Anne. This is the night when you were to give me an answer, Anne. May I guess it? Nobody even wants to dance with the best man on the ship. . . ."

In the doorway he met her. He couldn't get through, for she refused to stand aside. "Perhaps," she said, "you are too sure that nobody wants to dance with the best man on the ship."

Julian, staggering, made a feeble gesture at dusting off his blue cotton jacket. He saw her move toward him, and then he found himself dancing. The laughter and chatter of the crowd resumed. They might have known it was all just part of the gala. Quite an original idea, in fact.

She did not mind the ruin of her costume. "I find it hard to believe," she said, "that there was ever the soul of a climber in the body of a stoker."

He laughed, but with a touch of bitterness. "Yes, I sweated all that out. I don't want anybody's junk. Did you know I shoveled more coal than Jack Johnson?"

"It isn't the amount of coal that matters," she said. "Here, this is enough of this. You belong in bed."

One does not become a full-time stoker by virtue of mere determination and a young muscle fiber trained to games. Julian Thomasson remained in bed with an aching body and an exhausted nervous system thirty-six hours, conscious only of vague, hovering visitors who

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changed his pillows and fed him bouillon. He did not see the many masts and dark silhouetted roofs of Le Havre as they worked slowly through the ship lane to the piers. It was very late, and the passengers were to be disembarked in the morning to catch the boat train to Paris.

Julian was one of the last down the gangplank and he stood alone in the huge pier shed waiting for the porter to bring his few bags through the customs line. It felt rather good to be clean again. But he was still tired, and he was debating whether he should remain in Le Havre and take the next boat home or go on to Paris. He had nothing to go to Paris for.

Trunks were mounting in great piles. Hand luggage was everywhere, gathered together into little islands on the hard-packed dirt floor. Porters dashed about shouting. The boat trains, side by side, puffed impatiently. A long line of motors was drawn up, waiting, and near one of these, a tremendous, long blue giant of the road, stood an ash-blond girl in a gray suit and a felt hat. She was surrounded by bags of all sizes and with initials A. W. on their covers. She dangled a key ring on her finger and looked steadily at Julian.

HE FELT strangely embarrassed speaking to her. "I just wonder," he asked, "if you happened to get the name and address of that lady who had the deck chair next to mine. She was a good sort in a way."

The girl smiled. "I have it in my address book. She lives somewhere in the south of France, Roquebrune, I think. I could give you a lift to Paris . . . Julian."

"You mean . . . this is yours?" He nodded toward the big blue car. The initials A. W. caught his eye.

"Yes," she said, "I am Anne Whitfield. Hasn't anybody told you that yet? You see, that girl on the boat wanted my suite, and I didn't. But I didn't give her my permission to take my entire identity as well."

It was only after some minutes that the irony of the thing worked through Julian's surprise, and he found himself laughing. "Too bad I didn't know who you were, isn't it?" he said.

"You know now." Her gaze was downward. She was scratching nervously against the blue enamel of the car door with her key. He said nothing, trying to cover the awkwardness of the moment finally with an idle remark about the car, "It's a beauty, isn't it?"

"Yes," she said. "Would you . . . would you like to have it?"

"What?" He was puzzled. Then he said: "No, I don't think I would. I don't really need it."

"That is why I offered it, Julian . . . because you don't really need it now. It never matters how much you have as long as you don't need it. But this car is just one of the inconsequential things that go . . . with me."

Perhaps that was hard to say. She glanced up frightened and as though ready for flight when he took a step toward her. There was no moonlight in that gloomy pier shed.

But they did not miss it. There is a time when reality may surpass all the gilded illusion of the seven seas. They clung to each other while he found the spots he had not yet kissed, her tilted chin, her hidden ears, even the top of her gray felt hat, and it was then he noticed a big, lopsided T. scratched after the A. W. in the blue enamel of the door.

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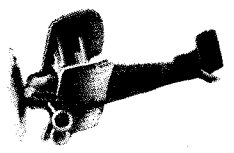

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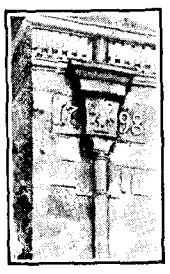

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
Thomas H. Beck, *Editorial Director*
William L. Chenery, *Editor*
Charles Colebaugh, *Managing Editor*

Now It Has Been Told

WHAT does the oil scandal mean to us? What are the benefits we may expect from the publication of the long story of business and political intrigue and corruption? With all its ramifications the story is dramatically simple.

At the end of the war we said we were sick of idealism. We had done enough for humanity. The time had come to look out for ourselves. Very practical men in business and politics decided to get theirs while the getting was good.

President Harding was persuaded to transfer the navy's crude-oil reserves from the Navy Department to the Interior Department.

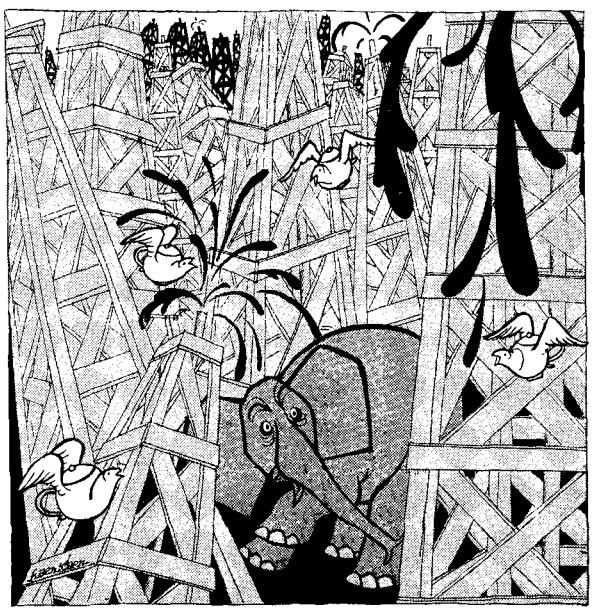
Albert B. Fall, a hard-boiled adventurer from New Mexico, was Secretary of the Interior. Fall turned over rich oil-bearing government lands in Wyoming and California to groups of oil men headed by Harry F. Sinclair and Edward L. Doheny.

Sinclair and Doheny shared their expected riches with Secretary Fall and Sinclair gave Will Hays $260,000 worth of Liberty Bonds to be used for the Republican National Committee.

Will Hays used some of these bonds and gave others to certain rich men in return for which contributions were to be made to the National Committee. Smooth and indirect as were the methods employed, the affair could not be kept secret.

Rumors reached the United States Senate and in 1923 an investigation of the oil leases was begun. During the subsequent five years the Senate Committee has explored a maze of deceit and corruption.

Meanwhile the United States Supreme Court canceled the oil leases "brought about by means of collusion and corrupt conspiracy" and President Coolidge revoked former President Harding's order and put the oil lands back in the Navy Department.



Lost in the Jungle

The net result of this attempt to loot the public is tragedy.

It is safe to estimate that not one of the unscrupulous oil men has been enriched by this speculation. They expected to get hundreds of millions. Actually they lost millions. The politicians immediately involved, expecting immunity through their associates, have been driven from office and discredited. Criminal indictments and jail sentences hang over the heads of some of the conspirators.

Fall and Sinclair thought anything was possible so long as it promised dividends. Others close to them not actually corrupt were complacent in the face of wrong.

Some of them regretted the apparent necessity for duplicity but, life being what it was, they were silent.

What good has all this five years of investigation done?

Men in high position have been torn down, reputations have been besmirched, careers have been destroyed.

Tragic as is all this destruction, its public value is of incalculable importance.

Right does not always triumph in this world. Yet we must cling to right and uphold honor. The invincible majesty of honest dealing is the inspiration which lifted men above beasts. Take away the belief in righteousness and everything precious in life is destroyed.

The trail of infamy explored by Senator Walsh and his associates is an assurance, and a welcome assurance, that no man is rich enough and none is powerful enough permanently to prosper on dishonesty and crime.

The mass of men and women understand, if the plotters do not. Righteousness was challenged and catastrophe came as inevitably as in the old Greek tragedies.

They have served as they never could while they were riding on the wave of success. By sacrificing themselves to greed they have proved the power of right.

American Economy

THE peasants of Greek Macedonia and Thrace have found a way to quadruple the life of their sixty-cents-a-pair shoes, or sandals. They are making them of heavy, reinforced rubber instead of leather. The rubber? Discarded American taxicab tires. The peasants can pay the freight on these tires from New York to Saloniki, add the shoemaker's labor cost, and make money by getting three pairs from one casing. About 12 per cent of these tires are so good that motorists buy them at bargain prices.

The obvious moral is that a Greek peasant getting a year's wear from shoes of American junk is a model of thrift compared with his American cousin. Wear tires instead of shoes and get rich? No.

The true moral is that if the tires had a dime's worth of an American's time in them for American use, the Greeks would never see them. Be rich enough to free yourself of petty economies.

Some nations could live on the unused by-products of American industry, yet Americans are not wasteful. They save when it pays to save. The fact that an American useless tire is the raw material of a Greek shoe industry merely means that, according to American business practice, the American's time is worth that much more than the Greek's time. The American used the tire only so long as it paid its way in his money.

We save time as well as materials. That explains American prosperity.

Tolerance in Georgia

NEITHER tolerance nor intolerance is indigenous to any section. Either is a habit of mind rather than a matter of geography.

Charlton, a county in Georgia, has chosen as tax collector a candidate who is a woman, a Roman Catholic and a "Yankee," all three supposed to be insuperable handicaps to election. Yet she led the ticket and defeated a man who was a native of the county.

The people named her because she seemed the best qualified of the contenders.

This is the fundamental that in the end defeats intolerance, both in public and private affairs.

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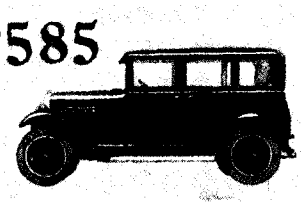

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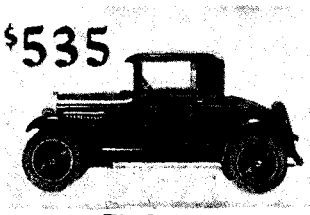

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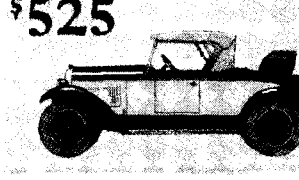
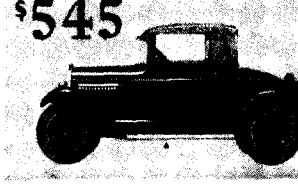
Full Force-feed Lubrication—Silent Timing Chain—Gas Tank at Rear—Big 4-wheel Brakes—Balloon Tires and Snubbers—Adjustable Steering Post—Single Plate Clutch—Banjo-type Rear Axle with removable Shaft—Longer Connecting Rods—Interchangeable Chadwick-Type Main Bearings—Modern Hotchkiss Drive—Tryon Shackles—Long Semi-elliptic springs with all leaves of chrome vanadium steel.—*Prices f. o. b. factory and specifications subject to change without notice.*

$525



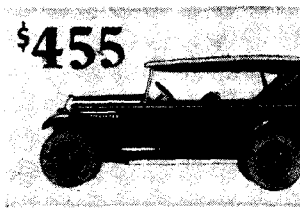
The Roadster

$545



The Cabriolet Coupe

$455



The Touring

The Perfected Whippet

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